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In the Hotel Lobby— They come in headed by brass bands, with banners flying. —Page 646.

HOW A PRESIDENT IS ELECTED

By A. Maurice Low

"THE whole West is for Chicago."

"Including St. Louis?"

"Oh, well, St. Louis is nothing but a suburb of Chicago."

This dialogue took place in the banqueting hall of the Arlington Hotel in the city of Washington, last December. The Republican National Committee was in session to decide the place and time for holding the next Republican Convention and to hear the claims of the contesting cities. It was the Chicago spokesman who comprehensively brought the whole West into that hall urging the committee to go to Chicago. It was a member of the committee who ironically asked that innocent question about St. Louis. The answer of the Chicago man was happy—for the moment—and costly later. It raised a laugh, and it was not the first time that a joke in politics has turned victory into defeat. When the committee proceeded to ballot for the convention city Chicago and Philadelphia were tied. Then the St. Louis committee-man remembering how his city had been slurred by the jocular orator from Chicago, threw his ballot to Philadelphia. A joke and a ballot won for Philadelphia.

It is the 15th of December, 1899; the Arlington Hotel is crowded with men from all parts of the country interested in the proceedings of the National Committee. How the committee comes into being shall be explained later; for the present, at least, the committee is there, and one of its most important duties is to decide the time and place for holding the next national convention. Custom prescribes that the decision shall be reached six months in advance of the date, and that the dominant party shall hold the first convention. There is usually much keen but good-natured rivalry among cities contesting for the honor of what is euphemistically termed "entertaining" the

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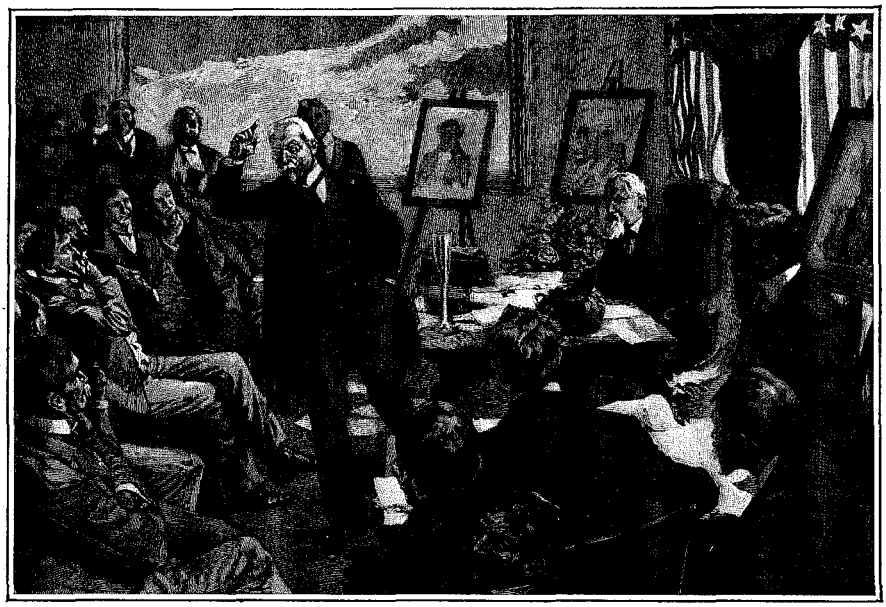

A National Committee Meeting.

There is usually much keen but good-natured rivalry among cities.—Page 643.

convention. The local politicians are anxious to have their city selected because it brings them into prominence, it gives them a little brief authority, it enables them to find temporary places, with salary, for their henchmen, and the sum of all political equations is places for henchmen. Before the committee appear the oratorical champions, and for several hours oratory flows and promises are made. The boomers are never modest about sounding the praises of their cities and dilating on their many advantages. National committees being always hard up, cities have been known to outbid one another for the convention and to promise fat contributions to the war-chest.

Having decided when and where the convention shall be held, formal announcement of the fact is made to all good Republicans and the country at large by a circular issued by the chairman.

When the national committee decided the date and time for holding the convention they touched the lever which set the machinery in motion. The national committee is the captain on the bridge of the ship, who by the lightest touch of his hand sends his order to the engineer in the depths below. Everyone can see the captain, but few see the engineer, and not even the engineer sees the coal-passers, the firemen, the water-tenders and oilers, without whom the machinery would soon jar and stop. The national committee, in a circular, prescribes the number of delegates to compose the convention and the way in which they shall be elected. A century of politics has brought its forms and observances. There are political traditions. The dominant trait of the Anglo-Saxon is his love of order and system. Wherever the English tongue is spoken there will be unwritten laws, more rigidly adhered to even than the laws enacted by Parliament or Congress. What man has made man can unmake, and the laws of Parliament or Congress may be repealed to meet new conditions, but the laws enacted by custom are sacred. The nomination of a president is brought about under rules as narrowly defined as if they were a part of the Constitution; they are as rigidly obeyed as if their infraction subjected the violator to heavy penalties, and yet they exist merely by the consent of the governed and have validity only because of popular sanction.

The National Convention, as defined by the committee, consists of four delegates at large from each State, and two delegates from each congressional dis-

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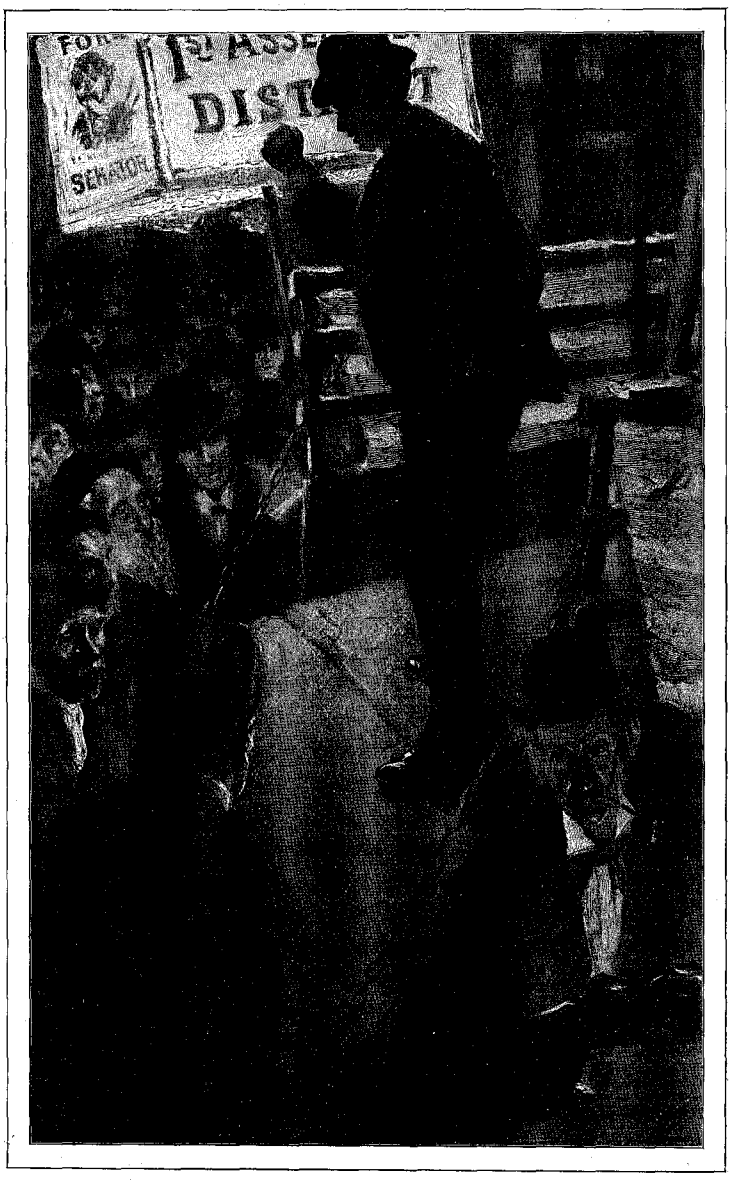
trict; the Territories and the District of Columbia have each two delegates. For each delegate elected an alternate is also elected.

All delegates must be elected not less than thirty days before the meeting of the convention. Delegates-at-large are elected by popular State and territorial conventions; district delegates by conventions called by the congressional committee of each district in the same way that representatives in Congress are nominated. And now there is much activity among the politicians, much wire-pulling, much log-rolling, much running up and down States, much fixing of slates. At the State conventions a declaration of principles is adopted, and most States instruct their delegates for whom they shall vote. While under these instructions the delegates are permitted to exercise a certain amount of discretion, they are generally



A Spell-binder at Work.—Page 652.

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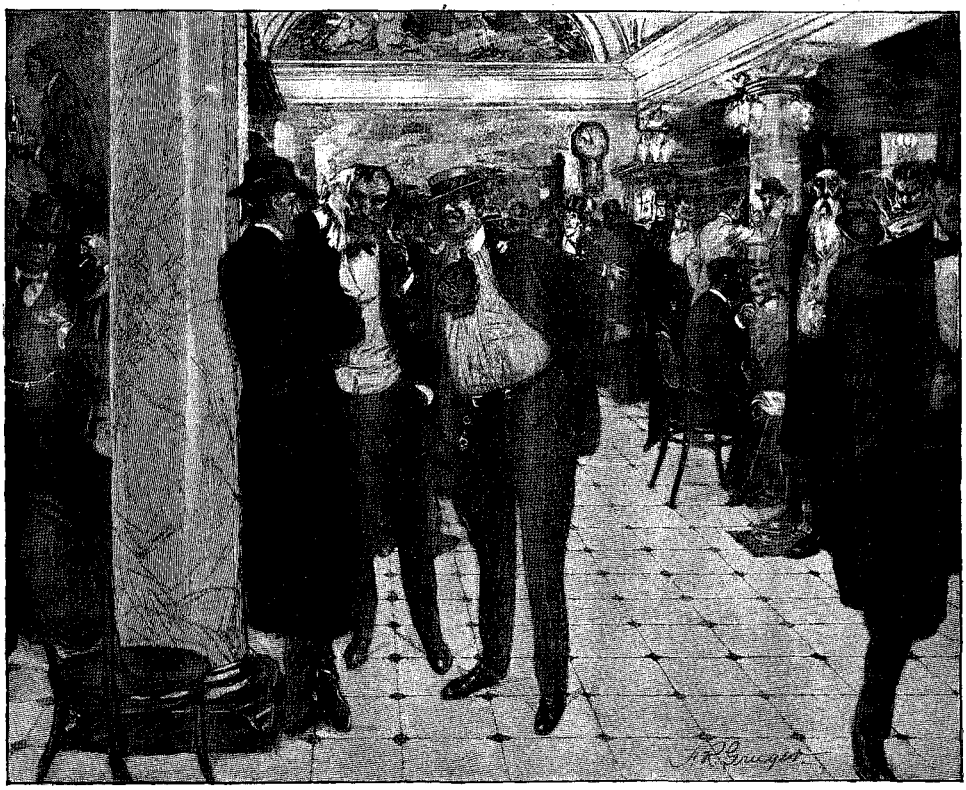

Here East meets West and mingles with the South.—Page 647.

considered binding, and a delegate must have good reasons for ignoring his instructions. Likewise at the district conventions some of the States instruct the delegates, but as a general thing the delegates go uninstructed, although the sentiment of the State is usually known, and as a matter of honor the delegates are expected to respect this sentiment. Where a State has a "favorite son," his candidacy is usually endorsed at the State convention, and it would be treachery for the delegates from that State not to do everything within reasonable limits to compass his nomination.

And now the day of all days in the political calendar. The scene, the convention city, the time, the day before the convention meets. For a week past the National Committee has been in session passing upon the contests, which must again be passed upon by the convention itself, selecting the clergyman who shall offer prayer, dealing with the thousand and one things which must be arranged before the convention is called to order. During the week delegates, alternates, newspaper correspondents, and spectators have been crowding in from the four quarters of the Union. The whole city gives itself up to politics, the whole country turns its eyes on the city and waits for the result.

The delegates come in, not like a thief in the night, but like a conqueror returning fresh from his victory. For are not the delegates guests of the city to be "entertained" at their own expense, and is not everything theirs for which they can pay? They come in headed by brass bands, with banners flying, banners which often bear the names of the men for whom they are to vote for the presidency, but which evidently are made on the adjustable plan, for, if the favorite son is defeated, in the twinkling of an eye his name disappears, and that of the son of destiny takes his place. Politics wastes no time with the dead or defeated; to the man of the hour alone does it pay homage. With

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their drums beating and their banners flying, with buttons and badges on their coats so that by their signs they are known, they go to the head-quarters which have been previously engaged for them, and before the dust of travel has been removed they are hard at work "sizing up the situation." The ease with which a situation can be sized up depends partly upon the "sizer" and partly upon the situation. Some situations have been so complicated that they have remained an indefinite quantity until the roll was called and the ballot announced; others have been so easy of solution that the veriest tyro in politics could read them without a key. But this is the exception. Usually there is that element of doubt which adds such zest to the game and makes it so fascinating to the players. Politics is a game of combinations, of putting a block inscribed "State of ———, ——— votes" on top of another block similarly marked and seeing if the two will hold and are strong enough to support a third, and then a fourth, and so on. But just at the moment when the builders have laboriously upbuilded their column, when it begins to assume symmetry and is good to look upon, along comes an iconoclast to whom beauty does not appeal, and who with a wave of his hand sends the blocks spinning in a dozen directions.

Hour after hour this goes on. The hotel lobby is crowded by a surging, gesticulating, vociferating, excitable mass of men, discussing, arguing, cajoling, promising, threatening. They know neither night nor day. All day and all night the arguments go on; never an hour but what eloquence or persuasion or pledge of preferment or hope of personal gain or promise of increased political authority is used to win over a recalcitrant whose voice is all-powerful in his delegation and whose support is essential.

Here East meets West and mingles with the South. The men from the different sections can be easily distinguished not alone by their manner, but even more strikingly by their dress. Midsummer though it be, with the thermometer soaring around 100, the Southerner clings to his black frock coat, his black slouch hat, and his white tie, which is in marked contrast to the man from the East, who adopts the more sensible light summer suit and straw hat, and heaps maledictions upon the weather; or the Westerner, who is easily distinguished from the Eastern man because his suit has the touch of the substantial West about it. Its checks and plaids have an aggressiveness all their own; his waistcoat he regards as a superfluity, and his preference will be for a *négligé* shirt rather than the starched thing of linen in which the Eastern man must swelter in deference to his prejudices. There will be the negro from the Southern States to whom politics is highly profitable and conventions serious business. In one thing there will be no difference. They all smoke; perhaps one might say, without danger of libel, their

Few go elsewhere.—Page 648.

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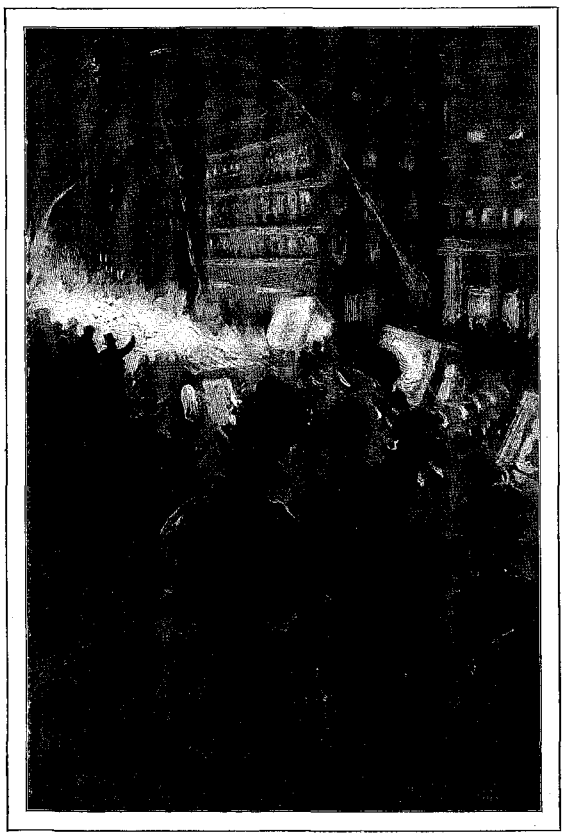
cigars are all equally bad. Over everything this cloud of tobacco-smoke; it is everywhere. It is as if the American politician had to go to tobacco for his inspiration, his solace, and his sustenance. Men need a stimulant when they are keyed up to such tension, and something more potent than tobacco is resorted to. Every hotel makes special preparations to take his straight must go elsewhere during convention time. It is only proper to add that few go elsewhere.

The noise, the heat, the excitement are indescribable. A dozen times during the evening the human Niagara of sound is drowned by a band as a new delegation marches into the hotel and the echo of brass and thundering drums makes the



At night the sound of bands and the flare of torches.—Page 652.

liquidate the thirst which the delegates so readily acquire. The ordinary bar is unable to cope with the demands upon it, and to meet the emergency there are improvised bars—long, very long, rough counters, behind which are a regiment of bartenders, whose activity is only matched by that of their customers. One will see conspicuous signs with the words: "No Mixed Drinks." The bar-tender has no time to dally with compounds, to drop in a cherry here or a piece of orange-peel there to make his mixture all the more seductive. The politician who does not gas-globes quiver and the walls shake. A dozen times during the evening a motley procession will parade around the lobby, perhaps to strike terror in the ranks of the enemy, perhaps to encourage their adherents to renewed efforts. A dozen times during an evening the lobby will resound with frenzied cheers. A certain delegation, whose position is uncertain, has declared for this candidate; another delegation, instructed for a favorite son, has voted to drop its candidate after the second ballot. Excitement finds its vent in cheers, in repeated pilgrimages

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to the bar. Human nature does not appear at its best in convention time.

There is another scene less spectacular but more interesting. The lobby is like a theatre, open to the public ; upstairs, generally on the second floor, is the machinery which moves the puppets. Penetrate behind these locked and well guarded doors and you shall see the springs and wheels, you shall see the stage furniture stripped of its tinsel, you shall see the men who shout not, neither do they cheer, who plan and calculate, who remain cool and impassive while their followers grow excited and exhibit their weakness and their vanities to all the world, who know what pressure to put on one man and what promise to make to another, who hold in their hands a hundred strings which run to all parts of the country, and who know by experience which one must be held taut, and which may be relaxed.

Two-score men usually manage a convention. They are the great managers, the personal friends, in whose hands the candidates have placed their fate. They are the men who deal directly with the heads of delegations and who make the ante-convention promises which turn up after election to plague a president. The rank and file imagine that *they* nominate a president. The managers are willing to encourage this delusion because it does no harm, but as a matter of fact the rank and file, like the rank and file in any other army, simply do as they are told. Occasionally, so seldom that the country stands amazed when it happens, the army revolts and ignores its leaders, but as a general thing it is the men on the second floor behind the locked doors who originate, plan and execute, and in whose hands the ordinary delegate is only a puppet.

The convention day. Noon, and the convention meets. For hours before the delegates and spectators have been thronging to the hall, usually a building capable of holding some 20,000 people. On the platform are the members of the National Committee and their guests, on the floor below the delegates, each State marked off by a sign-post bearing its name ; behind them the alternates, who, like heirs expectant, wait for the crown to pass to them, and are seldom gratified ; flanking the platform the newspaper men, in the galleries men and women by the thousand. Before coming to the convention hall the various State delegations have held meetings and elected their representatives on the committee on credentials, on the platform and other committees, and also a member of the National Committee, to hold office until their successors are appointed at the next convention. During the four years of their term the members of the National Committee are the highest executive body of the party, and they are charged with the management of the campaign and the convening of the following convention. The chairman of the committee may or may not be one of its members. The chairman is always the personal representative of the nominee, who may select a member of the committee to act as his chairman if he so desires, or he may go outside of the committee for his chairman. That is the only control the candidate has over the committee, although as a matter of fact the committee is always in sympathy with him and is ready to accept any suggestion he may see fit to make.

What the 20,000 people have come there to see is the candidate nominated for the presidency, and the preliminaries do not interest them any more than they interest us. In the secrecy of the committee-room hours have been spent in planing down and trimming a single plank of the platform, or in smoothing off a corner so as to make it neatly dovetail into its fellow, but of this the public sees nothing. Usually the platform is adopted without dissent, and it is only once in a lifetime that politicians and spectators witness a dramatic scene like that of a few years ago, when a man who was present at the birth of the Republican Party, his voice betraying his agitation, tears running down his furrowed face, protested against the adoption of the platform, and with all the force and sincerity which has characterized his public career implored his associates not to be false to the traditions of the party, and when his appeal fell on deaf ears he and a handful of followers marched out of the hall in solemn protest.

Now for the supreme test. The roll of States is called for nominations for the presidency. When a State has a candidate to present the announcement is made

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by the chairman of the delegation and one of the delegates advances to the platform. It is a great opportunity for a skilful speaker. If he possesses that peculiar gift of magnetism, hypnotism almost, which defies analysis but which has been given to a few great orators, he can play upon that audience and make it as responsive to his will as the strings are to the master. A National Convention is the most curious assemblage in the world. Its latent dynamic force is tremendous. It is a huge mine liable at any moment to fire itself. The air is surcharged with electricity. Delegates and spectators, in the proportion of one to ten, are alike under its influence. It needs but the skilful hand to connect the wires and explode the mine. A word, a phrase, an epigram has swept a convention off its feet, and once a convention is stampeded its masters find it impossible to bring it back to the corral. A convention has been known to sit through hours of weary oratory like men in the dark groping for a ray of light, when suddenly a man has sprung upon the platform, delivered an impassioned speech, driven the spectators half frantic with excitement, moved even the delegates who were trying to sit impassive, and made himself the nominee. So over-wrought is the atmosphere of a convention that a thing trivial in itself assumes an importance out of all real proportion. The sudden display of a banner with the face of a candidate has been known to set a convention wild. At a convention not many years ago when a candidate had been placed in nomination and the candidate's friends were cheering his name, a young and pretty woman dressed in white with a white "picture" hat commenced to wave a white parasol. For a few seconds she escaped attention, then all eyes were turned on her as she, with slow and graceful movements, waved her parasol backward and forward. Standing there, framed as it were by the dark clothes of the men and women around her, the sunlight streaming down full upon her upturned face flushed by excitement, her body slowly swinging in rhythmical cadence, she suggested a Greek priestess in the temple performing her oblations, and she made such a picture of youth and beauty and passionate enthusiasm that the veterans who had been going to conventions for years, and the recruit who was there for the first time stood transfixed. Minute after minute they watched her, minute after minute the cheering and the shouting were kept up until the space of ten minute shad passed.

The speeches have all been made. The candidates have been placed in nomination. The secretary calls the roll of States, the chairman of the delegation, as the State is called, announcing its vote. A thousand pens hang on every word. Hundreds of newspaper men put down the figures and they are telegraphed to every quarter of the country before the secretary has entered them on his roll. As the roll progresses, the experienced politician can tell whether a nomination will be made. If no candidate receives a majority in a Republican Convention, or two-thirds in a Democratic, a second ballot is ordered. This ballot may show some changes, and the situation is beginning to develop. Another ballot and practically no change. And now the psychological moment. A recess is taken for ten minutes. The managers bustle about among the delegates, some delegations have their heads close together and are deciding whether they shall continue to stand by their candidate or get into the band wagon and ride with the man who is evidently going to win, his managers are making a last desperate appeal to a delegation, whose twelve or twenty votes will turn the scale. The spectators who are ignorant of what is being done on the floor feel that the end is near. It is in the air. Not the most indifferent can remain quite calm. The excitement is contagious. Men and women who go there simply for amusement, much as they go to the theatre, find their pulses beating a trifle quicker, and their eyes strained on the delegates trying to read their thoughts.

Once again the secretary calls the roll. The States answer as before, with the gap swiftly closing until that State is reached whose vote will decide. Now only one State stands between doubt and certainty. There is a little pause, one of those unconscious pauses, as if to accentuate the response which shall make one man and destroy the hopes of all the others. The

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answer comes, the twenty votes are on the winning side, victory can be grasped. The convention cheers, the news has been flashed from Passamaquoddy Head to the Golden Gate, from the Rio Grande to the Gulf, while the secretary is still calling the roll, while States which on the previous ballots gave their votes to other candidates are tumbling over one another in their anxiety to have their votes changed and be recorded for the victor. Every man is anxious to be on the band wagon, to sit with the driver if possible, and to escape the odium of not having sense enough to get a seat.

The secretary adds up his roll and passes the figures to the chairman, who announces the result, and then——

The band crashes out, but louder than the lungs of brass are the human lungs. Men and women, delegates and spectators, give full vent to their enthusiasm and vie with one another in showing it. Everybody is carried away by the excitement, the delirium almost. Staid, respectable, gray-haired delegates seize the first thing at hand to wave it; high in the air they throw their hats, papers, fans; some even have been known to pull off their coats and swing them about their heads simply to have some means of giving vent to their feelings and adding to the general tumult. Someone brings out a banner with the face of the nominee upon it, a dozen men spring up and parade around the hall, the procession growing as delegates from all sections rush down to join it, many as they pass seize the sign-posts marking their seats, others bring their delegation flags and banners. Thus the circuit of the hall is made for three or four times, flags waving on floor and in the galleries, bedlam rioting everywhere. And never for one moment does the applause stop. It beats upon the ears like the roar of the ocean upon a barren beach. One thinks this has been going on for hours; as a matter of fact it has only been ten minutes, and then there is a lull, just as at times for a brief second between two billows the ocean seems to be very quiet and the next moment a crashing wave throws its spume in all directions and beats more fiercely than ever upon the unprotected coast. The applause dies down, for a second, only to gain a newer, a deeper, a more vehement tone. The waves eddy and swirl and surge, they come thundering down and up, they pour out in a tumultuous torrent, they engulf everything and make everything contribute to their volume. When men get tired of yelling they stamp, when they get tired of stamping they clap, when throats and feet and hands are forced to surrender, noise can be made with tin horns, with sticks banged against chairs, with chairs banged against the floor. Noise, noise, noise. These be the plaudits of the people to the uncrowned king.

The chairman has been standing at his desk, gavel in hand. What avails one man against a multitude, one puny gavel against Thor's hammer? When the stream has spent its fury, when men and women stop because they are physically unable to go on, when the man with the trombone has tromboned himself into a fit of apoplexy and the drummer has paralyzed his wrist, the chairman timidly raps for order and at last succeeds in getting it. There is the vice-president to be nominated, but that is done in short order. There are a few routine matters to be disposed of, and then the convention passes into history.

The real work of the campaign now commences. The chairman of the national committee has a small executive committee to assist him, so that the campaign is managed by not more than ten or a dozen men. Presidential campaigns are costly, and one of the first things the committee has to do is to provide ways and means. The only sources of revenue are the voluntary contributions from persons interested in the party's success. It has always been an interesting question what a presidential campaign costs. The chairman, the treasurer, and perhaps one or two others know, but they keep this information to themselves. One reads exaggerated accounts in the newspapers, and it has been said that one of the great parties a few years ago spent $5,000,000. This is undoubtedly excessive, but perhaps it is a conservative statement that both national committees this year will spend not less than a million dollars each, and this does not include what the various State committees will disburse independently of the national committees. A presidential election runs into the millions.

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Politics to-day means organization, the same thorough, efficient, comprehensive organization that one finds in the management of a great railroad or any other large business. The national committee works in conjunction with the State committees. There are States so absolutely safe that they require no attention from the national committee. There are some States so hopelessly antagonistic that to make a fight there would be simply to sacrifice money and effort. To keep the enemy fully occupied a sham campaign is sometimes made in such States, but the managers never count on carrying them. The real fighting ground is in the uncertain and doubtful States. These States must be carried to spell success, and it is here that the campaign will wage with deadly fierceness from the day after the nomination has been made until the day before the ballots are cast. To bring to their support every voter in the State, the two committees, the Republican and Democratic, will endeavor to put in the hands of every male of voting age, without regard to present or past affiliations, literature presenting the position of the party on the great issues of the day. To do this millions of documents are printed in every modern language, and through the literary bureau given circulation. The head of the literary bureau is the most important of the national chairman's subordinates. He must in a few weeks create the machinery for the distribution of these documents, he must attend to their preparation and printing, he must have an instinctive knowledge where to distribute his literature. In one State "imperialism," for instance, may really be the great issue, and the two chairmen will endeavor to flood that State with arguments for and against it. Not only will the speeches of the leaders in Congress be placed in the hands of the voters, but there will also be distributed carefully written articles, prepared with all the ingenuity and sophistry which trained writers know how to employ. Anything can be proved by figures, and in the course of a presidential campaign any argument advanced on one side is sure to be controverted by the other. In large cities, like Chicago and New York, where all the world has colonized, and where the people of one race may have a deadly hatred for those of another, the preparation and dissemination of campaign literature calls for the nicest discrimination and an intimate knowledge of the conditions.

While the written word is being sowed the spoken word is not neglected. The spellbinder is heard in the land. To arouse enthusiasm, to get men interested in the campaign as they are interested in nothing else, to make each man a missionary for the conversion of one from the other side who sits in outer darkness, for this all campaign managers strive. For this purpose the speakers are employed. Meetings by day, meetings by night, meetings in theatre, meetings in school-house, meetings in tents, meetings in the open air, everywhere the flow of words. We Americans are an emotional people, and our emotions are easily stirred by sound and color. The power of association is recognized by the managers, and to make the most of this men are encouraged to join clubs and other organizations for campaign purposes. In the daytime the streets echo to the music of marching feet as a club escorts a great campaign orator to the place of meeting, and at night the sound of bands and the flare of torches announce that all those who care may hear more campaign speeches. It is a continuous performance, so adjusted as to suit the convenience of everyone, no matter what his station or what his hours of labor. To catch the business men meetings are held in the business districts in the middle of the day, when a great banker or captain of industry talks for ten minutes, and as a business man gives the reasons why the party to which he belongs is worthy of support. At night, in another section of the city, where men and women live in tenements like rabbits in a warren, where language and customs and dress are foreign, where men, after their day's work, are too tired to go to the orator, the orator comes to them, relying on curiosity to gather him an audience. His stage is usually a cart, his footlights a couple of ill smelling torches, whose sooty flickering throws fantastic shadows over a circle of bronzed and olive-skinned men, whose long hair and heavy beards show their foreign birth. They stand silent, eagerly drinking in the

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Drawn by H. W. Ditzler.

Louder than the lungs of brass are the human lungs.—Page 651.

Climax of the Republican Convention held in Chicago when Blaine was defeated for the nomination.

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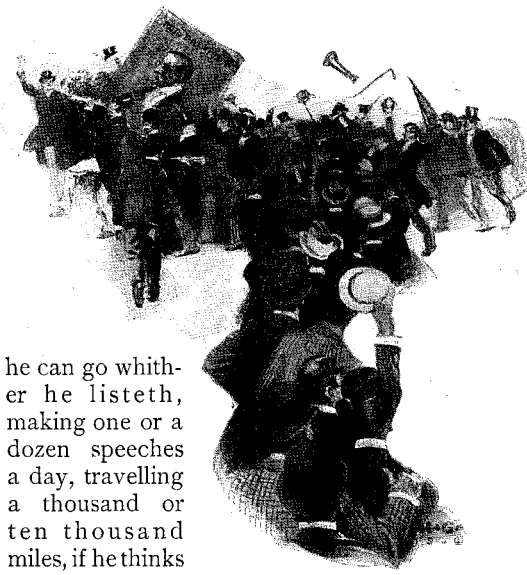
words of the orator, and although their hands are dirty and their clothes bear witness to their occupations, they will, after the speaker has left them to make a similar speech in another quarter of the town, gather at the corner saloon and discuss politics with as much eagerness if not with as much intelligence as the bankers gathered at their club talk over the speech they heard that afternoon. And in a republic, where all men are equal and where the vote of the savant is balanced by that of the idiot, the ignorant foreigner in the slums is of as much concern to the politician as the banker on Nob Hill.

Each State has its own organization. The national chairman keeps in close touch with the State chairmen so as to lend them assistance whenever it is needed. There are various ways to ascertain the political drift. In some States, about the middle of the campaign, a house to house canvass is made; and it is done with such skill and fidelity that it is as accurate almost as a government census. A month or six weeks later another enumeration will be made and the figures compared, which will show whether the lines want strengthening and, if so, where. The only factor in the equation which bothers the political mathematician is the vest-pocket vote—the men who say nothing, but whose minds are made up.

While the captains of tens and hundreds are hard at work, the man for whom all this is done is not idle. If the candidate is a President seeking re-election etiquette prescribes that his interest in the campaign must be dignified and almost indifferent. He may not go on the stump, although he may deliver a few speeches here and there, couched in a lofty tone (or what is supposed to be lofty), as a patriot rather than a politician. A President can always find it convenient to make a speech where he thinks it will advance his cause the most. There are always fairs to be opened, corner-stones to be laid, volunteers to be welcomed, and a committee of arrangements is only too glad to have the President as an attraction. But if the candidate is not the President he is under far less restraint. He can stay quietly at his home and have the faithful brought to him to worship at his shrine, or he can go whither he listeth, making one or a dozen speeches a day, travelling a thousand or ten thousand miles, if he thinks it will be for his advantage so to do and he is physically able to stand the fatigue.



The procession growing as delegates from all sections rush down to join it.—Page 651.

Perhaps the most trying time in a man's life are the months he spends between the nomination and election—or defeat. From the moment he is nominated he lives in a glass house with an X-ray machine at every corner of every room. Every word he utters is taken down and scanned by a thousand unscrupulous eyes and considered by a thousand unscrupulous brains to see if it can be distorted or its meaning changed so as to do some harm. Even before he has spoken there are men trying to forecast what he will do or say on a certain occasion. The fierce light which beats on a throne compared with that enveloping the candidate, making a perpetual pillar of illumination so that the beating of his heart even can be seen by all men, is a path blazoned by a tallow dip compared to the blaze cut by an electric light. Kings, presidents, ministers of state, poets, warriors and matinée heroes may enjoy some privacy occasionally when they cease to be rare china, perpetually in dread of having their refined glass cracked, and become common clay, which does not fear for its polish. But a presidential candidate belongs to the public, and the public will not surrender one jot of its ownership. Nor can the candidate dispute it. A

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careless word, a too ready acquiescence in the half-mumbled sentences of a well-meaning but indiscreet sympathizer, may cost him the election. When three words defeated a candidate, an election lost by 1,200 votes, who shall say that the way is not beset with dangers? This constant living for the public, this constant weighing of words and dreading one misused, tally and physically; they watch to see that he walks in none of the pitfalls so craftily spread in his path; they watch his words as he utters them, and they watch them again after they have appeared in print.

And now the supreme moment, the culmination of all this labor. Everything has been said; everything has been done

Head-quarters After the Polls are Closed.

The political mathematicians commence to cipher on the results.—Page 656.

this anxiety as to the result, and the striving to devise new methods to win votes generally has its effect upon the nominee, which has led to the axiom that no man can manage his own campaign. It is rare indeed that a man, no matter how long his experience in politics or how skilful a manager, can successfully conduct his own campaign. No matter how cool his judgment and clear his vision, no matter how ready in resource and how courageous under attack, when he is both candidate and manager he loses his sense of perspective and proportion; his nerve is shaken, his eyes are clouded and he becomes erratic and irritable. Presidential candidates are watched by their advisers like a horse entered for the great event of the year is watched by his trainer and jockey. They watch the candidate mentally and physically; they watch to see that he walks in none of the pitfalls so craftily spread in his path; they watch his words as he utters them, and they watch them again after they have appeared in print.

And now the supreme moment, the culmination of all this labor. Everything has been said; everything has been done that skill and experience can suggest. The night before the election the two chairmen issue their final address to the armies, urging them to be vigilant, courageous and determined on the morrow; promising rewards for the arrest and detection of fraudulent voters, a piece of hypocrisy which means nothing and does not deter the scoundrel who has been bribed to vote under another man's name. On the day of election the head-quarters, which for so long have been such a scene of activity, are deserted, but after nightfall, when the polls have closed, the rooms are crowded. Bulletins from State chairmen trickle in, fragmentary and too indefinite on which to base calculations. As the evening draws on the dispatches come in faster and the telegraph hums its note of victory or despair. Politicians of

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all ranks, from the "boss" down to the ward heeler, crowd the room, hanging on every word, nervously waiting the verdict; too excited to sit, too keyed up to stand quietly for more than a few seconds at a time. Now the dispatches come rolling in a steady stream and the telegraph instruments keep up their endless song, and it is a song intelligible enough to be translated into words. As the bulletins are received they are read out and the political mathematicians commence to cipher on the results. Like the scientist who, if given a bone, can tell the size, weight, and character of the animal, given a precinct, a city, or a county the political mathematician can tell the majority of the city, county, or State. If the current is running their way there is much joy, congratulations are exchanged, cheers given when an unexpected victory is announced, and cigars are smoked with a calm air of triumph. But when the telegraph tells one unbroken series of defeats, when stronghold after stronghold falls into the enemy's grasp, when the flower of the army has gone down and the citadel itself trembles, the cigars go out, faces are clouded, silently men creep away, and before the crowd on the streets has tired of watching the bulletins the lights are out, the doors are locked, and there is naught but blackness to show for the labors of the past six months.

It is in the camp of the victors that the watch-fires blaze merrily, and around which the tired soldiers are resting content now that the battle is won. It is the successful chairman who holds a reception, whose power is so great that he is a man to be flattered and courted, and who, if he is ambitious, may build his future as he pleases; he may go into the cabinet or be sent to an European court as an ambassador, for what a chairman asks from a President that must he receive. And while his rival has gone to his hotel disappointed and humiliated, smarting under the sting of defeat, the stigma of failure upon him, his political future perhaps ruined, the successful chairman waits until the election is his beyond peradventure of doubt, and then sends a dispatch to the candidate, saying:

"*I congratulate you, Mr. President.*"

Impromptu Parade when Result Seems Certain.

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"COPY"

A DIALOGUE

By Edith Wharton

MRS. AMBROSE DALE—*forty, slender, still young—sits in her drawing-room at the tea-table. The winter twilight is falling, a lamp has been lit, there is a fire on the hearth, and the room is pleasantly dim and flower-scented. Books are scattered everywhere—mostly with autograph inscriptions "From the Author"—and a large portrait of* MRS. DALE, *at her desk, with papers strewn about her, takes up one of the wall-panels. Before* MRS. DALE *stands* HILDA, *fair and twenty, her hands full of letters.*

MRS. DALE. Ten more applications for autographs? Isn't it strange that people who'd blush to borrow twenty dollars don't scruple to beg for an autograph?

HILDA *(reproachfully).* Oh——

MRS. DALE. What's the difference, pray?

HILDA. Only that *your* last autograph sold for fifty——

MRS. DALE *(not displeased).* Ah? —I sent for you, Hilda, because I'm dining out to-night, and if there's nothing important to attend to among these letters you needn't sit up for me.

HILDA. You don't mean to work?

MRS. DALE. Perhaps; but I sha'n't need you. You'll see that my cigarettes and coffee-machine are in place, and that I don't have to crawl about the floor in search of my pen-wiper? That's all. Now about these letters——

HILDA *(impulsively).* Oh, Mrs. Dale——

MRS. DALE. Well?

HILDA. I'd rather sit up for you.

MRS. DALE. Child, I've nothing for you to do. I shall be blocking out the tenth chapter of "Winged Purposes," and it won't be ready for you till next week.

HILDA. It isn't that—but it's so beautiful to sit here, watching and listening, all alone in the night, and to feel that you're in there *(she points to the study-door) creating—. (Impulsively.)* What do I care for sleep?

MRS. DALE *(indulgently).* Child—silly child!— Yes, I should have felt so at your age—it would have been an inspiration——

HILDA *(rapt).* It is!

MRS. DALE. But you must go to bed; I must have you fresh in the morning; for you're still at the age when one *is* fresh in the morning! *(She sighs.)* The letters? *(Abruptly.)* Do you take notes of what you feel, Hilda—here, all alone in the night, as you say?

HILDA *(shyly).* I have——

MRS. DALE *(smiling).* For the diary?

HILDA *(nods and blushes).*

MRS. DALE *(caressingly).* Goose!— Well, to business. What is there?

HILDA. Nothing important, except a letter from Stroud & Fayerweather to say that the question of the royalty on "Pomegranate Seed" has been settled in your favor. The English publishers of "Immolation" write to consult you about a six-shilling edition; Olafson, the Copenhagen publisher, applies for permission to bring out a Danish translation of "The Idol's Feet"; and the editor of the *Semaphore* wants a new serial—I think that's all; except that *Woman's Sphere* and *The Droplight*, ask for interviews—with photographs——

MRS. DALE. The same old story! I'm so tired of it all. *(To herself, in an undertone.)* But how should I feel if it all stopped? *(The servant brings in a card.)*

MRS. DALE *(reading it).* Is it possible? Paul Ventnor? *(To the servant.)* Show Mr. Ventnor up. *(To herself.)* Paul Ventnor!

HILDA *(breathless).* Oh, Mrs. Dale—*the* Mr. Ventnor?

MRS. DALE *(smiling).* I fancy there's only one.

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HILDA. The great, great poet? *(Irresolute.)* No, I don't dare——

MRS. DALE *(with a tinge of impatience).* What?

HILDA *(fervently).* Ask you—if I might—oh, here in this corner, where he can't possibly notice me—stay just a moment? Just to see him come in? To see the meeting between you—the greatest novelist and the greatest poet of the age? Oh, it's too much to ask! It's an historic moment.

MRS. DALE. Why, I suppose it is. I hadn't thought of it in that light. Well *(smiling)*, for the diary——

HILDA. Oh, thank you, *thank you!* I'll be off the very instant I've heard him speak.

MRS. DALE. The very instant, mind. *(She rises, looks at herself in the glass, smooths her hair, sits down again, and rattles the tea-caddy.)* Isn't the room very warm?— *(She looks over at her portrait.)* I've grown stouter since that was painted— You'll make a fortune out of that diary, Hilda——

HILDA *(modestly).* Four publishers have applied to me already——

THE SERVANT *(announces).* Mr. Paul Ventnor.

(Tall, nearing fifty, with an incipient stoutness buttoned into a masterly frock-coat, VENTNOR *drops his glass and advances vaguely, with a short-sighted stare.)*

VENTNOR. Mrs. Dale?

MRS. DALE. My dear friend! This is kind. *(She looks over her shoulder at* HILDA, *who vanishes through the door to the left.)* The papers announced your arrival, but I hardly hoped——

VENTNOR *(whose short-sighted stare is seen to conceal a deeper embarrassment).* You hadn't forgotten me, then?

MRS. DALE. Delicious! Do *you* forget that you're public property?

VENTNOR. Forgotten, I mean, that we were old friends?

MRS. DALE. Such old friends! May I remind you that it's nearly twenty years since we've met? Or do you find cold reminiscences indigestible?

VENTNOR. On the contrary, I've come to ask you for a dish of them—we'll warm them up together. You're my first visit.

MRS. DALE. How perfect of you! So few men visit their women friends in chronological order; or at least they generally do it the other way round, beginning with the present day and working back—if there's time—to prehistoric woman.

VENTNOR. But when prehistoric woman has become historic woman—?

MRS. DALE. Oh, it's the reflection of my glory that has guided you here, then?

VENTNOR. It's a spirit in my feet that has led me, at the first opportunity, to the most delightful spot I know.

MRS. DALE. Oh, the first opportunity—!

VENTNOR. I might have seen you very often before; but never just in the right way.

MRS. DALE. Is this the right way?

VENTNOR. It depends on you to make it so.

MRS. DALE. What a responsibility! What shall I do?

VENTNOR. Talk to me—make me think you're a little glad to see me; give me some tea and a cigarette; and say you're out to everyone else.

MRS. DALE. Is that all? *(She hands him a cup of tea.)* The cigarettes are at your elbow— And do you think I shouldn't have been glad to see you before?

VENTNOR. No; I think I should have been too glad to see *you.*

MRS. DALE. Dear me, what precautions! I hope you always wear goloshes when it looks like rain, and never by any chance expose yourself to a draught. But I had an idea that poets courted the emotions——

VENTNOR. Do novelists?

MRS. DALE. If you ask *me*—on paper!

VENTNOR. Just so; that's safest. My best things about the sea have been written on shore. *(He looks at her thoughtfully.)* But it wouldn't have suited us in the old days, would it?

MRS. DALE *(sighing).* When we were real people!

VENTNOR. Real people?

MRS. DALE. Are *you*, now? I died years ago. What you see before you is a figment of the reporter's brain—a monster manufactured out of newspaper paragraphs, with ink in its veins. A keen sense of copyright is *my* nearest approach to an emotion.

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VENTNOR *(sighing)*. Ah, well, yes—As you say, we're public property.

MRS. DALE. If one shared equally with the public! But the last shred of my identity is gone.

VENTNOR. Most people would be glad to part with theirs on such terms. I have followed your work with immense interest. "Immolation" is a masterpiece. I read it last summer when it first came out.

MRS. DALE *(with a shade less warmth)*. "Immolation" has been out three years.

VENTNOR. Oh, by Jove—no? Surely not— But one is so overwhelmed—one loses count. *(Reproachfully.)* Why have you never sent me your books?

MRS. DALE. For that very reason.

VENTNOR *(deprecatingly)*. You know I didn't mean it for you! And *my* first book—do you remember—was dedicated to you.

MRS. DALE. "Silver Trumpets"——

VENTNOR *(much interested)*. Have you a copy still, by any chance? The first edition, I mean? Mine was stolen years ago. Do you think you could put your hand on it?

MRS. DALE *(taking a small shabby book from the table at her side)*. It's here.

VENTNOR *(eagerly)*. May I have it? Ah, thanks. This is *very* interesting. The last copy sold in London for £40, and they tell me the next will fetch twice as much. It's quite *introuvable*.

MRS. DALE. I know that. *(A pause. She takes the book from him, opens it, and reads, half to herself—)*

How much we two have seen together,
Of other eyes unwist,
Dear as in days of leafless weather
The willow's saffron mist,

Strange as the hour when Hesper swings
A-sea in beryl green,
While overhead on dalliant wings
The daylight hangs serene,

And thrilling as a meteor's fall
Through depths of lonely sky,
When each to each two watchers call—
I saw it!—So did I.

VENTNOR. Thin, thin—the troubadour tinkle. Odd how little promise there is in first volumes!

MRS. DALE *(with irresistible emphasis)*. I thought there was a distinct promise in this!

VENTNOR *(seeing his mistake)*. Ah—the one you would never let me fulfil? *(Sentimentally.)* How inexorable you were! You never dedicated a book to *me*.

MRS. DALE. I hadn't begun to write when we were—dedicating things to each other.

VENTNOR. Not for the public—but you wrote for me; and, wonderful as you are, you've never written anything since that I care for half as much as——

MRS. DALE *(interested)*. Well?

VENTNOR. Your letters.

MRS. DALE *(in a changed voice)*. My letters—do you remember them?

VENTNOR. When I don't, I reread them.

MRS. DALE *(incredulous)*. You have them still?

VENTNOR *(unguardedly)*. You haven't mine, then?

MRS. DALE *(playfully)*. Oh, *you* were a celebrity already. Of course I kept them! *(Smiling.)* Think what they are worth now! I always keep them locked up in my safe over there. *(She indicates a cabinet)*.

VENTNOR *(after a pause)*. I always carry yours with me.

MRS. DALE *(laughing)*. You——

VENTNOR. Wherever I go. *(A longer pause. She looks at him fixedly.)* I have them with me now.

MRS. DALE *(agitated)*. You—have them with you—now?

VENTNOR *(embarrassed)*. Why not? One never knows——

MRS. DALE Never knows——?

VENTNOR *(humorously)*. Gad—when the bank-examiner may come round. You forget I'm a married man.

MRS. DALE. Ah—yes.

VENTNOR *(sits down beside her)*. I speak to you as I couldn't to anyone else—without deserving a kicking. You know how it all came about. *(A pause.)* You'll bear witness that it wasn't till you denied me all hope——

MRS. DALE *(a little breathless)*. Yes, yes——

VENTNOR. Till you sent me from you——

MRS. DALE. It's so easy to be heroic when one is young! One doesn't realize how long life is going to last afterward.

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(Musing.) Nor what weary work it is gathering up the fragments.

VENTNOR. But the time comes when one sends for the china-mender, and has the bits riveted together, and turns the cracked side to the wall——

MRS. DALE. And denies that the article was ever damaged ?

VENTNOR. Eh ? Well, the great thing, you see, is to keep one's self out of reach of the housemaid's brush. *(A pause.)* If you're married you can't—always. *(Smiling.)* Don't you hate to be taken down and dusted ?

MRS. DALE *(with intention)*. You forget how long ago my husband died. It's fifteen years since I've been an object of interest to anybody but the public.

VENTNOR *(smiling)*. The only one of your admirers to whom you've ever given the least encouragement !

MRS. DALE. Say rather the most easily pleased !

VENTNOR. Or the only one you cared to please ?

MRS. DALE. Ah, you *haven't* kept my letters !

VENTNOR *(gravely)*. Is that a challenge ? Look here, then ! *(He draws a packet from his pocket and holds it out to her)*.

MRS. DALE *(taking the packet and looking at him earnestly)*. Why have you brought me these ?

VENTNOR. I didn't bring them ; they came because I came—that's all. *(Tentatively.)* Are we unwelcome ?

MRS. DALE *(who has undone the packet and does not appear to hear him)*. The very first I ever wrote you—the day after we met at the concert. How on earth did you happen to keep it ? *(She glances over it.)* How perfectly absurd ! Well, it's not a compromising document.

VENTNOR. I'm afraid none of them are.

MRS. DALE *(quickly)*. Is it to that they owe their immunity ? Because one could leave them about like safety matches ?—Ah, here's another I remember—I wrote that the day after we went skating together for the first time. *(She reads it slowly.)* How odd ! How *very* odd !

VENTNOR. What ?

MRS. DALE. Why, it's the most curious thing—I had a letter of this kind to do the other day, in the novel I'm at work on now—the letter of a woman who is just—just beginning——

VENTNOR. Yes—just beginning—— ?

MRS. DALE. And, do you know, I find the best phrase in it, the phrase I somehow regarded as the fruit of—well, of all my subsequent discoveries — is simply plagiarized, word for word, from this !

VENTNOR *(eagerly)*. I told you so ! You were all there !

MRS. DALE *(critically)*. But the rest of it's poorly done—very poorly. *(Reads the letter over.)* H'm—I didn't know how to leave off. It takes me forever to get out of the door.

VENTNOR *(gayly)*. Perhaps I was there to prevent you ! *(After a pause.)* I wonder what I said in return ?

MRS. DALE *(interested)*. Shall we look ? *(She rises.)* Shall we—really ? I have them all here, you know. *(She goes toward the cabinet.)*

VENTNOR *(following her with repressed eagerness)*. Oh—*all !*

MRS. DALE *(throws open the door of the cabinet, revealing a number of packets)*. Don't you believe me now ?

VENTNOR. Good heavens ! How I must have repeated myself ! But then you were so very deaf.

MRS. DALE *(takes out a packet and returns to her seat.* VENTNOR *extends an impatient hand for the letters)*. No—no ; wait ! I want to find your answer to the one I was just reading. *(After a pause.)* Here it is—yes, I thought so !

VENTNOR. What did you think ?

MRS. DALE *(triumphantly)*. I thought it was the one in which you quoted "Epipsychidion"——

VENTNOR. Mercy ! Did I *quote* things ? I don't wonder you were cruel.

MRS. DALE. Ah, and here's the other—the one I—the one I didn't answer—for a long time. Do you remember ?

VENTNOR *(with emotion)*. Do I remember ? I wrote it the morning after we heard "Isolde"——

MRS. DALE *(disappointed)*. No—no. *That* wasn't the one I didn't answer ! Here—this is the one I mean.

VENTNOR *(takes it curiously)*. Ah—h'm—this is very like unrolling a mummy

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—*(he glances at her)*—with a live grain of wheat in it, perhaps?— Oh, by Jove!

MRS. DALE. What?

VENTNOR. Why, this is the one I made a sonnet out of afterward! By Jove, I'd forgotten where that idea came from. You may know the lines perhaps? They're in the fourth volume of my *complete edition*—It's the thing beginning

Love came to me with unrelenting eyes—

one of my best, I rather fancy. Of course, here, it's very crudely put—the values aren't brought out—ah! this touch is good though—very good. H'm, I daresay there might be other material. *(He glances toward the cabinet.)*

MRS. DALE *(dryly)*. The live grain of wheat, as you said!

VENTNOR. Ah, well—my first harvest was sown on rocky ground—*now* I plant for the fowls of the air. *(Rising and walking toward the cabinet.)* When can I come and carry off all this rubbish?

MRS. DALE. Carry it off?

VENTNOR *(embarrassed)*. My dear lady, surely between you and me explicitness is a burden. You must see that these letters of ours can't be left to take their chance like an ordinary correspondence—you said yourself we were public property.

MRS. DALE. To take their chance? Do you suppose that, in my keeping, your letters take any chances? *(Suddenly.)* Do mine—in yours?

VENTNOR *(still more embarrassed)*. Helen—! *(He takes a turn through the room.)* You force me to remind you that you and I are differently situated—that in a moment of madness I sacrificed the only right you ever gave me—the right to love you better than any other woman in the world. *(A pause. She says nothing and he continues, with increasing difficulty—)* You asked me just now why I carried your letters about with me—kept them, literally, in my own hands. Well, suppose it's to be sure of their not falling into some one else's?

MRS. DALE. Oh!

VENTNOR *(throws himself into a chair)*. For God's sake don't pity me!

MRS. DALE *(after a long pause)*. Am I dull—or are you trying to say that you want to give me back my letters?

VENTNOR *(starting up)*.. I? Give you back—? God forbid! Your letters? Not for the world! The only thing I have left! But you can't dream that in *my* hands——

MRS. DALE *(suddenly)*. You want yours, then?

VENTNOR *(repressing his eagerness)*. My dear friend, if I'd ever dreamed that you'd kept them——!

MRS. DALE *(accusingly)*. You *do* want them. *(A pause. He makes a deprecatory gesture.)* Why should they be less safe with me than mine with you? *I* never forfeited the right to keep them.

VENTNOR *(after another pause)*. It's compensation enough, almost, to have you reproach me! *(He moves nearer to her, but she makes no response.)* You forget that I've forfeited *all* my rights—even that of letting you keep my letters.

MRS. DALE. You *do* want them! *(She rises, throws all the letters into the cabinet, locks the door and puts the key in her pocket.)* There's my answer.

VENTNOR. Helen——!

MRS. DALE. Ah, I paid dearly enough for the right to keep them, and I mean to! *(She turns to him passionately.)* Have you ever asked yourself how I paid for it? With what months and years of solitude, what indifference to flattery, what resistance to affection?—Oh, don't smile because I said affection, and not love. Affection's a warm cloak in cold weather; and I *have* been cold; and I shall keep on growing colder! Don't talk to me about living in the hearts of my readers! We both know what kind of a domicile that is. Why, before long I shall become a classic! Bound in sets and kept on the top book-shelf—brr, doesn't that sound freezing? I foresee the day when I shall be as lonely as an Etruscan museum! *(She breaks into a laugh.)* That's what I've paid for the right to keep your letters. *(She holds out her hand.)* And now give me mine.

VENTNOR. Yours?

MRS. DALE *(haughtily)*. Yes; I claim them.

VENTNOR *(in the same tone)*. On what ground?

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MRS. DALE. Hear the man!—Because I wrote them, of course.

VENTNOR. But it seems to me that—under your inspiration, I admit—I also wrote mine.

MRS. DALE. Oh, I don't dispute their authenticity—it's yours I deny!

VENTNOR. Mine?

MRS. DALE. You voluntarily ceased to be the man who wrote me those letters—you've admitted as much. You traded paper for flesh and blood. I don't dispute your wisdom—only you must hold to your bargain! The letters are *all* mine.

VENTNOR *(groping between two tones).* Your arguments are as convincing as ever. *(He hazards a faint laugh.)* You're a marvellous dialectician—but, if we're going to settle the matter in a spirit of arbitration treaty, why, there are accepted conventions in such cases. It's an odious way to put it, but since you won't help me, one of them is——

MRS. DALE. One of them is——?

VENTNOR. That it is usual—that technically, I mean, the letter—belongs to its writer——

MRS. DALE *(after a pause).* Such letters as *these?*

VENTNOR. Such letters especially——

MRS. DALE. But you couldn't have written them if I hadn't—been willing to read them. Surely there's more of myself in them than of you.

VENTNOR. Surely there's nothing in which a man puts more of himself than in his love-letters!

MRS. DALE *(with emotion).* But a woman's love-letters are like her child. They belong to her more than to anybody else——

VENTNOR. And a man's?

MRS. DALE *(with sudden violence).* Are all he risks!— There, take them. *(She flings the key of the cabinet at his feet and sinks into a chair.)*

VENTNOR *(starts as though to pick up the key; then approaches and bends over her).* Helen—oh, Helen!

MRS. DALE *(she yields her hands to him, murmuring:)* Paul! *(Suddenly she straightens herself and draws back illuminated.)* What a fool I am! I see it all now. You want them for your memoirs!

VENTNOR *(disconcerted).* Helen——

MRS. DALE *(agitated).* Come, come—the rule is to unmask when the signal's given! You want them for your memoirs.

VENTNOR *(with a forced laugh).* What makes you think so?

MRS. DALE *(triumphantly).* Because *I* want them for mine!

VENTNOR *(in a changed tone).* Ah—. *(He moves away from her and leans against the mantelpiece. She remains seated, with her eyes fixed on him.)*

MRS. DALE. I wonder I didn't see it sooner. Your reasons were lame enough.

VENTNOR *(ironically).* Yours were masterly. You're the more accomplished actor of the two. I was completely deceived.

MRS. DALE. Oh, I'm a novelist. I can keep up that sort of thing for five hundred pages!

VENTNOR. I congratulate you. *(A pause.)*

MRS. DALE *(moving to her seat behind the tea-table).* I've never offered you any tea. *(She bends over the kettle.)* Why don't you take your letters?

VENTNOR. Because you've been clever enough to make it impossible for me. *(He picks up the key and hands it to her. Then abruptly)*—*Was* it all acting—just now?

MRS. DALE. By what right do you ask?

VENTNOR. By right of renouncing my claim to my letters. Keep them—and tell me.

MRS. DALE. I give you back your claim—and I refuse to tell you.

VENTNOR *(sadly).* Ah, Helen, if you deceived me, you deceived yourself also.

MRS. DALE. What does it matter, now that we're both undeceived? I played a losing game, that's all.

VENTNOR. Why losing—since all the letters are yours?

MRS. DALE. The letters? *(Slowly.)* I'd forgotten the letters——

VENTNOR *(exultant).* Ah, I knew you'd end by telling me the truth!

MRS. DALE. The truth? Where *is* the truth? *(Half to herself.)* I thought I was lying when I began—but the lies turned into truth as I uttered them! *(She looks at* VENTNOR.*)* I *did* want your letters for my memoirs—I *did* think I'd kept them for that purpose—and I wanted to get

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mine back for the same reason—but now *(she puts out her hand and picks up some of her letters, which are lying scattered on the table near her)*—how fresh they seem, and how they take me back to the time when we lived instead of writing about life!

VENTNOR *(smiling)*. The time when we didn't prepare our impromptu effects beforehand and copyright our remarks about the weather!

MRS. DALE. Or keep our epigrams in cold storage and our adjectives under lock and key!

VENTNOR. When our emotions weren't worth ten cents a word, and a signature wasn't an autograph. Ah, Helen, after all, there's nothing like the exhilaration of spending one's capital!

MRS. DALE. Of wasting it, you mean. *(She points to the letters.)* Do you suppose we could have written a word of these if we'd known we were putting our dreams out at interest? *(She sits musing, with her eyes on the fire, and he watches her in silence.)* Paul, do you remember the deserted garden we sometimes used to walk in?

VENTNOR. The old garden with the high wall at the end of the village street? The garden with the ruined box-borders and the broken-down arbor? Why, I remember every weed in the paths and every patch of moss on the walls!

MRS. DALE. Well—I went back there the other day. The village is immensely improved. There's a new hotel with gas-fires, and a trolley in the main street; and the garden has been turned into a public park, where excursionists sit on cast-iron benches admiring the statue of an Abolitionist.

VENTNOR. An Abolitionist—how appropriate!

MRS. DALE. And the man who sold the garden has made a fortune that he doesn't know how to spend——

VENTNOR *(rising impulsively)*. Helen, *(he approaches and lays his hand on her letters)*, let's sacrifice our fortune and keep the excursionists out!

MRS. DALE *(with a responsive movement)*. Paul, do you really mean it?

VENTNOR *(gayly)*. Mean it? Why, I feel like a landed proprietor already! It's more than a garden—it's a park.

MRS. DALE. It's more than a park, it's a world—as long as we keep it to ourselves!

VENTNOR. Ah, yes—even the pyramids look small when one sees a Cook's tourist on top of them! *(He takes the key from the table, unlocks the cabinet and brings out his letters, which he lays beside hers.)* Shall we burn the key to our garden?

MRS. DALE. Ah, then it will indeed be boundless! *(Watching him while he throws the letters into the fire.)*

VENTNOR *(turning back to her with a half-sad smile)*. But not too big for us to find each other in?

MRS. DALE. Since we shall be the only people there! *(He takes both her hands and they look at each other a moment in silence. Then he goes out by the door to the right. As he reaches the door she takes a step toward him, impulsively; then turning back she leans against the chimney-piece, quietly watching the letters burn.)*

THE UNFINISHED PORTRAIT

By Edith M. Thomas

BLITHE the red lip, and arch the laughing eye
Of her he loved, yet tears in ambush lie.
The plaintive mystery wouldst thou understand?
Midway his task death touched the painter's hand.

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DOWN THE KENTUCKY ON A RAFT

By John Fox, Jr.

THE heart of the Bluegrass in the middle of a sunny afternoon. An hour thence, through a rolling sweep of greening earth and woodland, through the low, poor hills of the brush country and into the oasis of Indian Old Fields, rich in level meadowlands and wheat-fields. In the good old days of the war-whoop and the scalping-knife, the savage had there one of the only two villages that he ever planted in the "Dark and Bloody Ground." There Daniel Boone camped one night and a pioneer read him "Gulliver's Travels," and the great Daniel called the little stream at their feet Lullibigrub—which name it bears to-day. Another hour between cliffs and pointed peaks and castled rocky summits, and through laurel and rhododendron to the Three Forks of the Kentucky. Up the Middle Fork then and at dusk the end of the railroad in the heart of the mountains and Jackson—the county-seat of "Bloody Breathitt"—once the seat of a lively feud and still the possible seat of another, in spite of the fact that with a manual training-school and a branch of a bluegrass college, it is also the seat of learning and culture for the region drained by Cutshin, Hell-fer-Sartain, Kingdom Come, and other little streams of a nomenclature not less picturesque. Even Hell-fer-Sartain is looking up. A pious lady has established a Sunday-school on Hell-fer-Sartain. A humorous bookseller has offered to give it a library on the condition that he be allowed to design a book-plate for the volumes. And the Sunday-school is officially known as the "Hell-fer-Sartain Sunday-school." From all these small tributaries of the Kentucky the mountaineer floats logs down the river to the capital in the Bluegrass. Not many years ago that was his chief reason and his only one for going to the Bluegrass, and down the Kentucky on a raft was the best way for him to get there. He got back on foot. But, coming or going, by steam, water, horseback, or afoot, the trip is well worth while.

At Jackson a man with a lantern put me in a "hack," drove me aboard a flat boat, ferried me over with a rope cable, cracked his whip, and we went up a steep, muddy bank into the town. All through the Cumberland valleys, nowadays, little "boom" towns with electric lights, water-works, and a street-railway make one think of the man who said "give him the luxuries of life and he would do without the necessaries." I did not know that Jackson had ever had a boom, but I thought so when I saw between the flapping curtains of the "hack" what seemed to be a white sidewalk of solid cement.

"Hello," I said, "is that a sidewalk?" The driver grunted, quickly:

"Hit's the side you walk on!"

A wheel of the hack went down to the hub in mud just then and I felt the force of his humor better next morning—I was to get such humor in plenty on the trip—when I went back to the river that same way. It was not a sidewalk of cement but a whitewashed board fence that had looked level in the dark, and except along a muddy foot-wide path close to the fence, passing there, for anything short of a stork on stilts, looked dangerous. I have known mules to drown in a mountain mud-hole.

The "tide," as the mountaineer calls a flood, had come the day before and, as I feared, the rafts were gone. Many of them had passed in the night and there was nothing to do but to give chase. So I got a rowboat and a mountaineer and, taking turns at the oars, we sped down the swift yellow water at the clipping rate of ten miles an hour.

As early as the late days of August the mountaineer goes "logging" in order to cut the trees before the sap rises, so that the logs can dry better all winter and float better in the spring. Before frost comes, on river bank, hill-side, and mountain-top, the cool morning air is resonant with the ring of axes, the singing whistle of big

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saws, the crash of giant poplar and oak and chestnut down through the lesser growth under them and the low boom that echoes through the woods when the big trees strike the earth. All winter this goes on. With the hammer of the woodpecker in the early spring you hear the cries of ox-drivers "snaking" the logs down the mountain-side to the edge of some steep cliff where they are tumbled pell-mell straight down to the bank of the river or the bank of some little creek that runs into it. It takes eight yoke of oxen, sometimes, to drag the heart of a monarch to the chute, and there the logs are "rafted" —as the mountaineer calls the work: that is, they are rolled with hand-spikes into the water and lashed side by side with split saplings — lengthwise in the broad Big Sandy, broadside in the narrow Kentucky. Every third or fourth log is a poplar, because that wood is buoyant and will help float the chestnut and the oak. At bow and stern a huge long limber oar is rigged on a turning stile, the raft is anchored to a tree with a cable of rope or grapevine and there is a patient wait for a "tide." Some day in March or April—sometimes not until May—mist and clouds loose the rain in torrents, the neighbors gather, the cable is slipped, and the raft swings out the mouth of the creek on its long way to the land of which, to this day, the average mountaineer knows hardly less than that land knows of him.

Steadily that morning we kept the clumsy rowboat sweeping around green-buttressed points and long bends of the river, between high vertical cliffs overspread with vines and streaked white with waterfalls, through boiling eddies and long, swift, waving riffles, in an exhilaration that seems to come to running blood and straining muscles only in lonely wilds. Once a boy shied a stone down at us from the point of a cliff hundreds of feet sheer overhead.

"I wish I had my 44," said the mountaineer, looking wistfully upward.

"You wouldn't shoot at him?"

"I'd skeer him a leetle, I reckon," he said, dryly, and then he told me stories of older and fiercer days when each man carried a "gun," and often had to use it to secure a landing on dark nights when the loggers had to tie up to the bank. When the moon shines, they keep going night and day.

"When the river's purty swift, you know, it's hard to stop a raft. I've seen a raft slash down through the bushes for two miles before a fellow could git a rope around a tree. So sometimes we had to ketch hold of another feller's raft that was already tied up and, as there was danger o' pullin' his loose the feller'd try to keep us off. That's whar the 44's come in. And they do it yit," he said, as, later, I learned for myself.

Here and there were logs and splintered saplings thrown out on the bank of the river—signs of wreckage where a raft had "bowed"; that is the bow had struck the bank at the bend of the river, the stern had swung around to the other shore, and the raft had hunched up in the middle like a bucking horse. Standing upright, the mountaineer can ride a single log down a swift stream, even when his weight sinks it a foot or two under the surface, but he finds it hard and dangerous to stay aboard a raft when it "bows."

"I was bringin' a raft out o' Leatherwood Creek below heah"—only that was not the name he gave the creek—"and we bowed just before we got to the river. Thar was a kind of a idgit on board who was just a-ridin' down the creek fer fun, and when I was throwed out in the woods I seed him go up in the air and come down kerflop in the water. He went under the raft and crawled out about two hundred yards down the river. We axed him to git on agin but that idgit showed more sense than I knowed he had. He said he'd heerd o' hell and high water and he'd been under one and mighty close to t'other and he reckoned he'd stay whar he was."

It was getting toward noon now. We had made full forty miles, and Leatherwood was the next stream below.

"We mought ketch a raft thar," said the mountaineer; and we did. Sweeping around the bend I saw a raft two hundred feet long at the mouth of the creek—tugging at its anchor—and a young giant of a mountaineer pushing the bow-oar to and fro through the water to test its suppleness. He had a smile of pure delight on his bearded, winning face when we shot the rowboat alongside.

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"I tell you, Jim," he said, "hit's a sweet-pullin' oar."

"It shorely is, Tom," said Jim. "Heah's a furriner that wants to go down the river with ye."

"All right," said the giant, hospitably. "We're goin' just as soon as we can git off."

On the bank was a group of men, women, and children gathered to watch the departure. In a basin of the creek above, men up to their waists in water were "rafting" logs. Higher above was a chute, and down it rolled more logs, jumping from end to end, like jackstraws. Higher, I could hear the hammer of a wood-pecker, higher still, the fluting of a wood-thrush, and still higher an ox-driver's sharp cry. The vivid hues of dress and shawl on the bank seemed to strike out sharply every color-note in the green wall behind them, straight up to the mountain-top. It was as primitive and simple as Arcady.

Down the bank came old Ben Sanders, as I learned later, shouting his good-byes, without looking behind him as he slipped down the bank. Close after him, his son, young Ben, with a huge pone of corn-bread three feet square. The boy was so trembling with excitement over his first trip that he came near dropping it. Then a mountaineer with lank, long hair, the scholar of the party, and Tim, guilty of humor but once on the trip—solemn Tim. Two others jumped aboard with bacon and coffee—passengers like myself. Tom stood on shore with one hand on the cable, while he said something now and then to a girl in crimson homespun who stood near looking downward. Now and then one of the other women would look at the two and laugh.

"All right now, Tom," shouted old Ben, "let her loose!"

Tom thrust out his hand, which the girl took shyly.

"Don't fergit, Tom," she said. Tom laughed—there was little danger that Tom would forget—and with one twist of his sinewy hands he threw the loop of the grapevine clear of the tree and, for all his great bulk, sprang like a cat aboard the raft which shot forward with such lightness that I was nearly thrown from my feet.

"Good-by, Ben!"

"Good-by, Molly!"

"So long, boys!"

"Don't you fergit that caliker, now, Ben."

"I won't."

"Tom," called a mountaineer, "ef you git drunk an' spend yo' money, Nance heah says she won't marry ye when you come back." Nance slapped at the fellow and the giant smiled. Then one piping voice:

"Don't fergit my terbacky, Ben."

"All right, Granny—I won't," answered old Ben and, as we neared the bend of the river, he cried back:

"Take that saddle home I borrowed o' Joe Thomas, an' don't fergit to send that side of bacon to Mandy Longnecker an'—an'—" and then I got a last glimpse of the women shading their patient eyes to watch the lessening figures on the raft and the creaking oars flashing white in the sunlight; and I thought of them going back to their lonely little cabins on this creek to await the home-coming of the men. If the mountain women have any curiosity about that distant land, the Bluegrass "settlemints," they never show it. I have never known a mountain woman to go down the river on a raft. Perhaps they don't care to go; perhaps it is not proper, for their ideas of propriety are very strict; perhaps the long trip back on foot deterred them so long that the habit of not going is too strong to overcome. And then if they did go, who would tend the ever-present baby in arms, the ever-numerous children; make the garden and weed and hoe the young corn for the absent lord and master. I suppose it was generations of just such lonely women, waiting at their cabins in pioneer days for the men to come home, that gives the mountain woman the brooding look of pathos that so touches the stranger's heart to-day; and it is the watching to-day that will keep unchanged that look of vacant sadness for generations to come.

"Ease her up now!" called old Ben—we were making our first turn—and big Tom at the bow and young Ben and the scholar at the stern oar, swept the white saplings through the water with a terrific swish. Footholes had been cut along the logs and in these the men stuck their toes

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as they pushed, with both hands on the oar and the oar across their breasts. At the end of the stroke they threw the oar down and up with rhythm and dash. Then they went back on a run to begin another stroke.

"Ease her up—ease her up," said old Ben, soothingly, and then suddenly:

"Hit her up—hit her up—hell!"

Solemn Tim began to look ashore for a good place to jump. The bow barely slipped past the bend of the river.

"That won't do," said old Ben again; "Hell!" Big Tom looked as crestfallen as a school-boy, and said nothing—we had just escaped "bowing" on our first turn. Ten minutes later we swept into the Narrows—the "Nahrers" as the mountaineer says; and it was quick and dangerous work keeping the unwieldy craft from striking a bowlder, or the solid wall of a vertical cliff that on either side rose straight upward, for the river was pressed into a narrow channel, and ran with terrific force. It was one long exhilarating thrill going through those Narrows, and everybody looked relieved when we slipped out of them into broad water, which ran straight for half a mile—where the oars were left motionless and the men got back their breath and drew their pipes and bottles. I knew the innocent white liquor that revenue man and mountaineer call "moonshine," and a wary sip or two was enough for me. Along with the bottle came the inevitable first question that, under and all circumstances, every mountaineer asks the stranger, no matter if the stranger has asked him a question first.

"Well, stranger, what mought yo' name be?"

Answering that, you are expected to tell in the same breath, as well, what your business is. I knew it was useless to tell mine—it would not have been understood, and would have engendered suspicion. I was at Jackson, I had long wanted to go down the river on a raft, and I let them think that I was going for curiosity and fun; but I am quite sure they were not wholly satisfied until I had given them ground to believe that I could afford the trip for fun, by taking them up to the hotel that night for supper, and giving them some very bad cigars. For, though the moon was full, the sky was black with clouds, and old Ben said we must tie up for the night. That tying up was exciting work. The raft was worked cautiously toward the shore, and a man stood at bow and stern with a rope, waiting his chance to jump ashore and coil it about a tree. Tom jumped first, and I never realized what the momentum of the raft was until I saw him, as he threw the rope about a tree, jerked like a straw into the bushes, the rope torn from his hands, and heard the raft crashing down through the undergrowth. Tom gave chase along the bank and everybody yelled and ran to and fro. It was crash—swish—bump—grind and crash again; and it was only by the hardest work at the clumsy oars that we kept the raft off the shore. From a rock Tom made a flying leap aboard again, and luckily the river broadened there, and just past the point of a thicket we came upon another raft already anchored. The boy Ben picked up his rope and prepared to leap aboard the stranger, from the other end of which a mountaineer ran toward us.

"Keep off," he shouted, "keep off, I tell ye," but the boy paid no attention, and the other man pulled his pistol. Ben dropped his rope, then looked around, laughed, picked up his rope again and jumped aboard. The fellow lowered his pistol and swore. I looked around, too, then. Every man on board with us had his pistol in his hand. We tugged the stranger's cable sorely, but it held him fast and he held us fast, and the tying up was done.

"He'd 'a' done us the same way," said old Ben, in palliation. Next day it was easy sailing most of the time, and we had long rests from the oars, and we smoked, and the bottles were slowly emptied, one by one, while the mountaineers "jollied" each other and told drawling stories. Once we struck a long eddy and were caught by it and swept back up stream; twice this happened before we could get in the current again. Then they all laughed and "jollied" old Ben.

It seemed that the old fellow had taken too much one dark night and had refused to tie up. There was a house at the head of this eddy, and when he struck it there was a gray horse hitched to the fence outside; and inside was the sound of fiddles and furious dancing. Next morning old

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Ben told another raftsman that he had seen more gray horses and heard more fiddling that night than he had seen and heard since he was born.

"They was a-fiddlin' an' a-dancin' at every house I passed last night," he said, "an' I'm damned if I didn't see a gray hoss hitched outside every time I heerd the fiddlin'. I reckon they was ha'nts." The old fellow laughed good-naturedly while the scholar was telling this story. He had been caught in the eddy and had been swung around and around, passing the same house and the same horse each time.

I believe I have remarked that those bottles were emptying fast. By noon they were quite empty, and two hours later, as we rounded a curve, the scholar went to the bow, put his hands to his mouth and shouted.

"Whis-kee!"

And again:

"Whis-s-kee-ee!"

A girl sprang from the porch of a cabin far down the stream, and a moment later a canoe was pushed from the bushes and the girl, standing erect, paddled it upstream close to the bank and shot it out alongside the raft.

"Howdye, Mandy!"

"Howdye, boys!"

Young Ben took two bottles from her, gave her some pieces of silver and, as we sped on, she turned shoreward again and stood holding the bushes and looking after us, watching young Ben, as he was watching her; for she was black-eyed and pretty.

The sky was broken with hardly a single cloud that night. The moon was yellow as a flame and we ran all night long. I lay with my feet to the fire Ben had built on some stones in the middle of the raft, looking up at the trees that arched over us and the steep, moonlit cliffs, and the moon itself riding high and full and so brilliant that the stars seemed to have fallen in a shower all around the horizon. The raft ran as noiselessly as a lily-pad, and it was all as still and wild as a dream. Once or twice we heard the yelp of a fox-hound and the yell of a hunter out in the hills, and the mountaineers yelled back in answer and hied the dog on. Sometimes young Ben and the scholar and even solemn Tim sang some weird old ballad that one can hear now only in the Southern hills; and twice, to my delight and surprise, the scholar "yodelled." I wondered where he had learned how. He did not know—he had always known how. It was perhaps only another of the curious Old World survivals that are of ceaseless interest to a speculative "furriner," and was no stranger than the songs he sang. I went to sleep by and by and woke up shivering. It was yet dark, but signs of day were evident; and in the dim light I could see young Ben at the stern-oar on watch, and the huge shape of big Tom standing like a statue at the bow and peering ahead. We had made good time during the night—the mountaineers say a raft makes better time during the night—why, I could not see, nor could they explain, and at daybreak we were sweeping around the hills of the brush country, and the scholar who had pointed out things of interest (he was a school-teacher at home) began to show his parts with some pride. Every rock and cliff and turn and eddy down that long river has some picturesque name that the river-men have given it—names known only to them. Two rocks that shoved their black shoulders up on either side of the stream have been called Buck and Billy, after some old fellow's favorite oxen, for more than half a century. Here was an eagle's nest. A bear had been seen not long ago, looking from a black hole in the face of a cliff. How he got there no one could understand. The scholar told some strong stories—now that we were in a region of historical interest—where Boone planted his first fort and where Boonesborough once stood, but he always prefaced his tale with the overwhelming authority that—

"Hist'ry says!"

He declared that history said that a bull, seeing some cows across the river, had jumped from the point of a high cliff straight down into the river; had swum across and fallen dead as he was climbing the bank.

"He busted his heart," said the scholar.

Oddly enough, solemn Tim, who had never cracked a smile, was the first to rebel.

"You see that cliff yander?" said the scholar. "Well, hist'ry says that Dan'l

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Boone druv three Injuns once straight over that cliff down into the river."

I could see that Tim was loath to cast discredit on the facts of history. If the scholar had said one or even two Indians, I don't think Tim would have called a halt; but for Daniel, with only one load in his gun—and it not a Winchester—to drive *three*—it was too much. And yet Tim never smiled, and it was the first time I heard him voluntarily open his lips.

"Well, hist'ry mought' a' said that," he said, "but I reckon *Dan'l was in the lead!*" The yell that went up routed the scholar and stilled him. History said no farther down that stream, even when we were passing between the majestic cliffs that in one place are spanned by the third highest bridge in the world. There a ferry was crossing the river, and old Ben grew reminiscential. He had been a ferryman back in the mountains.

"Thar was a slosh of ice runnin' in the river," he said, "an' a feller come a-lopin' down the road one day, an' hollered an' axed me to take him across. I knowed from his voice that he was a-drinkin', and I hollered back an' axed him if he was drunk.

"'Yes, I'm drunk!'

"'How drunk?' I says.

"'Drunk as hell!' he says, 'but I can ride that boat.'

"Well, there was a awful slosh o' ice a-runnin,' but I let him on, an' we hadn't got more'n ten feet from the bank when that feller fell off in that slosh o' ice. Well, I ketched him by one foot, and I drug him an' I drug him an' I drug his face about twenty feet in the mud, an' do you know that damn fool come might' nigh a-drownin' before I could *change eends!*"

Thence on, the trip was monotonous except for the Kentuckian who loves every blade of grass in his land—for we struck locks and dams and smooth and slower water, and the hills were low but high enough to shut off the blue-grass fields. But we knew they were there—slope and woodland, bursting into green—and the trip from highland to lowland, barren hillside to rich pasture land—from rhododendron to blue-grass was done.

At dusk that day we ran slowly into the little Kentucky capital past distilleries and brick factories with small smoking stacks and under the big bridge and wonder of wonders to Ben, past a little stern-wheel steamboat wheezing up stream. We climbed the bank into the town, where the boy Ben and solemn Tim were for walking single file in the middle of the streets until called by the scholar to the sidewalk. The boy's eyes grew big with wonder when he saw streets and houses of stone, and heard the whistles of factories and saw what was to him a crush of people in the sleepy little town. I parted from them that night, but next morning I saw big Tom passing the station on foot. He said his companions had taken his things and gone on by train, and that he was going to walk back. I wondered, and while I asked no questions I should like to wager that I guessed the truth. Tom had spent every cent of his money for the girl in crimson homespun who was waiting for him away back in the hills, and if I read her face aright I could have told him that she would have given every trinket he had sent her rather than wait a day longer for the sight of his face. We shook hands, and I watched him pass out of sight with his face set homeward across and beyond the blue-grass, through the brush country and the Indian Old Fields, back to his hills of laurel and rhododendron.

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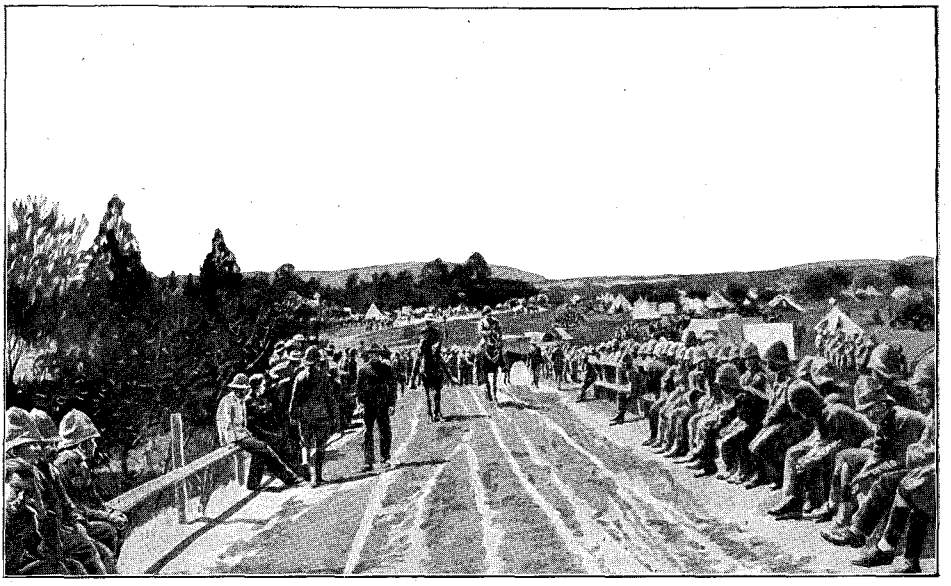

Gordon Highlanders Waiting at Bridge to Receive General Buller.

WITH BULLER'S COLUMN

THE BATTLE OF PIETER'S HILL

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

"WERE you the station-master here before this?" I asked the man in the straw hat, at Colenso. "I mean before this war?"

"What I—no fear?" snorted the station-master, scornfully. "Why, we didn't know Colenso was on the line until Buller came and fought a battle here—that's how it is with all these way-stations now. Everybody's talking about them. We never took no notice to them."

And yet the arriving stranger might have been forgiven his point of view and his start of surprise when he found Chiveley a place of only a half dozen corrugated zinc huts, and Colenso a scattered gathering of a dozen shattered houses of battered brick.

Chiveley seemed so insignificant in contrast with its fame to those who had followed the war on maps and in the newspapers, that one was not sure he was on the right road until he saw from the car-window the armored train still lying on the embankment, the graves beside it, and the donga into which Winston Churchill pulled and carried the wounded.

And as the train bumped and halted before the blue and white enamel sign that marks Colenso station, the places which have made that spot familiar and momentous fell into line like the buoys which mark the entrance to a harbor.

We knew that the high bare ridge to the right must be Fort Wylie, that the plain on the left was where Colonel Long had lost his artillery, and three officers gained the Victoria Cross, and that the swift, muddy stream, in which the iron railroad bridge lay humped and sprawling, was the Tugela River.

Six hours before, at Frere Station, the station-master had awakened us to say that Ladysmith would be relieved at any moment. This had but just come over the wire. It was "official." Indeed, he added, with local pride, that the village band was still awake and in readiness to

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celebrate the imminent event. He found, I fear, an unsympathetic audience. The train was carrying philanthropic gentlemen in charge of stores of champagne and marmalade for the besieged city. They did not want it to be relieved until they were there to substitute *pâté de foie gras* for horseflesh. And there were officers, too, who wanted a "look in," and who had been kept waiting at Cape Town for commissions, gladdening the guests of the Mount Nelson Hotel meanwhile, with their new khaki and gaiters, and there were Tommies who wanted "Relief of Ladysmith" on the clasp of their medal, as they had seen "Relief of Lucknow" on the medal of the Chelsea pensioners. And there was a correspondent who had journeyed 15,000 miles to see Ladysmith relieved, and who was apparently going to miss that sight, after five weeks of travel, by a margin of five hours. We all growled "That's good," as we had done for the last two weeks every time we had heard it was relieved, but our tone was not enthusiastic. And when the captain of the Natal Carbineers said, "I am afraid the good news is too premature," we all said, hopefully, we were afraid it was.

We had seen nothing yet that was like real war. That night at Pietermaritzburg the officers at the hotel were in mess-jackets, the officers' wives in dinner-gowns. It was like Shepheard's Hotel, at the top of the season. But only six hours after that dinner, as we looked out of the car-windows, we saw galloping across the high grass, like men who had lost their way, and silhouetted black against the red sunrise, countless horsemen scouting ahead of our train, and guarding it against the fate of the armored one lying wrecked at Chiveley. The darkness was still heavy on the land and the only lights were the red eyes of the armored train creeping in advance of ours, and the red sun, which showed our silent escort appearing suddenly against the sky-line on a ridge, or galloping toward us through the dew to order us, with a wave of the hand, to greater speed. One hour after sunrise the train drew up at Colenso, and from only a mile away we heard the heavy thud of the naval guns, the hammering of the Boer "pom-poms," and the Maxims and Colt automatics spanking the air. We smiled at each other guiltily. We were on time. It was most evident that Ladysmith had *not* been relieved.

This was the twelfth day of a battle that Buller's column was waging against the Boers and their mountain ranges, or "disarranges," as someone described them, without having gained more than three miles of hostile territory. He had tried to force his way through them six times, and had been repulsed six times. And now he was to try it again.

No map, nor photograph, nor written description can give an idea of the country which lay between Buller and his goal. It was an eruption of high hills, linked together at every point without order or sequence. In most countries mountains and hills follow some natural law. The Cordilleras can be traced from the Amazon river to Guatemala City, they make the water-shed of two continents; the Great Divide forms the backbone of the States, but these Natal hills have no lineal descent. They are illegitimate children of no line, abandoned broadcast over the country, with no family likeness and no home. They stand alone, or shoulder to shoulder, or at right angles, or at a tangent, or join hands across a valley. They never appear the same; some run to a sharp point, some stretch out, forming a table land, others are gigantic ant-hills, others perfect and accurately modelled ramparts. In a ride of half a mile, every hill completely loses its original aspect and character. They hide each other, or disguise each other. Each can be enfiladed by the other, and not one gives up the secret of its strategic value until its crest has been carried by the bayonet. To add to this confusion, the river Tugela has selected the hills around Ladysmith as occupying the country through which it will endeavor to throw off its pursuers. It darts through them as though striving to escape, it doubles on its tracks, it sinks out of sight between them, and in the open plain rises to the dignity of water-falls. It runs uphill, and remains motionless on an incline, and on the level ground twists and turns so frequently that when one says he has crossed the Tugela, he means he has crossed it once at a drift, once at the wrecked railroad bridge, and once over a pontoon. And then he is not sure that he

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is not still on the same side from which he started.

Some of these hills are green, but the greater part are a yellow or dark red, against which at two hundred yards a man in khaki is indistinguishable from the rocks around him. Indeed, the khaki is the English soldier's sole protection. It saves him in spite of himself, for he apparently cannot learn to advance under cover, and a skyline is the one place where he selects to stand erect and stretch his weary limbs. I have come to within a hundred yards of a hill before I saw that, scattered among its red and yellow bowlders was the better part of a regiment, as closely packed together as the crowd on the bleaching boards at a baseball match.

Into this maze and confusion of nature's fortifications Buller's column has been twisting and turning, marching and countermarching, capturing one position after another, to find it was enfiladed from many hills, and abandoning it, only to re-take it a week later. The greater part of the column has abandoned its tents and is bivouacking in the open. It is a wonderful and impressive sight. At the first view, an army in being, when it is spread out as it is in the Tugela basin back of the hills, seems a hopelessly and irrevocably entangled mob.

An army in the field is not regiments of armed men, marching with a gun on shoulder, or crouching behind trenches. That is the least, even if it seems the most important part of it. Before one reaches the firing-line he must pass villages of men, camps of men, bivouacs of men, who are feeding, mending, repairing, and burying the men at the "front." It is these latter that make the mob of gypsies, which is apparently without head or order or organization. They stretched across the great basin of the Tugela, like the children of Israel, their camp-fires rising to the sky at night like the reflection of great search-lights; by day they swarmed across the plain, like hundreds of moving circus-vans in every direction, with as little obvious intention as herds of buffalo. But each had his appointed work, and each was utterly indifferent to the battle going forward a mile away. Hundreds of teams, of sixteen oxen each, crawled like great black water-snakes across the drifts, the Kaffir drivers, naked and black, lashing them with whips as long as lariats, shrieking, beseeching, and howling, and falling upon the oxen's horns to drag them into place.

Mules from Spain and Texas, loaded with ammunition, kicked and plunged, more oxen drew more soberly the great naval guns, which lurched as though in a heavy sea, throwing the blue-jackets who hung upon the drag-ropes from one high side of the trail to the other. Across the plain, and making toward the trail, wagons loaded with fodder, with rations, with camp equipment, with tents and cooking stoves, crowded each other as closely as cable-cars on Broadway. Scattered among them were fixed lines of tethered horses, rows of dog-tents, camps of Kaffirs, hospital stations, with the Red Cross waving from the nearest and highest tree. Dripping water-carts with as many spigots as the regiment had companies, howitzer guns guided by as many ropes as a May-pole, crowded past these to the trail, or gave way to the ambulances filled with men half dressed and bound in the zinc-blue bandages that make the color detestable forever after. Troops of the irregular horse gallop through this multitude, with a jangling of spurs and sling-belts; and Tommies, in close order, fight their way among the oxen, or help pull them to one side as the stretchers pass, each with its burden, each with its blue bandage stained a dark brownish crimson. It is only when the figure on the stretcher lies under a blanket that the tumult and push and sweltering mass comes to a quick pause, while the dead man's comrade stands at attention, and the officer raises his fingers to his helmet. Then the mass surges on again, with cracking of whips and shouts and imprecations, while the yellow dust rises in thick clouds and buries the picture in a glaring fog. This moving, struggling mass, that fights for the right of way along the road, is within easy distance of the shells. Those from their own guns pass over them with a shrill crescendo, those from the enemy burst among them at rare intervals, or sink impotently in the soft soil. And a dozen Tommies rush to dig them out as keepsakes. Up at the front, brown and yellow regiments are lying crouched behind

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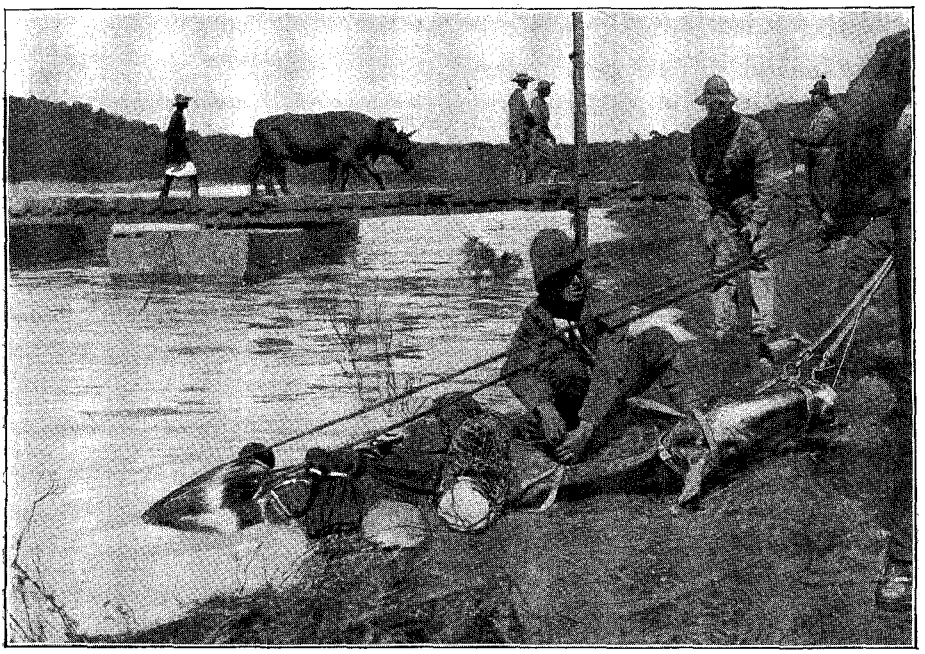

Pontoon Bridge Across the Tugela.

The trooper is rescuing his equipment from his dead horse.

brown and yellow rocks and stones. As far as you can see, the hills are sown with them. With a glass you can see them against the sky-line of every hill, for over three miles away. Sometimes the men rise and fire, and there is the feverish flutter of musketry; sometimes they lie motionless for hours while the guns make the ways straight.

Up on a high hill, seated among the rocks, is General Buller and his staff. The hill is all of rocks, sharp, brown rocks, as clearly cut as foundation-stones. They are thrown about at irregular angles, and are shaded only by stiff bayonet-like cacti. Above is a blue, glaring sky, the top of the kopje seems to reach up into it, and to draw and concentrate upon itself all of the sun's heat. This little jagged point of blistering rocks holds the forces that press the button which sets the struggling mass below, and the thousands of men upon the surrounding hills, in motion. It is the conning tower of the relief column, only, unlike the conning tower, it offers no protection, no seclusion, no peace. Commanding generals to-day, under the new conditions which this war has developed, do not charge up hills waving flashing swords. They sit on rocks, and wink out their orders by a flashing hand-mirror. The swords have been left at the base, or coated deep with mud, so that they shall not flash, and with this column everyone, under a general, carries a rifle on purpose to disguise the fact that he is entitled to carry a sword. The kopje is the central station of the system. From its uncomfortable eminence the commanding general watches the developments of his attack, and directs it by heliograph and ragged bits of bunting. A sweating, dirty Tommy turns his back on a hill a mile away and slaps the air with his signal flag; another Tommy, with the visor of his helmet cocked over the back of his neck, watches an answering bit of bunting through a glass. The bit of bunting, a mile away, flashes impatiently, once to the right and once to the left, and the Tommy with the glass says, "They understand, sir," and the other Tommy, who has not as yet cast even an interested glance at the regiment he has ordered into action, folds his flag and curls up against a hot rock and instantly dozes.

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Stuck on the crest, twenty feet from where General Buller is seated, are two iron rods, like those in the putting-green of a golf course. They mark the line of direction which a shell must take, in order to seek out the enemy. Back of the kopje, where they cannot see the enemy, where they cannot even see the hill upon which he is entrenched, are the howitzers. Their duty is to aim at the iron rods, and vary their aim to either side of them as they are directed to do by an officer on the crest. Their shells pass a few yards over the heads of the staff, but the staff has confidence. Those three yards are as safe a margin as a hundred. Their confidence is that of the lady in spangles, who permits her husband in buckskin to shoot apples off her head at a music-hall. From the other direction come the shells of the Boers, seeking out the hidden howitzers. They pass somewhat higher, crashing into the base of the kopje, sometimes killing, sometimes digging their own ignominious graves. The staff regards them with the same indifference. One of them tears the overcoat upon which Colonel Stuart-Wortley is seated, another destroys his diary. His men, dozing at his feet among the red rocks, observe this with wide eyes. But he does not shift his position. His answer is, that his men cannot shift theirs.

On Friday, February 23d, the Inniskillings, Dublins, and Connaughts were sent out to take a trench, half-way up Railway Hill. The attack was one of those frontal attacks which, in this war, against the new weapons, has added so much to the lists of killed and wounded and to the prestige of the men, while it has, in an inverse ratio, hurt the prestige of the men by whom the attack was ordered. The result of this attack was peculiarly disastrous. It was made at night, and as soon as it developed, the Boers retreated to the trenches on the crest of the hill, and threw men around the sides to bring a cross-fire to bear on the Englishmen. In the morning the Inniskillings found they had lost four hundred men, and ten out of their fifteen officers. The other regiments lost as heavily. The following Tuesday, which was the anniversary of Majuba Hill, three brigades, instead of a regiment, were told off to take this same Railway Hill, or Pieter's, as it was later called, on the flank, and with it to capture two others. On the same day, nineteen years before, the English had lost Majuba Hill, and their hope was to take these three from the Boers for the one they had lost, and open the way to Mbulwana Mountain, which was the last bar that held them back from Ladysmith.

The first two of the three hills they wanted were shoulder to shoulder, the third was separated from them by a deep ravine. This last was the highest, and in order that the attack should be successful it was necessary to seize it first. The hills stretched for three miles; they were about 1,200 yards high.

For three hours a single line of men slipped and stumbled forward along the muddy bank of the river, and for three hours the artillery crashed, spluttered, and stabbed at the three hills above them, scattering the rocks and bursting over and behind the Boer trenches on the crest.

As is their custom, the Boers remained invisible and made no reply. It seemed inconceivable that anything human could live under such a bombardment of shot, bullets, and shrapnel. A hundred yards distant, on our right, the navy guns were firing lyddite that burst with a thick yellow smoke; on the other side Colt automatics were put-put-put-ing a stream of bullets; the field-guns and the howitzers were playing from a hill half a mile behind us, and scattered among the rocks about us, and for two miles on either hand, the infantry in reserve were firing off ammunition at any part of the three hills they happened to dislike!

The roar of the navy's four-point-seven's, their crash, their rush as they passed, the shrill whine of the shrapnel, the barking of the howitzers, and the mechanical, regular rattle of the quick-firing Maxims, which sounded like the clicking of many mowing-machines on a hot summer's day, tore the air with such hideous noises that one's skull ached from the concussion, and one could only be heard by shouting. But more impressive by far than this hot chorus of mighty thunder and petty hammering, was the roar of the wind which was driven down into the valley beneath, and which swept up again in enormous waves of sound. It roared

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Horses Being Conveyed into Town to be Made into Soup.

Taken the morning Ladysmith was relieved.

like a great hurricane at sea. The illusion was so complete that you expected, by looking down, to see the Tugela lashing at her banks, tossing the spray hundreds of feet in air, and battling with her sides of rock. It was like the roar of Niagara in a gale, and yet when you did look below not a leaf was stirring, and the Tugela was slipping forward, flat and sluggish, and in peace.

The long procession of yellow figures was still advancing along the bottom of the valley, toward the right, when on the crest of the farthermost hill fourteen of them appeared suddenly, and ran forward and sprang into the trenches. They looked terribly lonely and insufficient, perched against the blue sky on the highest and most distant of the three hills, and they ran about, this way and that, as though they were very much surprised to find that they were there. Then they settled down into the Boer trench, from our side of it, and began firing, their officer, as his habit is, standing up behind them. The hill they had taken had evidently been abandoned to them by the enemy, and the fourteen men in khaki had taken it by "default." But they disappeared so suddenly into the trench, that we knew they were not enjoying their new position in peace, and everyone looked below them, to see the arriving reinforcements. They came at last, to the number of ten, and scampered about just as the others had done, looking for cover. It seemed as if we could almost hear the singing of the bullet when one of them dodged, and it was with a distinct sense of relief, and of freedom from further responsibility, that we saw the ten disappear also, and become part of the yellow stones about them. Then a very wonderful movement began to agitate the men upon the two remaining hills. They began to creep up them, as you have seen seaweed rise with the tide and envelop a rock. They moved in regiments, but each man was as distinct as is a letter of the alphabet in each word on this page, black with letters. We began to follow the fortunes of individual letters. It was a most selfish and cowardly occupation, for you knew you were in no greater danger than you would be in looking through the glasses of a mutoscope. The battle unrolled before you like a panorama. The guns on our side of the valley had ceased, the hurricane in

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the depths below had instantly spent itself, and the birds and insects had again begun to fill our hill with drowsy twitter and song. But on the other, half the men were wrapping the base of the hill in khaki, which rose higher and higher, growing looser and less tightly wrapt as it spun upward. Half way to the crest there was a broad open space of green grass, and above that a yellow bank of earth, which supported the track of the railroad. This green space spurted with tiny geysers of yellow dust. Where the bullets came from or who sent them we could not see. But the loose ends of the bandage of khaki were stretching across this green space and the yellow spurts of dust rose all around them. The men crossed this fire-zone warily, looking to one side or the other, as the bullets struck the earth heavily, like drops of rain before a shower.

The men had their head and shoulders bent as though they thought a roof was about to fall on them; some ran from rock to rock, seeking cover properly; others scampered toward the safe vantage ground behind the railroad embankment; others advanced leisurely, like men playing golf. The silence, after the hurricane of sounds, was painful; we could not hear even the Boer rifles. The men moved like figures in a dream, without firing a shot. They seemed each to be acting on his own account, without unison or organization. As I have said, you ceased considering the scattered whole, and became intent on the adventures of individuals. These fell so suddenly, that you waited with great anxiety to learn whether they had dropped for protection, or because they had been wounded. They came at last from every side, and from out of every ridge and dried-up waterway. Open spaces which had been green a moment before, were suddenly dyed yellow with them. Where there had been a company clinging to the railroad embankment, there stood one regiment holding it, and another sweeping over it. Heights that had seemed the goal, became the resting-place of the stretcher-bearers, until at last no part of the hill remained unpopulated, save a high bulging rampart of unprotected and open ground. And then, suddenly, coming from the earth itself, apparently, one man ran across this open space and leaped on top of the trench which crowned the hill. He was fully fifteen yards in advance of all the rest, entirely unsupported and alone. And he had evidently planned it so, for he took off his helmet and waved it, and stuck it on his bayonet and waved it again, and then suddenly clapped it on his head and threw his gun to his shoulder. He stood so, pointing down into the trench, and it seemed as though we could hear him calling upon the Boers behind it to surrender, which eventually they did, to the number of fifteen.

A few minutes later the last of the three hills was mounted by the West Yorks, who were mistaken by their own artillery for Boers, and fired upon both by the Boers and by their own shrapnel and lyddite. Four of them were wounded, and, to save themselves, a line of them stood up at full length on the trench and cheered and waved at the artillery until it had ceased to play upon them. The Boers continued to fire upon them with rifles, for over two hours. But it was only a demonstration to cover the retreat of the greater number, and at daybreak the hills were in the complete and peaceful possession of the English. These hills were a part of the same Railway Hill which the Inniskillings and a composite regiment had attempted to take by a frontal attack, four nights previous, with the loss of six hundred men, among whom were three colonels. By this flank attack, and by using nine regiments instead of one, the same hill and two others were taken with only two hundred casualties. This battle, which was called the Battle of Pieter's Hill, and the surrender on the same day of General Cronje and his force to Lord Roberts, made the whole column feel that the ill memory of Majuba Hill had been "wiped off the slate" forever.

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WITH THE BOER ARMY

THEIR METHODS OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE

By Thomas F. Millard

WHEN experts on matters militant begin to readjust their dogmas to coincide with the practical lessons of the war in South Africa, the manner in which undisciplined farmers, destitute of military experience, training, or direction, have successfully withstood and repeatedly defeated greatly superior numbers of the best regular British troops, will afford ample food for reflection.

That any given number of Boers can, under almost any conceivable circumstances wherein opposing bodies are apt to be brought into collision in modern warfare, defeat, and in a prolonged engagement destroy, an equal number of any regular troops in the world as they are organized at present, is a fact too well established by the happenings of this war to admit of doubt. Time after time within the past few months have small forces of Boers engaged with from four to ten times their number of English troops and signally worsted them. Nor must it be assumed, as apologists for British reverses have been in the habit of doing, that peculiar advantages conferred by position or superiority of official direction, are wholly responsible for the Boer successes; for these advantages have accrued to the English as often as to the Boers. The strength of the Boer, as a fighting man, is due to his own original—in the sense of being inherently derived—methods developed through individual processes. This individual method, reduced by direction to a tolerably well-sustained unit, is what makes a Boer commando so formidable, and in it the tactician will find a fertile field for study.

For many weeks, now, I have watched the Boer in the field. I have observed him in the "laager," on the scout, in the running picket skirmish, in the night patrol, in the hospital, in stubborn defence and fierce assault, mounted and on foot, advancing and in retreat. In this way many little points of his method have gradually been revealed; points trivial enough in themselves, but constituting in their sum the skilful, knowing, formidable irregular of the veldt.

An impression has got abroad that the principal skill of the Boer rests in defensive tactics. This is not true. His attack is fully as effective as his defence. This has been demonstrated on more than one occasion. The impression that his offensive tactics are weak has arisen out of the military necessity which compels a greatly inferior force, comparatively destitute of artillery, to remain theoretically on the defensive. But theoretically defensive tactics often admit, and, in fact, frequently compel, attacks by the defender upon the aggressor. Such occurrences have been frequent in this war, and have afforded the Boer ample opportunity to vindicate his power of attack.

Spion Kop, Nicholson's Nek, and the Platrand were all engagements where the Boers assumed the offensive, conceding to the British every advantage of position and superiority of force. In two of these battles — Spion Kop and Nicholson's Nek—the success of the Boers was little short of marvellous, under the circumstances. A brief recapitulation of the material points involved in these engagements will assist the reader to appreciate the results. At Spion Kop the British had from 2,500 to 3,000 men engaged, with several quick-firing guns. They occupied a precipitous mountain, affording admirable natural cover, which was further strengthened by entrenchments. This position was assaulted by *four hundred and fifty* Boers, who scaled the bowlder-strewn sides of the mountain. After an engagement which lasted from sunrise to sunset, the English abandoned the Kop, having suffered a loss, according to their own official statement, of 1,700 men. The Boer loss was one hundred and seventy-three, killed and wounded.

The battle of Nicholson's Nek was the

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result of a night sortie from Ladysmith by a force of 2,500 British. When daylight revealed their advance, a position had been attained on a series of lofty kopjes threatening the Boer positions. There they were promptly assailed by six hundred Boers. By noon the battle was over, and the remnants of the British force had retreated to Ladysmith, leaving 1,200 prisoners and several guns in the hands of the Boers, besides suffering a loss of six hundred killed and wounded. The assault on the Platrand, a strongly fortified position overlooking and commanding Ladysmith, on which thirty pieces of artillery were mounted, was undertaken by six hundred Boers. The assault failed, but not, however, until the Boers had temporarily occupied some of the British trenches and inflicted a loss on the enemy, as stated by General White, of eight hundred. The Boer loss was two hundred and thirty.

Acting on the defensive against the attack of inferior forces of Boers, the percentage of British losses in these engagements were: Spion Kop, sixty-eight per cent.; Nicholson's Nek, seventy-two per cent. ; Platrand, unknown to me because I have no information at present of the number of troops engaged. The Boer losses, while attacking largely superior forces of British, were: Spion Kop, thirty-eight per cent.; Nicholson's Nek, ten per cent.; Platrand, thirty-nine per cent. The British losses I obtain from Colonial papers which reach the Transvaal, and are presumably official, although, from observation, I think they are rather understated. The figures given of Boer losses I vouch for as being substantially accurate. These figures speak more eloquently than words of the effectiveness of Boer offensive tactics, while the fact that they suffered a loss of nearly forty per cent. before abandoning the assault on the impregnable Platrand disposes of allegations against their aggressiveness.

What gives the Boer this wonderful effectiveness, amounting relatively, when all the comparative elements are adjusted, to ten times that employed by Tommy Atkins, who may certainly be accepted as a favorable type of the trained soldier? Let us scrutinize the Boer method.

A Boer attack moves slowly. To say it crawls, expresses its progress better, for at times it loses all momentum. When an ordinary attack by trained soldiers loses momentum, it will go to pieces unless immediately rallied and started ahead again by officers. Not so the Boer attack. Its most effective moments are the constantly recurring periods when it seems to stop entirely. Then is when the Mauser speaks to deadly purpose, decimating the ranks of the defenders.

A Boer charge is destitute of hurrah and dash. There is no alignment and little semblance of concerted action. Yet the concerted action is there. Having been broadly instructed by their commandants as to the general object and plan of the movement, the Boers start, moving rapidly enough while at long range, yet cautiously, too. To conceal himself behind what, to the ordinary man, would seem ridiculously inadequate cover, is an instinct with the Boer, born of the veldt and its ways. Thus, running in a crouching attitude, and keeping out of sight as much as possible, the thin, widely scattered line moves forward until a point is reached within effective rifle-range of the enemy. Then the real attack begins, and the peculiar methods of the Boer begin to operate.

The assaulting line has suddenly disappeared. Each man has dropped behind some bowlder, or sought cover in one of the tiny "sluits" which indent the slopes and sides of the kopjes. Has the attack ended? To settle this point, English officers will rise up here and there to better scan the field. The sharp, whip-like report of a dozen Mausers will ring out, and the officers will drop into the trenches, two-thirds of the number who exposed themselves having been hit. No, the attack has not ended. The fight proceeds fitfully. At times the firing almost ceases, then it will begin again livelier than before. Closer, closer creeps the line, as each Boer manages to crawl from one bit of cover to another just ahead. Slowly distance is annihilated. After a temporary lull, the apparently sleeping line galvanizes into life. There is a rush. Some neat bit of cover or outlying "rooi-kopje" is to be carried. Watch the Boers while they make their rush.

It will not be a movement of the whole

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line, but only of a small segment. The rest of the line will support it. A certain number of men in each commando, amounting to probably one-fourth, had been told off before the attack began, to hold cover when rushes were made, and concentrate their fire upon the enemy. These men lie securely sheltered, their ready rifles at shoulder and pointed, their watchful eyes scanning the positions of the defenders. The signal is given, and the rush begins.

Up spring fifty or a hundred men, with rifles held loosely at a "trail," and dash forward at full speed, leaping over the ground like Zulu runners. A few scattering shots give warning of the hotter fire to come. Prone on the earth go the charging Boers. Cr—r—r—ash! comes the volley. Up again, and a wild scurry on for half a minute before the second volley can come, then down again, each man under cover. Fifty yards have been gained. To see a body of men spring up suddenly and dash toward them is calculated to flurry any troops. The Boers have counted upon this, and for it the reserved marksmen are prepared. Startled for a moment out of his presence of mind, or in his eagerness to get a fair shot, Tommy Atkins will expose himself. A head, a shoulder, an arm or leg shows. It is a sufficient mark for a Boer. The Mausers yelp in a stammering chorus, and a score of gentlemen in khaki grope blindly about in the dirt and gravel.

In these attacks, as, for that matter, in all the fighting, the Boer sharpshooter plays an important part. Keep an eye on one of these marksmen, and you will get an object-lesson in Boer tactics. When an action begins, the sharpshooter will separate from the main body and proceed cautiously until he secures a position within easy range (for the average Boer three hundred yards is an easy range) of the enemy. There he will construct a "schanze," or cover. In this "schanze" he will stretch himself and prepare for the business of the day, which is to kill as many Englishmen as he can without betraying his own whereabouts. He has provided himself with a water bottle, some hard bread and biltong, and he generally carries a pair of field-glasses. Nor has he forgotten his pipe and a supply of tobacco. If it is possible to effect it, a shade for at least a part of his body is arranged.

Thus ensconced, the sharpshooter patiently waits for the opportunity to get to work. The Boer lines begin to crawl forward, the British artillery breaks out angrily, and fleeting glimpses of khaki show along the English positions. Disposing his body comfortably, the sharpshooter fixes a perfect rest for his rifle, adjusts the sight, and skims the barrel with his eye. Presently he marks down a "Tommy." But he doesn't fire. Not yet. He waits until he gets the man right on the "bead." Then bang! and the marked man collapses in a heap. His comrades see him go down, but cannot tell whence came the bullet which slew him. The tiny puff of smokeless powder has been wafted away before the missile reaches its mark, and not even the stirring of a leaf gives a clew to the marksman's whereabouts. A sharpshooter will keep this up all day, occasionally regaling himself with a lunch of biltong and a puff at his pipe, blowing the smoke carefully away along the ground. Cool, collected, his nerves quiet, his pulse normal, one of these men will do an appalling execution in the course of a prolonged fight.

A charge, such as the Boers make, is robbed of all story-book picturesqueness and glamour. The glitter of sword and bayonet, the smoke and flame, the bright uniforms, the inspiring cheers, the precision of serried ranks, the gallantly carried battle-flags to be presently planted on the earthworks of the enemy, are all lacking. They belong to the war of the past. In their stead a crouching, creeping line of dirt-covered men, shuffled by the varying chances of the fight out of all semblance of order; brown, bare, sun-scorched, bowlder-flecked ridges, dotted here and there with stunted bushes, hazy with heat, and alive with projectiles; the keen rattle of rifle fire, punctuated by the stuttering of machine guns, and broken into full periods by the reverberating roar of heavy artillery, now and again seeming to die only to break out afresh; and all this for hour after hour, each passing moment claiming a victim to sprawl in agony on the superheated rocks. Such is modern war, as typified in South Africa to-day. It might seem, at first thought, that such a change,

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lacking the impetus of old methods, would also lack the force to dislodge a resolute enemy. Such is not the case. An English officer who was captured at Spion Kop assured me that the persistent, deadly rifle pecking of the Boers as they creep nearer and nearer, when to raise a head or expose a limb, is to receive a bullet, was the most nerve-racking and demoralizing experience he ever had.

The Boer method of repulsing an assault is based on the same general principles as his offensive tactics, and is not less effective. Being on the defensive enables him to select his position more carefully, and secure better cover. No regular trenches are dug. The commandant having indicated the locality which his men are to occupy, each Boer constructs his own "schanze." Perhaps it will enlighten many people if I describe a "schanze." The Boer selects a position which fulfils his personal idea. In the selection he is governed by such considerations as whether he shoots right or left-handed, or prefers to fire sitting, kneeling, or reclining. In a country that affords endless and infinitely varied natural cover, this task is easy. His position chosen, the Boer makes it as comfortable as possible without too much deranging the natural appearance of the ground, often artfully disposing a bush so as to afford shade, or screening the cover by carefully arranging some bunches of grass or twigs.

This is a "schanze." They are not placed in any regular formation or alignment, but are scattered about as much as possible. The immense superiority of "schanzes" over regular trenches is apparent. The "schanze" presents no distinctive target to the fire of the assailant. It merely occupies an unobtrusive place in the natural configuration of a kopje or ridge. The weakness of the loop-holed trench against a skilfully directed attack was demonstrated during the Boer assault on the Platrand. For hours they fought within one hundred yards of the British trenches, which were loop-holed with sand-bags. Being on lower ground, the Boers were enabled to get parts of the trenches against the sky-line. A Boer would draw a bead on a loop-hole, wait until it was darkened, and press the trigger. In one trench carried by the Boers, more than a score of Englishmen were found shot through the head near the right eye, conclusive proof that they were killed at a loop-hole. It takes hours to construct good trenches. A Boer will make a splendid "schanze" anywhere in five minutes, provided he does not find one ready made.

Once in his "schanze," the Boer awaits the assault of the enemy with serenity. He knows what is expected of him, and has no doubt of his ability to meet any requirements. He rarely fires at the troops advancing directly upon him, but rather at those to the right or left. This manœuvre has the double advantage of enabling the Boer to remain fully concealed, while the advancing foe, his attention occupied ahead, thoughtlessly exposes himself to a bullet coming at an angle. In this way two commandos, lying a couple of hundred yards apart, will cross-fire the enemy and protect each other.

Look through my excellent field-glasses while they are directed at an ensconced Boer, during one of the British attacks along the Tugela. Shrapnel and lyddite burst all around him, but he betrays not the slightest nervousness. He lies stretched on his left side, his Mauser thrust through a cleft between two bowlders. The sun beats upon his bared gray head; for his hat is nodding on a twig ten feet away, as the breeze stirs the bush. It is placed there to draw the fire intended for its owner. He does not fire, although his finger is on the trigger and the muzzle of his rifle is motionless. Below, toiling painfully up the slope which rises from the river, is the khaki-clad line of battle. The British have got within three hundred yards, and the critical moment of the charge is nearing. They are pushing forward steadily; rushing a few yards, then dropping behind some convenient cover to fire—for Tommy Atkins has learned a point or two from the book of his opponent. Watch the motion of the barrel of the old Boer's gun, as it seems to follow the movements of some object. The sun-burned cheek drops on the stock, the rifle cracks, and an English officer who had partially risen to give some order slides down, writhing convulsively. His billet has found him. The Boer coolly

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works his lever out and in, and resumes his watchful attitude.

Thoroughly disciplined troops place a vast amount of dependence on their officers. Deprived of officers, a regular regiment will become fuddled and cease to advance. The Boer knows this, and he counts one officer worth twenty men. Although the English officers have discarded all marks of rank, they cannot conceal themselves in action. Vocal orders cannot be understood in battle unless supplemented by gestures, and thus the officer betrays himself. The Boer crouches in his "schanze," and patiently waits until he "spots" the man in authority. Does he then proceed to empty his magazine rapidly, and, probably ineffectually? Not he. He reserves his fire, but keeping his rifle all the while trained on the officer, until the latter gets in a position to offer a fair shot. Then, the bullet speeds and the officer goes out of action.

And this is the way each individual Boer in the line of defence does his work. They do not all get officers, of course, but the illustration portrays the method. The Boer fights men just as he would stalk the shy antelope, or lie in wait for the stealthy tiger, in both which pastimes he is adept. Every Boer knows his rifle thoroughly, and becomes acquainted with all its little oddities of sight and trigger, and other whims peculiar to firearms, and uses it accordingly. In fact, his secret of strength lies in a reduction to individualism of nearly all tactical qualifications.

A vital point in the Boer method is never to throw away a shot; which means, of course, never to fire until there is a fair chance of hitting. This policy leads them to permit the enemy to come dangerously close at times before opening fire. The first battle of Colenso provided a good illustration of this almost stoical reservation. The British marched to within three hundred yards of the Boer "schanzes" before they had the slightest intimation of the presence of the enemy. The crashing rifle volleys, when they did begin, swept the English down by hundreds.

When the British had retreated, after abandoning the guns, the Boer fire dwindled away and soon ceased altogether. Somebody ordered the guns to be brought off, and the men in charge of the extra battery horses tried to do it. No more deadly rifle fire could be conceived than that which frustrated their brave attempt.

General Botha stood, partially sheltered by a huge rock, just opposite the abandoned guns, watching the movements of the British through his field-glasses. Teams of six horses hitched two together, directed by three mounted drivers, essayed the impossible task. They came at a full gallop, with a huge iron hook ready to attach to a gun and haul it off. In the "schanzes" the Boers waited. Nearer and nearer came the galloping teams, the ground shaking under the thunder of hoofs. General Botha's powerful voice could be heard admonishing his men.

"Hold your fire. Let them get closer. Wait—Wait. Steady. Steady. Steady. Not yet—not yet—not yet———*Now!*" Crack. A leader is down. Crack. Crack. A wheeler topples over. Cr-r-r-r-ash! Down they go in a heap, an indescribable tangle of men and animals, many of the drivers being crushed, or kicked to death by the maddened brutes; some of the horses perhaps unhit, and struggling wildly to break their traces, only to meet death a little farther along. Such was the fate of every team sent to bring back those guns, fully a hundred horses and half as many men being killed before the attempt was abandoned.

In this battle General Buller stated the British loss to have been 1,100 men and eleven guns. The Boers lost six killed and fourteen wounded. It avails nothing for persons who wish to detract from Boer successes to sneer at these figures. Any readjustment of so-called modern methods of warfare should be based upon facts, however unpalatable they may be in certain quarters. The fighting Boer may have his faults, in fact, I know them to be many and serious, though principally arising from an almost complete absence of discipline—but his strength far overbalances his weakness, and those elements of strength the most vainglorious military power will do well to study.

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THE STORY OF A TIN SOLDIER

By Roy Rolfe Gilson

WHEN the President called for volunteers Billie Jones was a clerk in Thompson's at $12 a week, and engaged to be married to the prettiest girl on Greenapple Street. The bands played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the ministers said things from the pulpit, and the editors said things in the press; so the upshot of the matter was that Billie threw up his salary, kissed the girl on Greenapple Street good-by, and went off to the war in a spotted old blue uniform that had kicked about the armory lockers nobody knew how long.

Billie's soul bubbled over with patriotism, and he stoutly declared to his father that when the bullets whistled he would remember he was a Jones and fight like a true American. To his mother he said, "Never mind putting in any jellies, for I am a soldier now and won't want such things." To the girl on Greenapple Street—well, what he said to her was their own little affair and hardly worth repeating anyway.

So they took Billie down to the State Camp and taught him "Fours right" and "Fours left" and "Right front into line," and how to be a sentry and yell "Corp'ral of the guard No. 10, relief," without calling it "Post No. 10," instead, a grave military indiscretion and a thing wholly without authority in the infantry drill manual. They fed him on good roast beef and pork chops and mashed potatoes and coffee with milk in it and milk with graham crackers in it, and four times in two weeks they gave him pie. Private Billie was enchanted.

"It's a great life, I tell you," said he to Papa Jones, who had come proudly down with Mamma Jones on a Sunday excursion to visit him in camp. "Why, it makes a man of a chap. I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

Papa Jones smiled happily at Billie's fervor and Mamma Jones hoped he would like the jellies she had brought in spite of his admonition, and then they all had a last, tearful good-by in a jam of five thousand good-byes at the station.

One awful day they had the medical examinations. Billie was frightened half out of his wits for fear he wouldn't pass; cursed the luck that had made him a little man, and looked in agonizing envy at his strapping football-hero tent mate, John Rogers, who was sure to go through like a book. And Billie almost fainted when they put an O. K. after his name and told John Rogers it was no use, and packed him off home again to gaze mournfully at a row of athletic trophies as long as his strong right arm.

Then an order came and they all yelled like Indians and packed their kits, and that night they cheered everybody and everything they could think of from the President down, and started on their long journey to the front.

Down in Kentucky and Tennessee the village girls came down to the cars with roses and buttermilk. When Billie reached the Florida line four brass buttons had mysteriously disappeared from his blue coat, but of this fact, oddly enough, he said not a word in his letters to the girl on Greenapple Street. It may be stated, however, in Billie's defence, that he did mention the roses.

"I took them," he wrote to her, "and thought of you." All of which, every word of it, was true.

They lived on coffee and corned-beef sandwiches for three days going down, and alighted at last in the Tampa sand to be marched through the heat of the Florida sun, to the fields where the palmettos grow. There in the open, among snarled palmetto roots, they pitched their tents, grimy, hungry, but undaunted still. And the next day, and the next, and the next day after that, and so on for seven days, Private William Jones helped dig palmetto roots, so that the officers could get out of their tents without stumbling, so that the privates could get out of theirs, and, lastly, so that the regiment could do a fit and proper dress parade for the honor of the State that had sent it out.

Then they began "Fours right" again, and all the rest of it, and the middle of the forenoon and the middle of the after-

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noon, when the sun was hot and bright, brought skirmish drills, when Billie did considerable lying down on his stomach and crawling through palmetto roots and yelling viciously while charging an imaginary foe.

The "good artesian" water tasted queer, and it came near knocking Billie off his pins at first; but by and by he didn't mind so much, though his legs didn't want to go, and the pains in his vitals were uncommonly severe. The regimental surgeon prescribed some little white pills out of No. 9, and some big brown ones out of No. 5, and so Billie was enabled to keep up his courage and a comparatively straight spine.

The war was in full blast then. After days of anxious hoping the long-looked-for order came at last. Private Billie Jones and the other fellows got out and yelled with the old State camp vigor, packed up their kits again and waited for the order to strike tents. Down at Port Tampa a transport was waiting to bear them to Cuba and the bloody heights of glory.

But they did not strike their tents. Somebody in a silk hat at Washington called upon somebody else, who thereupon changed his mind, and an order was countermanded post-haste. So Private Billie and the rest of them unfolded their blanket rolls and settled down to "Fours right" again, dejected, angry, and profane.

The transport sailed off two days afterward with some other regiment that happened to be in some other brigade in some other division that had some other commanding general who had smoked more after-dinner cigars at the nation's capital than Billie's general had. And Billie wrote a long, disappointed letter to the girl on Greenapple Street.

There were no more graham crackers and milk now, for Uncle Sam was caterer; but there was plenty of hardtack and a good deal too much "sow belly," Billie thought, and no stint of a brown solution they called "black coffee," for tradition's sake. Billie shut his eyes and swallowed hard and tried to force his naturally delicate digestion into believing that it was really "good, plain, wholesome fare," and that his appetite was satisfied. But sometimes his hunger got the better of him and he lingered dolorously at lemonade-stands, squandering his "$15.60 per" in riotous living—divers pink milk-shakes and sundry stale ginger-snaps, to say nothing of beautiful condensed milk ice-cream. And when Billie felt especially dreary his thirst led him to the brink of stronger waters over at the regimental canteen.

By and by the officers decided that Billie was acclimated; so they tacked on a couple hours more of drill. The Southern sun, just to be in line, added a few more degrees Fahrenheit, and Billie "perspired freely," as the doctor books say. In fact, Billie grew a bit thin in the shoulders and ribs.

Billie soon found that listening to the regimental bill of fare and eating the things it mentioned were two very different things. The well intentioned but youthful and inexperienced chefs at the company cook shanty had the wholly accidental, but not the less disagreeable, habit of burning the oatmeal and spilling the pepper-dish into the tomatoes, with a regularity wonderful to behold, while they served the potatoes with great blobs of pork grease that did not go down very well somehow when the Florida sun was blazing in the noonday sky.

While Billie was thus getting toughened and knocked into fit condition to fight the Dons, Shafter's army took Santiago and Sampson and Schley captured Cervera's fleet, and when the smoke of the guns had rolled away over the blue waters of the Caribbean and the hills of Cuba, there began to be whisperings of peace, whereat Billie's hopes fell sadly away.

And then the rainy season set in. As the furious torrents fell Billie's camp in the Hillsboro' lowlands became a great morass of sticky black mud. When the wind blew the clouds out of the sky and the pitiless sun came out again, the muck steamed and reeked of filth and fever. The water stood in discolored pools among the palmetto roots. A green mould began to appear. Tree-toads shrieked among the pines. The flies, fattening and multiplying upon the scourings and refuse of the camps, swarmed in the tents by day, so that Billie ate in a swarthy halo. At night clouds of mosquitoes buzzed and droned and sang about his restless, burning form. His arms and face were covered with their stings.

Through the rains stalked the fever, with a clear title to the sickening soil. Ambu-

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lances splashed and wallowed to and fro through the funereal mud from the company quarters to the tents of the hospitals, standing themselves in the very midst of the bog. The ailing crowd that gathered each morning in the company streets when the mournful sick-call blew, grew apace. Billie's first-sergeant shook his head and wondered where the next detail was coming from, and told Billie how sorry he was that he'd have to put him on guard twice that week, for the able-bodied men were growing fewer every day.

And Billie shouldered his gun and tramped through the water and mud unflinchingly, while the drippings from the grim sky overhead and the dirty puddles that slopped about his feet wet him to the skin. Off duty, in the guard-tent, he slept fitfully in his cold, damp uniform, with only a blanket between him and the ground. To the girl on Greenapple Street he wrote:

"One wouldn't mind at all, dear, if a fellow could only feel that he was going to really get a chance to do something for his country. If we could only have been five minutes under Spanish fire, it would be different; now, we are only tin soldiers."

Uncle Sam heard at last of Billie's camp through the hospital reports and the head-lines in the newspapers, and one day the regiment was removed to the breeze-swept hills of Fernandina. But with the regiment went the typhoid germs of that Tampa bog, and the hospital corps was worked to the point of desperation. And somebody, somewhere, could not, or would not, or at least did not, send the medicines, and the stock in the surgeons' tents ran low. Meanwhile the cases multiplied. New ward tents were added. The cots were full.

One August morning, Private William Jones went out to drill in the sand, with the able-bodied remnant of his company. That night he was stretched out, hot and fretful, on a white cot in a row of white cots in a row of white tents they called the division hospital, on a hill not far from the sea. The surgeon came.

"Typhoid," he said.

Next morning Billie's captain called. Billie strove in vain to rise and salute him, but fell weakly back upon the pillow and sighed wearily.

"Oh, I'll be all right in a day or two, sir," he murmured. "A fellow wouldn't mind getting laid up if he'd only ever done something—seen scrapping and all that—but to be a tin soldier——"

And the very next night two men of the hospital corps sat on the edge of Billie's cot and held him down by main force while he talked to the girl on Greenapple Street, or went out drilling in the Florida sand.

"Forward, h'arch," Billie commanded huskily in his delirium, and obeyed his own orders as best he could against the opposing nurses, kicking out manfully with his bare feet and bringing them down on the cot again in regular time, while they strove to quiet him.

"Right forward. Fours right. H'arch. Dress up, boys, dress up. . . . Dress up that last set of fours. . . . Fours left. . . . H'arch," and so through the watches of the night.

"I wouldn't mind. . . . I wouldn't mind so much, dear," he muttered in the quieter moments, when he had left the drill-field far behind and was sitting out on the front steps again, under the lilacs, with the girl on Greenapple Street:

"I wouldn't mind at all . . . if we'd only seen fighting . . . somewhere . . . but to come home like this . . . when other fellows are heroes . . . and we . . . only tin soldiers . . . Forward. . . . H'arch," and then the whole dreary, heart-breaking business would have to be gone over again.

In the dead of the night a distant sentry's call floated like music on the summer wind. Billie started from his pillow. He was on duty once more; smiled at the stars; lowered his gun to port arms across his breast:

"Corp'ral of the guard. . . . No. 9. . . . Relief. . . . Wake up, No. 8. . . . Can't you hear me? . . . Yes . . . yes, dear . . . it's your tin soldier . . . come home again."

And in the morning the part of the regiment that wasn't sick or on guard or in the cook shanties fell into line and marched, while the band played something slow, something mostly for the drums, which throbbed mournfully.

And that was the way Private William Jones went home from Dixie, to Papa and Mamma Jones and the girl on Greenapple Street.

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Sir William Waller.

From the portrait by Sir Peter Lely at Goodwood. By permission of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G.

OLIVER CROMWELL

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

VI

PERSONAL RULE

WHEN Cromwell, in January, 1655, dismissed the first Protectorate Parliament, he left himself nothing to do but to establish his own personal rule; in other words, he became a tyrant. Of course the word cannot be used in the sense we use it in describing Ivan the Terrible, or Agathokles. As each country must, sooner or later, obtain exactly that measure of political freedom to which it is entitled, so, when it falls under a tyranny, the tyranny must be strictly conditioned by the character of the people. Cromwell ruled over Englishmen, not Russians or Greeks, and no Englishman would have tolerated for twenty-four hours what was groaningly borne by Muscovites, who had lost every vestige of manhood beneath the Tartar yoke, or by Syracusans in the days of the rapid decadence of the Hellenistic world. Cromwell's government was a tyranny because it was based on his own personal rule, his personal decision as to what taxes should be levied, what ordinances issued, what police measures decreed and carried out, what foreign policy adopted or rejected. He was influenced very much by public opinion, when public opinion found definite expression in the action of a body of legislators or of an assembly of officers; but even in such cases he was only influenced, not controlled. In other words, he had gone back to the theory of government pro-

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fessed by the man he had executed, and by that man's predecessors. There was, however, the tremendous and far-reaching difference, that, whereas the Stuart kings clung to absolute power for the sake of rewarding favorites and of carrying out policies that were hostile to the honor and interest of England, Cromwell seized it with the sincere purpose of exalting the moral law at home and increasing the honor of England's name abroad. Moreover, he was in fact what no Stuart was, in anything but name, a "king among men," and his mighty strength enabled him, at least partially, to realize his purpose.

Henry Cromwell,

Son of the Protector, and Governor of Ireland. From the miniature by S. Cooper at Palmerstown. By permission of the Earl of Mayo.

Cromwell doubtless persuaded himself that he was endeavoring to secure what would now be called a constitutional government: one which, in his own words, "should avoid alike the extremes of monarchy and democracy." He was desirous of paying heed to the wishes of those whom he esteemed the wisest and most honest among the people. He had somewhat of that gift for personal popularity which was so marked a feature of Queen Elizabeth—seemingly the only sovereign whom he admired, among all his predecessors. To the last he kept stirring vaguely for a system of constitutional rule, and sincerely disliked merely arbitrary rule.

But by the time he became Lord Protector he was too impatient of difference of opinion, too doggedly convinced of his own righteousness and wisdom, to be really fit to carry on a free government. He had sought to introduce the reign of the saints; but when in the Barebones Parliament, he gathered together the very men whom he deemed their arch representatives, it was only to find, as was of course inevitable, that he and they could not agree as to the method of realizing the reign of the saints in this very material world. Then he sought to secure a government by the representatives of the people; only to find that he got along even less well with them than with the saints. In short, while he had kept his nobility of purpose, his whole character had grown less and less such as to fit him to found a government of the kind toward which his race was dimly striving.

He made varied experiments for the control of England. After the first Protectorate Parliament had been abolished, he established the government of the major-generals, or in other words, purely military rule; dividing England into a dozen districts, with a major-general over each as the ultimate authority. The prime function of the major-generals was to keep order, and they crushed under their iron heels every spark of Royalist insurrection, or of Leveller and Anabaptist uprising. They interfered in civil matters also, and were especially required to see to the rigid observance of the Sabbath, and to suppress all cock-fighting, horse-racing, and kindred sports, as well as to shut up doubtful ale-houses. There certainly never was a more extraordinary despotism than this; the despotism of a man who sought power, not to gratify himself, or those belonging to him, in any of the methods to which all other tyrants have been prone, but to establish the reign of the Lord as he saw it. Here was a tyrant who used the overwhelming strength of his military force to forbid what he considered profane amusements, and to enforce on one day of the week a system of conduct which was old-Jewish in character. Of course the fact that he meant

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Second Installation of Cromwell as Protector, in Westminster Hall, June 26, 1657.

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well, and that his motives were high, did not make it any the easier for the people with whose pleasures and prejudices he thus irritatingly interfered.

The Puritan passion for regulating, not merely the religion, but the morals of their neighbors, especially in the matter of Sunday observance and of pastimes generally, was peculiarly exasperating to men of a more easy-going nature. Even nowadays the effort for practical reform in American city government is rendered immeasurably more difficult by the fact that a considerable number of the best citizens are prone to devote their utmost energies, not to striving for the fundamentals of social morality, civic honesty, and good government, but, in accordance with their own theory of propriety of conduct, to preventing other men from pursuing what these latter regard as innocent pleasures; while, on the other hand, a large number of good citizens, in their irritation at any interference with what they feel to be legitimate pastimes, welcome the grossest corruption and misrule rather than submit to what they call "Puritanism." When this happens, before our eyes, we need not wonder that in Cromwell's day the determination of the Puritans to put down ale-houses and prohibit every type of Sunday pastime irritated large bodies of the people to the point of longing for the restoration of the Stuarts, no matter what might be the accompanying evils of corruption and tyranny.

The experiment of governing by the major-generals provoked such mutterings of discontent that it had to be abandoned. Another parliament was summoned, and out of this Oliver arbitrarily kept any man whom he did not think ought to come in. It was anything but a radical body, and after declaring against the rule of the major-generals, it offered Oliver the kingship, an offer to which the army objected, and which Oliver, therefore, refused; but even with this subservient assembly Oliver could not get along, and it finally shared the fate of its predecessor. The objection of the army to the kingship was partly due to the presence of so many Republican zealots in its ranks; but probably the main reason for the objection was that the army more or less consciously realized that its own overmastering importance in the commonwealth would vanish as soon as the man it had made supreme by the sword was changed into a constitutional king.

One by one almost all of Oliver's old comrades and adherents left him, and he was driven to put his own kinsfolk into as many of the higher places, both in the State and the army, as possible; less from nepotism than from the need of having in important positions men who would do his will without question. Eventually he had to abandon most of the ideas of political liberty which he had originally championed, and, following the path which the Long Parliament had already trod, he finally established a rigid censorship of the press.

Yet, though it must be freely admitted that in its later years the government of Cromwell was in form and substance a tyranny, it must be no less freely acknowledged that he used with wisdom and grandeur the power he had usurped. The faults he committed were the faults of the age, rather than special to himself, while his sincerity and honesty were peculiarly his own.

He fairly carried out his pledge of healing and settling, and he put through a long series of administrative reforms. In England and Wales his internal administration undoubtedly told for what was of moral and material advantage to the country; and if there was heavy taxation, at least it produced visible and tangible results, which was never the case under the Stuarts, before or after him. Yet his rule could not but produce discontent. In the first place, the Royalists were not well treated. In that age the beaten party was expected to pay heavily for its lack of success, both in purse and in body; and it was not to be expected that the victorious Puritans should show toward their defeated foes the generosity displayed by Grant and his fellow-victors in the American Civil War. In the American Revolution, the Tories were at first followed with much the same vindictiveness that the Royalists were followed after King Charles had been brought to the block. But Washington and all the leading American statesmen disapproved of this, and after the first heat of passion was over the American Royalists were allowed precisely the same civil and po-

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The Last Charge of the Ironsides.

At the Battle of Dunkirk the Ironsides—as usual singing psalms—charged the Spanish Cavalry (who were in retreat) and literally cut them to pieces.

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litical rights as their neighbors. On the contrary, in England under the Commonwealth, the Royalists were kept disfranchised, and taxation was arranged so as always to fall with crushing weight upon them, thus insuring their permanent alienation. As regards the rest of the people, while there was considerable interference with political and religious liberty, it was probably only what the times demanded, and was certainly much less than occurred in almost any other country. Episcopalians were denied the use of the Prayer-book, and, like the Catholics, were given liberty of conscience only on condition that they should not practise their faith in public. Irritating though this was, and wrong though it was, it fell infinitely short of what had been done to Protestants under Queen Mary by the temporarily victorious Catholics, or to Puritans and Catholics under Queen Elizabeth, or of what was to be done to the Covenanters of Scotland under the victorious Episcopalians; but such considerations would not have altered the discontent, even had the discontented kept them in mind. When provocation is sufficient to drive a man into revolution, it matters little in practical politics how much beyond this point it is carried. The breaking-point is reached sooner in some nations than in others; but in all strong nations persecution will cause revolt long before it takes the terrible form given it by Spaniards and Turks; and, once the war is on, the men who revolt hate any persecutor so much that there is scant room for intensification of the feeling. Moveover, instead of the Cromwellian government growing more, it grew less tolerant of Catholicism and Episcopacy as time went on.

The people at large were peculiarly irritated by what were merely the defects inevitably incident to the good features of Puritanism in that age. When faith is very strong and belief very sincere, men must possess great wisdom, broad charity, and the ability to learn by experience, or else they will certainly try to make others live up to their own standards. This would be bad enough, even were the standards absolutely right; and it is necessarily worse in practice than in theory, inasmuch as mixed with the right there is invariably an element of what is wrong or

Exterior of Westminster Hall.

After Charles II. succeeded to the throne, the bones of Cromwell were disinterred and his head exposed upon a pole over Westminster Hall, almost on the identical spot where the Cromwell statue, shown in the right of the drawing, has just been erected.

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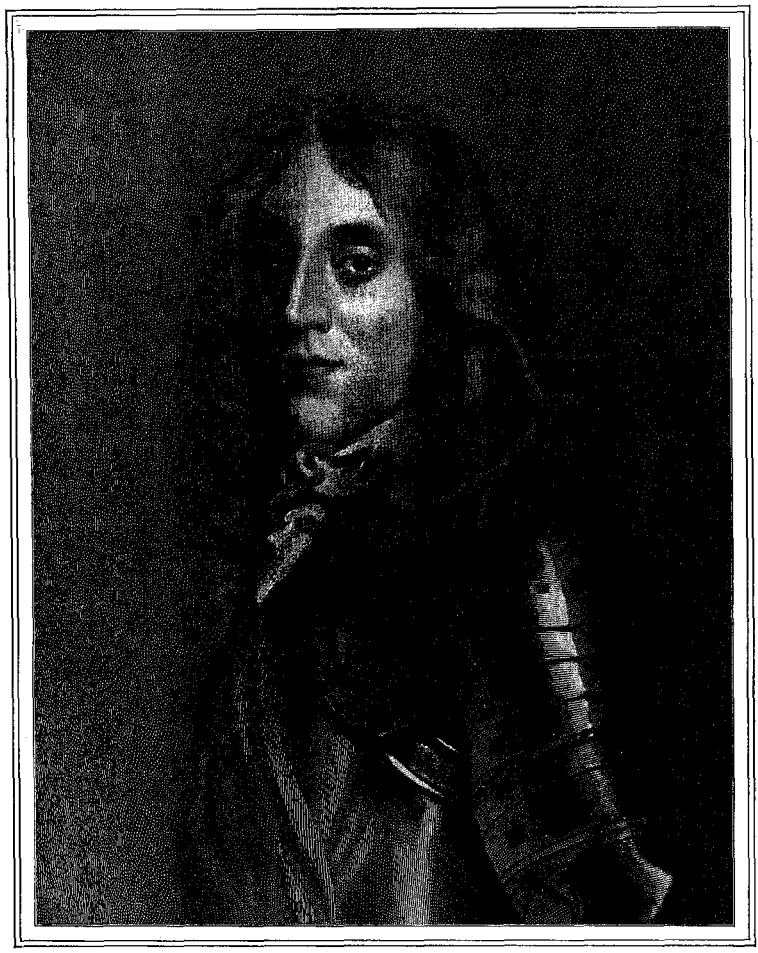

Richard Cromwell.
Painter unknown. By permission of Sir Charles Hartopp, Bart.

foolish. The extreme exponents and apologists of any fervent creed can always justify themselves, in the realm of pure logic, for insisting that all the world shall be made to accept and act up to their standards, and that they must necessarily strive to bring this about if they really believe what they profess to believe. Of course, in practice, the answer is that there are hundreds of different creeds, or shades of creeds, all of which are believed in with equal devoutness by their followers, and therefore in a workaday government it is necessary to insist that none shall interfere with any other. Where people are as far advanced in practical good sense and in true religious toleration as in the United States to-day, the great majority of each creed gradually grows to accept this position as axiomatic, and the small minority is kept in check without effort, both by law and by public opinion.

In Cromwell's time, such law did not obtain in any land, and public opinion was not ripe for it. He was far in advance of his fellow-Englishmen. He described their attitude perfectly, and indeed the attitude of all Europe, when he remarked: "Every sect saith, Oh, give me liberty! but, given it and to spare, he will not yield it to anyone else. Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it. . . . I desire from my heart; I have prayed for it; I have watched for the day to see union and

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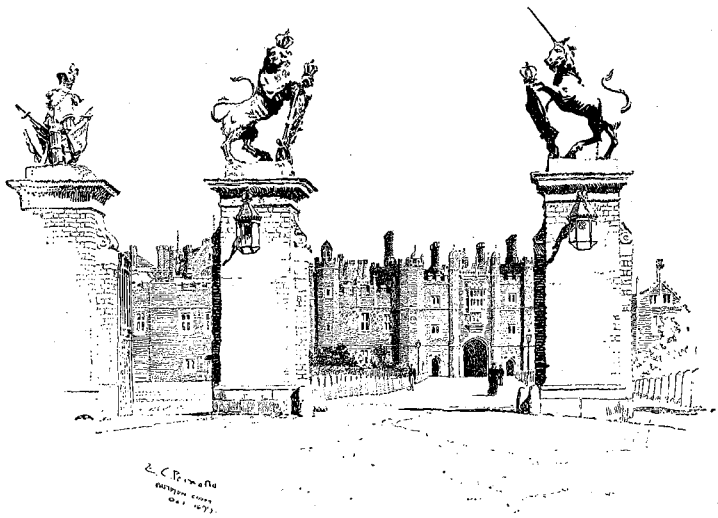
right understanding between the Godly people—Scots, English, Jews, Gentiles, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, and all."

The whole principle of religious toleration is summed up in these brief sentences. In his higher and better moments, and far more than most men of his generation, Cromwell tried to live up to them. When Mazarin, the great French cardinal, in responding to Cromwell's call for toleration of the Vaudois, asked toleration for English Catholics, Cromwell answered truly, that he had done all he could in face of the hostile spirit of the people, and more than had before been done in England. Of course the position of the English Catholics was beyond all comparison better than that of the Vaudois; but in such a controversy the ugly fact was that neither side would grant to others what it demanded for itself. To the most persecuted of all peoples Cromwell did render a signal service. He connived at the settlement of Jews in London, after having in vain sought to bring about their open toleration.

In Scotland, the rule of the Protector wrought unmixed good. There was no persecution and no interference with religious liberty, save in so far as the restraint of persecution and intolerance could itself be called such. Monk, and Dean after him, as Cromwell's lieutenants, did excellent work, and even cautiously endeavored to mitigate the horrors of the persecutions for witchcraft—for these horrible manifestations of superstition were then in full force in Scotland, even more than in either Old or New England.

On the whole, then, England and Scotland fared well under Oliver Cromwell—"Old Noll," as he was affectionately called by his mainstay, the army. In Ireland, the case was different. Materially, even in Ireland, the conditions greatly improved during the Protectorate, because order was rigidly preserved and law enforced; and any system which secured order and law was bound to bring about a temporary bettering of conditions when contrasted with the frightful anarchy which had preceded it. Anarchy always serves simply as the handmaiden of despotism, as those who bring it about should know. But the religious element in the Irish problem rendered it insoluble by the means then adopted for its solution. Cromwell was not responsible for introducing the methods known by his name. They were the methods then universally in use by the representatives of every victorious nationality or religion, in dealing with a beaten foe. The only difference was that Cromwell's immense energy and power enabled him to apply them with dreadful effectiveness.

In England, Cromwell stood for religious toleration, so far as he was able. Fanatics who thought themselves incarnations of the Saviour, or prophets of a new dispensation, or who indulged in indecent or seditious conduct, or who disturbed the



Entrance Gates, Hampton Court Palace.

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Oliver Cromwell.

From the bust by Bernini, presented to the House of Commons by Charles Wertheimer, Esq. From a photograph, by permission of the donor.

public peace by breaking into regular churches, of course had to be suppressed. Nowadays, most offenders of this type would be ignored, and, if not, they would simply be arrested by the police in the course of the ordinary exercise of the police power, just as any other disturbers of the peace are arrested. In those days, however, such offenders would have been punished with death, in Spain, Italy, or Austria; and, indeed, in most continental countries. In the England of Cromwell, they were merely temporarily imprisoned. The attitude of mind, both of the public generally and of the best and most religious people, toward Unitarians, Socinians, and those who would nowadays be called Free-Thinkers, was purely mediæval; and even Cromwell could only moderate the persecution to which they were subjected. But these were minor exceptions. For the majority of the people in England, there was religious liberty; and for the bulk of the minority, though there was not complete religious liberty, there was a nearer approach to it than obtained in Continental Europe.

In Ireland, on the other hand, the public exercise of the faith of the enormous majority was prohibited, and their religious teachers expelled. There is a popular belief that under Cromwell all Irishmen were expelled from three-fourths of the island, and driven into Connaught, their places being taken by English and Scotch immigrants. While exceedingly cruel, this would have been an understandable policy, and would have resulted in the substitution of one race and one creed for another race and another creed throughout

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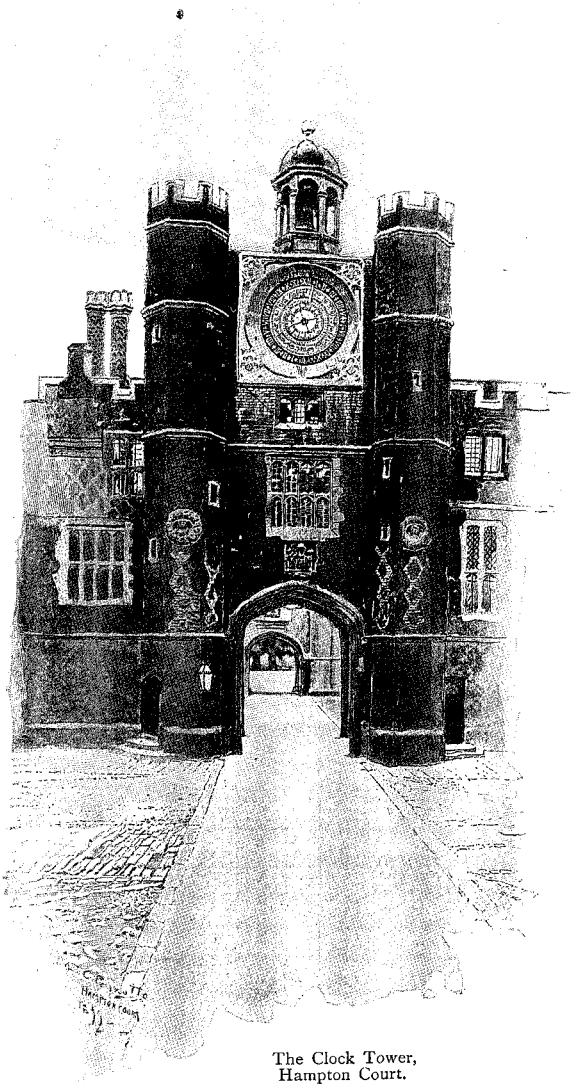
the major part of the island. What was actually done, however, combined cruelty with ultimate inefficiency; it caused great immediate suffering, while perpetuating exactly the conditions against which it was supposed to provide. The Catholic landholders were, speaking generally, driven into Connaught, and the priests expelled, while the peasants, laborers, and artisans were left as they were, but of course deprived of all the leadership which could give them a lift upward. In Ulster there had been a considerable substitution of one race for the other, among the actual tillers and occupiers of the soil. Under Cromwell, the change elsewhere consisted in the bringing in of alien landlords. In other words, to the already existing antagonism of race, creed, and speech, was added the antagonism of caste. The property-holder, the landlord, the man of means, was an Englishman by race and speech, and a Protestant by faith; while the mass of the laborers roundabout him were Catholic Celts who spoke Erse. Ultra admirers of Cromwell and the Puritans have actually spoken as if this plan, provided only that it had been allowed to work long enough, would have produced a Puritan Ireland. There was never the remotest chance of its producing such an effect. The mass of the Irish, when all their native teachers were removed, did gradually tend to adopt English as their tongue, but their devotion to their own faith, and their hatred of English rule, were merely intensified; while the course of the governing race was such as absolutely to insure the land troubles which have riven Ireland up to the present day. The very unedifying intolerance of the Protestant sects toward one another was manifested as strongly in Cromwell's time as later. It must be said for him that he did not, like his successors for generations, shape English policy toward Ireland on the lines of Spain's policy toward her own colonies, and oppress the Protestant descendants of the English in Ireland only less than the native Irish themselves; but the great central fact remains that his Irish policy was one of bitter oppression and that the abhorrence with which the Irish to this day speak of "the curse o' Crummle" is historically justifiable.



The Clock Tower, Hampton Court.

It is a relief to turn from the Cromwellian policy in Ireland to the Cromwellian policy in foreign affairs. England never stood higher in her relations with

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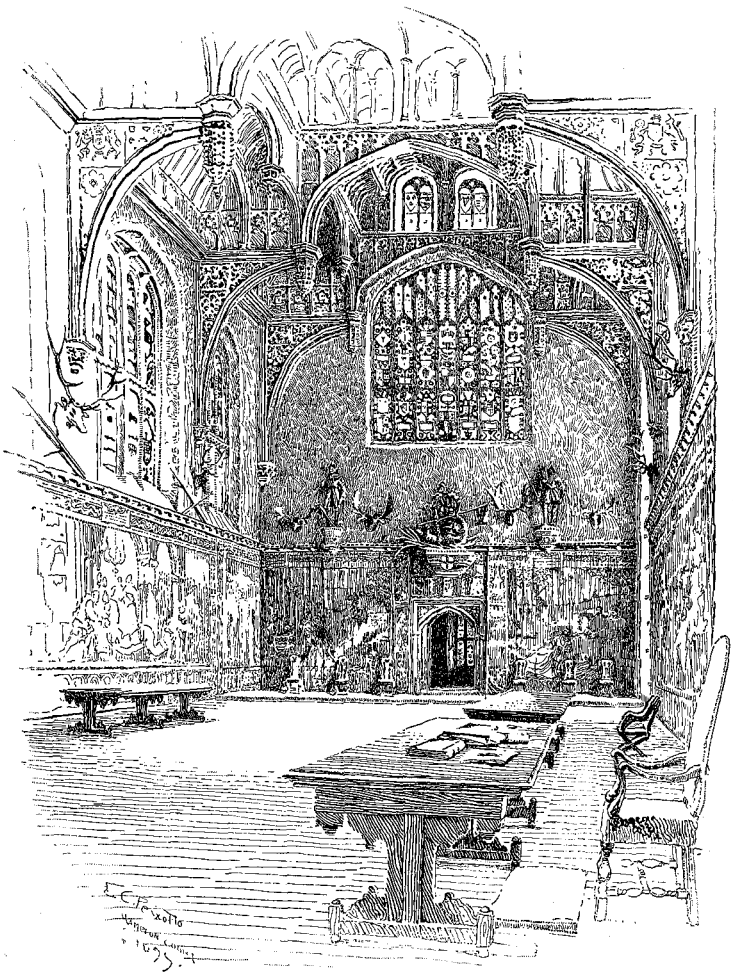

The Great Hall, Hampton Court.

In this room the state dinners were given under the Protectorate.

the outside world than she stood under Cromwell; a height all the more noteworthy because it lay between the two abysses marked by the policy of the earlier and the later Stuart kings. The French biographer of the great Turenne, du Buisson, Major of the Regiment de Verdelin, writing in the days of Charles II., when England was despised rather than hated on the Continent, spoke with a mixture of horror and fear of Cromwell, as the man who "*après l'attentat le plus énorme dont on a jamais oüi parler, avoit trouvé le secret de se faire craindre, non seulement des Anglois, mais encore des Princes voisins.*" This was written as expressing the attitude of the power with which he was in alliance, and from it may be gathered how those felt who were opposed to him.

Cromwell's strong religious feelings and military instincts alike bade him meddle in the policy of the Continent. The era of the great religious wars was closed. More than a century was to pass before the era of religious persecution was to cease, but the time had gone by when one Christian country would try by force of arms to conquer another for the purpose of stamping out its religious belief. Cromwell, however, did not see this, and he naturally chose as his special opponent the power which itself was equally blind to the fact—that is, Spain. Beyond

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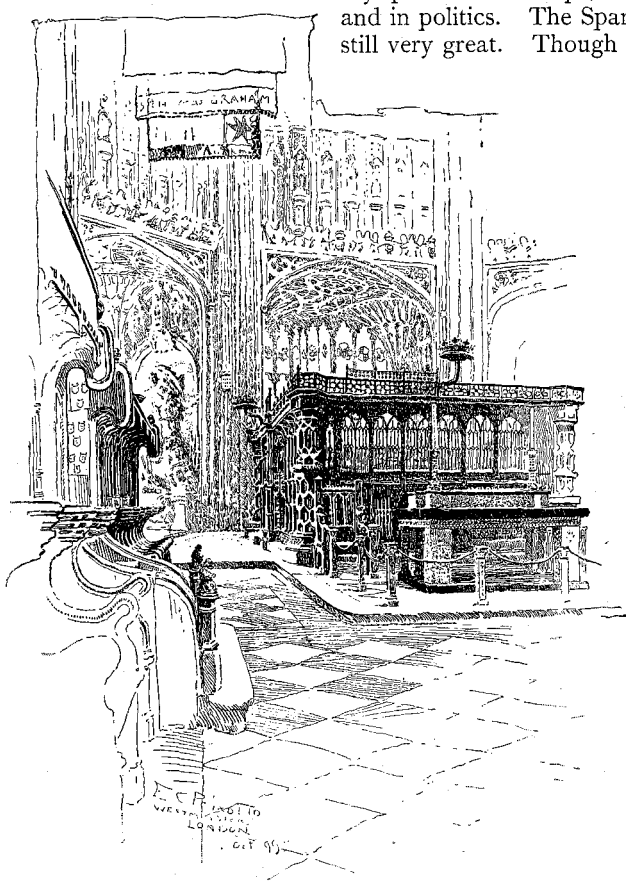
a question, he was influenced partly by the commercial and material interests of England in the policy he pursued, but the religious motive was uppermost in his own mind, and he never could get over the feeling that it ought to be uppermost in the minds of everyone else. The very able Swedish King, Charles X., was then pursuing the fatal policy of the Swedish kings of that century, and was endeavoring to conquer territory at the expense of the Danes and North Germans, instead of establishing, to the east and southeast of the Baltic, a dominion which could hold its own against Russia. Cromwell selected the Swede as the natural enemy of Antichrist, and wished to back him in a general religious war. He was amusingly irritated with the English because they would not feel as he did, and even more with the Dutch, Danes, and Brandenburgers for declining to let themselves be made the tools of the northern king's ambition.

The great European struggle of the day, however, was that between Spain and France, and for some time Cromwell hesitated which side to take. He has often been blamed for not striking against France, the rising power, whose then youthful king was at a later day to threaten all Europe, and only to be held in check by coalitions in which England was the chief figure. But, though France persecuted the Huguenots more or less, just as England did the Irish Catholics, she was far more advanced than Spain, which was the most bigoted and reactionary power of Europe, both in religion and in politics. The Spanish empire was still very great. Though her power on



A Portion of Henry VII's. Chapel at Westminster Abbey.

In the chapel at the end Cromwell and his family, Bradshaw and Ireton, and several of their generals were buried, until their bodies were removed under the Restoration.

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sea had gone, on land she had on the whole held her own against the French armies, and, with England as her ally, she might for the time being have remained the leading power of the Continent. This would have been a frightful calamity, and Cromwell was right in throwing the weight of his sword on the other side of the scale.

His decision enabled him to do one of the most righteous of his many righteous deeds. It was at this time that the Duke of Savoy, under ecclesiastical pressure, indulged in dreadful persecutions of the humble Protestants of the Vaudois valleys; persecutions which called forth the noblest of Milton's sonnets. Oliver interfered with fiery indignation on behalf of the Vaudois, threatening that if the persecutions continued he would not only bring the pressure of the English arms to bear, but would hire a great force of mercenaries among the Protestant Swiss to invade the territory of the Duke of Savoy. Largely through the influence of Mazarin he succeeded in having the wrong partially undone; and later, in the middle of the operations against the Spanish armies, he again interfered effectively with the Cardinal-Statesman on behalf of his obscure and helpless co-religionists in the remote mountain valleys. This action was purely disinterested; and those who are loudest in their denunciation of Cromwell would do well to remember that, if the European rulers at the end of the nineteenth century had possessed his capacity for generous indignation on behalf of the oppressed, the Armenian massacres either would never have taken place, or would have been followed by the immediate expulsion of the Turk from Europe.

Oliver's first contest with the Spaniards was carried on by sea, the great Puritan admiral, Blake, winning renown by his victory over the forts at Santa Cruz, as he had already won renown by the way in which he crushed the forces of Tunis and for the first time taught the Moors to respect English arms. An expedition against San Domingo by Penn and Venables failed, the English leaders being treacherous and inefficient, but it resulted in the capture of Jamaica and the founding of the English power in the West Indies. On land, as the result of the convention with France, the English fleet deprived the Spaniards in the Netherlands of assistance from the sea, while an English force of 6,000 troops, clad in the red uniform which has since become distinctive of the British army, was sent to serve under Turenne. They overthrew the flower of the Spanish infantry, and won the heartiest praise from the great French leader. The help given by Cromwell was decisive; the Spaniards were beaten and forced to make peace. By this peace France became the first power on the Continent, but a power heartily afraid of England while Cromwell lived, and obliged to yield him Dunkirk as the price of his services. The possession of Dunkirk put a complete stop to the piracy which had ravaged British commerce, and gave to Cromwell a foothold on the Continent which rendered him able to enforce from his neighbors whatever consideration the honor and interest of England demanded.

Meanwhile, the tone of his Court was a model of purity and honesty. Alone among the Courts of Europe in that age, under Cromwell no man could rise who was profligate in private life, or corrupt in public life. How he had risen socially is shown by the fact that his remaining daughters now married into the nobility. His domestic relations were exceptionally tender and beautiful, and his grief at the loss of his mother and his favorite daughter—his favorite son was already dead—was very great. His letters to and about his sons are just what such letters should be. He explains that he does not grudge them "laudable recreations nor honorable carriage in them," nor any legitimate expense, but that he does emphatically protest against "pleasure and self-satisfaction being made the business of a man's life."

The time had now come, however, when Oliver was to leave alike the family for whom he had so affectionately cared, and the nation he had loved and ruled, and go before the God to whom he ever felt himself accountable. When 1658 opened, peace and order obtained at home, and the crown had been put to England's glory abroad by the victories in Flanders and the cession of Dunkirk. There was not the slightest chance of Cromwell's hold on the nation being shaken. So far as human eye could see,

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his policy was sure to triumph as long as he lived; but he was weakened by his hard and strenuous life, and the fever by which he had been harassed during his later campaigns came on him with renewed force. Even his giant strength had been overtaxed by the task of ruling England alone, and, as he conscientiously believed, for her highest interest. Supreme though his triumph seemed to outsiders, he himself knew that he had failed to make the effects of this triumph lasting, though he never seems to have suspected that his failure was due to his incapacity to subordinate his own imperious will so that he might work with others. He saw clearly the chaos into which his death would plunge England, and he did not wish to die; but as he grew weaker he felt that his hour was come, and surrendered himself to the inevitable.

"I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people," muttered the dying ruler, showing, as ever, his strange mixture of belief in himself and trust in the Most High; "but my work is done! Yet God will be with His people!"

September came in with a terrible storm, the like of which had rarely been known in England before, and as it subsided, so, on September 3d, the day which had witnessed the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the soul of the greatest man who has ruled England since the days of the Conquest passed quietly away.

With his death came the chaos he had foreseen, though he had not foreseen that it could be averted only by the substitution of some form of self-government by the people, for the arbitrary rule of one man—however great and good that man might be. For a few months his son Richard ruled as Protector in his stead, but the Protectorate having become in effect a despotism, it was sure to slip from any but Oliver's iron grasp. Richard called a Parliament, but Parliaments had been hopelessly discredited by Oliver's method of dealing with them. The army revolted, forced the dismissal of the Parliament, and then the abdication of Richard. Richard's abler brother, Henry, who was governing Ireland as deputy, resigned also, and the Cromwells passed out of history.

For some months there was confusion worse confounded, and the whole nation turned toward Charles II., and the re-establishment of the Stuart kingship. Monk, the ablest of Cromwell's generals, a soldier who cared little for forms of civil government, who had already fought for the Stuarts against the Parliament, and who would have stood by Richard had Richard possessed the strength to stand by himself, threw his weight in favor of the exiled king, and thereby prevented the slightest chance of opposition. Charles II. returned, greeted with transports of frantic delight by seemingly almost the whole people.

The King and his followers then took revenge on the dead body of the man whose living eyes they had never dared to face. The bones of Cromwell, of his mother, and of Ireton, were disinterred and thrown into a lime-pit; and the head of the great Protector was placed on a pole over Westminster Hall, there to stand for twenty years.

The skull of the mighty crown-grasper before whose untamable soul they had shuddered in terror, was now set on high as a target for the jeering mockery of all who sang the praises of the line of libertines and bigots to whom the English throne had been restored. For twenty-eight shameful years the Restoration lasted; years of misgovernment and persecution at home, of weakness abroad, of oppression of the weak and obsequious servility to the strong; years when the Court of England—devoid of one spark of true greatness of any kind—was a scene of tawdry and obscene frivolity. Then, once again, the principles for which in the last analysis Cromwell and the Puritans stood, triumphed; the Dutch stadtholder came over the narrow seas to ascend the throne of England; and once more the current of her national life set toward political, intellectual, and religious liberty.

Cromwell and the Puritans had gone too far, and the reaction against them had been so violent that those who called William of Orange into England dared not invoke the memory of the mighty dead lest they should hurt the cause of the living. Nevertheless, the Revolution of 1688 was in reality but the carrying on of the work which had been done in the middle

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of the century. James II. could never have been deposed had not Charles I. been executed. The men of the second Revolution had learned the moderation which the men of the first had lacked. They were careful not to kill the king of whom they wished to rid themselves; for, though by every principle of equity, a tyrant who has goaded his people into revolution—like the leader of an unjustifiable rebellion—should suffer the fate which he has brought on so many others, yet, as a matter of fact, it is often unwise to treat him as he deserves, because he has become a symbol to his followers, each of whom identifies himself with the man whose cause he has been supporting, and in whose name he has been fighting, and resents, with passionate indignation, any punishment visited upon his chief as a wrong in which he personally shares. The men of 1688 were, as a whole, actuated by far less lofty motives than the men of 1648; but they possessed the inestimable advantages of common-sense, of moderation, of readiness to accept compromises. They made no attempt to realize the reign of the saints upon earth; and therefore they were able to work a permanent betterment in mundane affairs, and to avoid provoking a violent reaction. William, both by position and by temper, was far better fitted than great Oliver to submit to interference with his plans, to get on with representative bodies of freemen, and to make the best he could out of each situation as it arose, instead of indignantly setting his own will above law and above the will of the majority, because for the moment the result might be better for himself and the nation. Speaker Reed once said, that "in the long run, the average sense of the many is better for the many than the best sense of any one man;" and this is undoubtedly true of all people sufficiently high in the scale to be fit for self-government.

Oliver surely strove to live up to his lights as he saw them. He never acted in levity, or from mere motives of personal aggrandizement, and he saw, with sad, piercing eyes, the dangers that rolled around the path he had chosen. He acted as he did because he conscientiously felt that only thus could he meet the needs of the nation. He said to the second Protectorate Parliament: "I am a man standing in the place I am in; which place I undertook, not so much out of hope of doing any good, as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil—which I did see was imminent on the nation (for we were running along into confusion and disorder, and would have necessarily run into blood)."

We are often told that the best of all possible governments would be a benevolent despotism. Oliver's failure is a sufficient commentary upon this dictum of the parlor doctrinaires. There never has been, and probably never will be, another despotism where the despot so sincerely strove to do, for a people capable of some measure of freedom, better than they themselves would have done with that freedom. The truth is, that a strong nation can only be saved by itself, and not by a strong man, though it can be greatly aided and guided by a strong man. A weak nation may be doomed anyhow, or it may find its sole refuge in a despot; a nation struggling out of darkness may be able to take its first steps only by the help of a master hand, as was true of Russia, under Peter the Great; and if a nation, whether free or unfree, loses the capacity for self-government, loses the spirit of sobriety and of orderly liberty, then it has no cause to complain of tyranny; but a really great people, a people really capable of freedom and of doing mighty deeds in the world, must work out its own destiny, and must find men who will be its leaders — not its masters. Cromwell could, in all probability, have been such a leader at the end as he was during his early years of public life; and when he permitted himself to fall from the position of a leader among free men, to that of a master over men for whose welfare he sincerely strove, but in whose freedom he did not believe, he marred the great work he had done. Nevertheless, it was a very great work. There are dark blots on his career—especially his Irish policy—but on the whole he was a mighty force for good and against evil, and the good that he did, though buried for the moment with his bones, rose again and has lived for ever since, while the evil has long withered, or is now withering. The English-speaking peoples are free, and for good or

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for ill hold their destinies in their own hands.

The effect of the attitude which not only the Puritans, but all other Englishmen of every creed, assumed toward Ireland from the days of Queen Mary to the days of King George the Fourth, was such as to steep the island in centuries of misery, and to leave in her people a bitter and enduring hatred against England. Yet this attitude has produced one result of the most unforeseen kind. Had the Irish remained a Celtic nation, separate in speech and government from Great Britain, they could have had no share in the expansion of the English race, or at least could have played only a very subordinate part. As it is, in the great English-speaking commonwealths that have grown up in North America and Australasia the descendants of the Irish now stand on an exact equality with those of the Scotch and English, and furnish their full proportion of leadership in the government of the communities; while in all these English-speaking countries the Catholic Church has become one of the leading churches and has had its course of development determined by the fact that the controlling force within it has been Irish. The English Protestants failed to impress their creed upon Ireland, but they did impress their language, and did bring Ireland under their own government. The strange outcome has been that the creed they hated now flourishes side by side, on equal terms, with the creeds they professed, in the distant continents held in common by their children and by the children of those against whom they warred. In these new continents all, Catholics and Protestants alike, are wedded to the principles of political liberty for which the Puritans fought, and have grown to extend to all creeds the principles of religious liberty in which only the best and most advanced Puritans believed. Let us most earnestly hope that, while avoiding the Puritan fanaticism and intolerance, the Puritan lack of charity and narrowness, we may not lose the Puritan loftiness of soul and stern energy in striving for the right, than which no nation could ever have more precious heritages.

With Oliver's death his memory passed under a cloud, through which his greatness was to be but dimly seen until generations of men had lived and died. He left many descendants, and there are now in England, and also in America, and possibly Australia, very many men and women, in all ranks of life, who have his blood in their veins—though in the direct line his name has died out. Even during the present century, when among the English upper classes it was still customary to speak of him with horror, his very descendants in certain families felt keen shame for the deeds of their great forefather. With a childishness in no way above that of a Congo savage, it was actually the fashion in some of these families to make the children do penance on the anniversary of the death of Charles II., as a kind of atonement for the deeds of Cromwell. The grotesque nature of this performance is added to by the fact that in that very society a peculiarly high place of honor was accorded to the titled descendants of Charles II. and his mistresses. One hardly knows whether to be most amused or indignant at such fantastic incapacity to appreciate what was really noble and what really ignoble. The men among whom such false conventions obtained could not be expected to see in its true proportions the form of mighty Oliver, looming ever larger across the intervening centuries. Sooner or later, justice will be done him; sooner or later, he will be recognized, not only as one of the greatest of all Englishmen, and by far the greatest ruler of England itself, but as a man who, in times that tried men's souls, dealt with vast questions and solved tremendous problems; a man who erred, who was guilty of many shortcomings, but who strove mightily toward the light as it was given him to see the light; a man who had the welfare of his countrymen and the greatness of his country very close to his heart, and who sought to make the great laws of righteousness living forces in the government of the world.

THE END.

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TRAIN FOURTEEN

By Louis C. Senger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

THE division superintendent walked slowly up the stairs to the floor above the general waiting-room in the big depot, and groped his way through the dark corridor to the despatcher's office. He paused suddenly, holding debate with himself, because the impulse which had brought him to this place had departed, and the scene of his every-day life became suddenly distasteful. Nevertheless, he turned and pushed open the heavy door, and the sharp click of the telegraph broke out like a sudden spattering of fire-crackers. Inside, the operators sat in a row at a long table facing tickers that were inclosed on three sides by glass, so that from this side of the table the nine men had the appearance of being confined in glass cases. As the "old man" passed through a door in the pen-like outer office, the operators looked up, and a momentary look of surprise or interest appeared in their eyes, wan and wearied with their night's watch.

The superintendent slowly removed his gloves, and stood by a steam radiator in the corner until the men on the third "trick" came on duty and took their places at the table promptly at one o'clock. He walked slowly up and down, and at length passed into a smaller office in one end of the main room.

The gray-headed night train-despatcher quickly ducked his head and peered over the tops of his spectacles.

"Anything special?" asked the superintendent, curtly.

The despatcher gathered a bundle of the colored slips of the railroad telegraph service, and handed them to the superintendent, who ran over them rapidly.

"H-m-m. Thirty-two gone yet?"

"No, sir. She lost forty minutes on the New York division."

"What do you know about Fourteen?"

"Her engine broke down going east this morning on Nineteen," the other answered, selecting a paper from another pile. "We're going to let 586 bring her over to-night."

"The devil!" grumbled the superintendent, over the top of the despatch. "That means we'll go short of transportation and get 'what for' from M. C. A. in the morning, I suppose. When'll she be fixed?"

"She'll be ready to come over on Twenty-eight in the morning."

"H-m-m. What's 586 anyhow—one of the new freights?"

"No, sir. Class O engine. She's been on the fast freight."

The superintendent abruptly left the room, but returned presently to say that he was going to his private office. "Call me if anything comes up," he added.

After he had hung his ulster behind the door in his own office, at the end of the corridor, he made a light, and the first thing that he saw was his desk littered with correspondence and maps, and some huge sheets of paper strangely marked and intricately figured—an embryo railroad time-table. He sat down and began to rummage through the papers in a desultory fashion, but after a time he pushed them impatiently aside and reached down to the second drawer on his right. He was not sure that he wanted to smoke until he found that the drawer was empty, but with the discovery he turned and pressed one of a row of buttons, and when a caller appeared he handed the man a dollar-bill and asked him to get some cigars. When the cigars came he again sat down at the desk, and tried to concentrate his attention upon his work. The effort did not last long, and he soon threw himself back in the chair and wondered fitfully why he had been led to come here.

He was in a state of irritable restlessness. This mood had come upon him in his library at home, where he had spent the entire evening at work upon a paper on engineering that he expected to read

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at a meeting of railway officials. He had worked at it until eleven o'clock, and in the chill of dissatisfaction that is invariably subsequent to any kind of intelligent effort, when he read the result the whole thing suddenly struck him as idiotic drivel. He went to bed with this opinion of his work uppermost in his mind, and for a long time he lay awake thinking about it. Finally he arose and started to work again, but somehow the half-formulated thoughts that had flashed through his head as he lay upstairs did not come so easily later, and when he did place one on paper, it did not seem of the least importance. His interest was not so keen, and he soon sickened of the task. He thought that a walk in the air would do him good, and, yielding to the curious law of habit which impels a man to cling unconsciously to the place in which he spends most of his waking life, he turned and walked straight to the depot. Now that he was there, the sight of his desk filled him with loathing, and he turned from it fretfully. He could have forced himself to work, but the fact that this was extra duty, combined with his restless mood, caused an incapacitating mental unbalance. He tossed his cigar away half-smoked, and wandered aimlessly about the room. He walked quickly over to the window, when a passenger-train from the East entered the depot with a business-like rush. It was the Buffalo Limited. The Limited changed crews at the division-end, and he stood and watched the detached engine, like a horse at the end of a day's work, trot eagerly up the track to the round-house, where it was put to rest in its own stall. Down on the track the galvanizers, torches in hand, were creeping about under the car-trucks, and the wheels chimed in dull, unresonant notes when tested by the hammer-blows. The superintendent's glance followed the Limited on its way until the square light of the last coach narrowed to a tiny island in the swirling ocean of steam, and finally disappeared in the black end of the great yard. In and out among the medley of colored yard-lights there was taking place a strange, nimble frolic of lanterns, darting and dancing and bobbing about like a gambol of fire-flies. A stiff old yard-engine was taking part in the game, that resembled, from this distance, the silly chase of flies by a half-grown puppy in a barn-yard. But the superintendent knew that they were tearing to pieces the long trains of east-bound freight, retiring second-class matter, and making up caravans of perishable freight for a fast run to the city. He turned suddenly, and walked back to the despatcher's office.

"Have you given any orders?" he asked, after the despatcher was through conferring with the conductor of the Limited. "I mean for the conduct of train Fourteen?"

"Only general instructions, sir."

He read copies of the matter that had gone over the wire in connection with the Chicago train. In his present state of mind the reading of dry reports was unendurable, and, as a compromise, he suddenly concluded to go on active duty until he felt tired. In the railroad service he was, after all, personally responsible for that division. All others were merely his substitutes—in a manner they were his physical representatives. He had a folding-bed in his private office, but at present he was very wide awake.

He walked over to the telephone and told his wife that he would not be home until breakfast.

He sat down at the despatcher's table, and wrote a message to the engineer of 586, at TN, the telegraph call for Compton, the eastern terminus of his division. He would have nothing to do with the train itself until it reached this point, but the operatives of his own division were awaiting it there.

We want to provide you with all the means possible for preventing your eng. from running hot. You are authorized to draw an extra amt. of oil or any such material you may require.
F. M. L.

As authority for the master-mechanic at TN he wrote again:

To S. C., at TN. Pls. furnish engr. of 586 with extra amt. of oil or any other such material he may require. F. M. L.

To the agent at Bradley's, a small station midway on the division, he sent the following:

To W. P., at BL. No. 14 will have Class O eng. to-night. If she runs hot they may stop at BL. Pls. have a man on hand to assist in cooling her. F. M. L.

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After a little he took up his pencil and wrote still another message, perhaps unconsciously catching the sense of exhilaration in subduing distance, and in talking, as it were, face to face with men a hundred miles away:

To Engr. 586, at TN. Go over your eng. carefully. See that everything is in shape for good run. Do not exceed schedule speed, and ease up as much as possible in going around big curves, such as the one east of VL, the one west of CH, and the one at KS. F. M. L.

That was all that he could think of at present, and he returned to his own office and threw himself upon his bed. In some strange manner he was actively, nervously awake. He remembered, now, that he had experienced a vague feeling of relief when the Limited had gone over to the next division. There were steep cliffs in his thoughts, and curves and bridges on which the heavy coaches were held to two thin threads of steel by half-inch flanges. He was usually unimaginative enough, but tonight he could not keep his thoughts from that stretch of track—for which he was personally responsible. From time to time a train thundered by, rattling the windows and shaking the bed. Men tramped up the steps at the end of the hall and shuffled into the despatcher's office, and each time anyone came from the office he half rose, and listened as though he expected to be called.

Presently the clock in his office struck two. He got up to look at the clock. There was no mistake, but he knew that if train Fourteen had left TN on schedule time she was already some distance on her journey to SO, his own station. He went into the despatcher's office and carefully re-read the messages he had sent. He was not entirely satisfied with the one to the engineer. It was certainly explicit and unusual enough to make any man careful, but somehow it did not seem so forceful as he had intended it.

"Who's on 586?" he asked.

"Harris, sir. Dugan, fireman."

Harris was known as a good runner, but——

"Stop train Fourteen at BL. I want to talk to Harris."

"Yes, sir."

The rattle of the instruments, incessant and monotonous, was like the endless chorus of insects on a summer's evening. From time to time men entered the door and stood in the pen-like inclosure, some jaded and soiled with their labor, others still heavy-eyed with slumber. Sometimes they chatted together in low voices, but for the most part they silently handed in their reports or received their orders through a hole in the pickets. They glanced curiously at the "old man," and the superintendent smiled quietly as he remembered that when he had first come to this office as the head of the division, he had felt the flattery of this attention.

"Harris is at BL, Mr. Lawrence."

"Is he on schedule time?"

"Ten minutes late, sir."

"Ask him for report and hold him for my message."

"Do not attempt to make up any lost time," the superintendent wrote. "Feel your way around all curves, particularly those mentioned in previous message. Will allow you thirty minutes."

With an accuracy that would have done credit to the recording angel, the engineer's report contained a detailed statement of every half-minute lost by his train and between what stations the loss occurred. The engine was running smooth.

Instead of feeling better the superintendent was growing momentarily more anxious and worried. He could not throw off that vague, haunting care that had taken possession of him. When his responsibility had been newer he had often suffered this presentiment of danger, and he frequently smiled at the fact that when anything had gone amiss the report came with the suddenness of a pistol-shot on a still night. There was no reason for his fear that night, but he was well enough acquainted with his frame of mind to know that relief would only come with the arrival of train Fourteen. He walked over to the time-table—not the neat little book used by passengers, but a huge sheet covering half the wall and upon which every train and each station was recorded. From this he condensed a time schedule for the train he was watching and found that she would be due at SO at 3.17, allowing the thirty minutes he had given the engineer. He verified this schedule or changed it by calling up the signal-towers along the route and followed the train mile by mile

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until all the places mentioned in his despatch had been passed except the one at KS.

Once a caller hurried through the office, and the superintendent stopped him and asked who was on duty with him that night.

"Me'n Jimmy Dooley, Kelvin and Smith, sir," the caller answered. He was a bright-faced boy, whose first day's work at braking had left him without a right arm.

"I wish you'd get some of the day men here—in case anything happens——" The last words slipped out before he was aware of them, and when he recovered from his surprise he walked rapidly to the head of the stairs in the hall down which the caller had disappeared. Ashamed of his nervousness he returned to the room, glancing quickly at the operators, whose faces were as apparently unconscious as signal-heads. It was a weakness he never outgrew, of surmising the calm criticism of the nine men who sat caged in a row at the long table. He paced slowly up and down and presently came upon the call-book, kept to the minute, hanging on a nail before the despatcher's inner office. Idly turning over the leaves, he found himself studying the names of men listed as available for wrecking service—most of them employed as extra helpers in the machine and repair shops. Abers, Duane, and Pat Kelly were the only gang-bosses he knew.

"Number Fourteen just left NX," announced an operator at his elbow. NX was the signal station next to KS on the west.

The callers were sitting on a bench by the door. One of them was nodding, his head sinking nearer and nearer his folded arms.

The superintendent disappeared into the despatcher's private office and an operator warily reached a hand around to the one in the next glass case. "What's the matter with F. M. L. ?" he inquired in a whisper. "What ?" asked the other, sharply. The first darted back to his own compartment and grimaced through the glass. He emerged presently and cautiously repeated the question. "Got a bug," the second nodded, convincingly. This was the first time he had ever known an express to be brought to a standstill for nothing.

Someone had left an evening paper on the despatcher's table and the superintendent picked it up and began to read. He kept up a monosyllabic conversation with the despatcher while he absent-mindedly read and re-read a paragraph of no particular interest several times over. He had just commenced to read it again with a determination to see what it meant, when——

"SO, SO, SO, SO, SO——"

There are curious tricks of hearing that a man who has been a telegraph operator cannot forget. An operator can sleep soundly with his head close to a busy instrument and will wake with a start when his own call sounds. The superintendent had once been an operator, and when the call for his office sounded he heard it as though it had been shouted in his ear. All the rattle and clamor of the other instruments suddenly fell away and left that one sound dinning even above the roar of a passing train. Perhaps it sounded a trifle louder than usual, for a telegraph instrument is an excitable little affair. The despatcher also heard the call, and they both jumped to their feet and hurried down to the third case at the table. The operator was writing rapidly, with his head bent low over the desk. The superintendent leaned over him and this is what he read :

To F. M. L. at SO.

Train 14 is badly off track about quarter mile east of here; the—Eng—has—gone—down—bank—4—bag—cars—and—smoker—are - down the—bank—the—ladies—coach — is — off — but —near—the—track—I—could—not say——

There is an impression that the telegraph is fast. To the superintendent this was henceforth another relative term. He followed the end of that pen as it crawled and straggled and wound across the paper at a snail's pace. He noticed that it was a stub-pen, and when the operator lifted it from the paper he suffered a brief agony, for it seemed as though the man had been suddenly paralyzed in the movement of dipping ink. He straightened up and drew a long breath.

I could not say about the sleepers as I did—not—go——

He had caught that sluggish pen-point again. He grew fairly dizzy with the ef-

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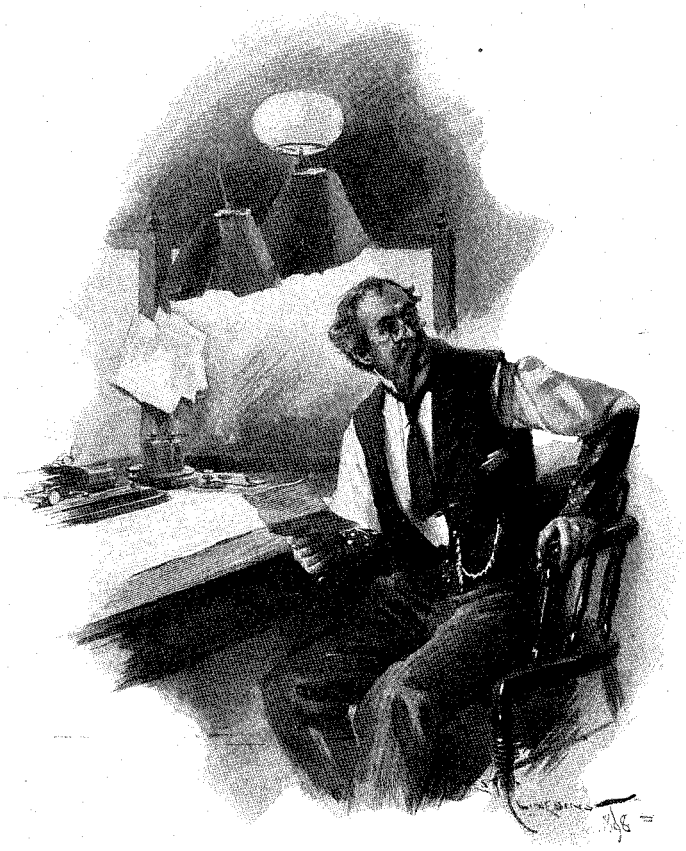

The train despatcher peered over the tops of his spectacles.—Page 701.

fort to wrest meaning from those lines that were being etched before his eyes, a process inconceivably precise, incredibly tedious. He leaned lower down and read each word aloud. It was as though he stood watching an artisan cutting words in marble, each letter being fashioned with infinite care, and the words were those of Life and Death.

——back—to—see— as — I — released — the passengers—in—the—smoker— and — started— for—the—office—don't—know—if — anybody— was—killed—but—do—not—think—so—as—we —were— running—very— slow — will — want— the—wrecker—don't—know—what— threw—us off—but—should—judge—the — trouble — commenced—at—the—eng—tank——Ward—condr.

The pen ripped through the paper, making a ragged scar from the last letter as the superintendent's hand reached over the operator's shoulder and tore the message from the desk.

"Reilly! Go to the upper yard and tell Humphrey's gang to get the wrecker out as soon's God Almighty'll let 'em. Here, you understand! Smith, call all the men you find in Kelly's, Abers's and Duane's gangs—report here at once! Dooley, get Dr. Stewart down here if you have to carry him—d'you hear? You, Kelvin, help Smith and press first men in. Dust!" To the operator—"Side-track everything loose! Here's your authority! Lock everything up tight!"

The wires squirmed and writhed with the weight of swift and terse orders that flung across the ignorant miles of sleeping hill-side. All along the tracks were posted watching sentinels, and to each one of them came a wizard voice that stung into instant action; and each watcher did the thing for which he had been placed here, or there, and back to the superintendent's ears flashed the answer.

Down below by the tracks, the superintendent paced up and down the wooden

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platform until the wrecker pulled slowly up to the station. Two men were working in the lurid glare of the open furnace with the energy of demons, shovelling, raking, sweating. Long before the track was reported clear, the engine was snorting furiously and working at her air with quick, impatient snarls. Men came running from all directions, and last of all the doctor panted up the steps of the wrecker. Orders spun out of the darkness with the suddenness and energy of explosions. The superintendent climbed upon the engine, that quivered and throbbed under his feet like a thing of wrath, and went to the fireman's side of the cab. The engineer looked at him keenly, piercingly, with a question in the glance, and he answered, recklessly, "Give her brimstone!" The other willingly gripped the throttle and threw her wide open, urging her at a devil's pace. *Chugg-chugging* over the switch-frogs, she flew past huddled groups of stupid cars, out into the trackless gloom beyond the yard where the air was bejewelled with innumerable red and green and orange dots. Long, stolid trains of freight stood in switches and sullenly watched the phantom loom out of the night and plunge recklessly, furiously past. Above the roar and rattle the bell sounded with a menacing bang and clang. The single eye in front glared savagely, and the whistle shrieked with the shrill, quavering howl of a monster long imprisoned. Innumerable little meteors flashed in curves, coughed and vomited from its nostrils; and the smoke, blacker even than the night, hung like the shadow of some grim thing of evil presence.

In the cab the wind yelled keen through every crevice in the glass engine-front. Steam squirted shrilly from the cylinder-cocks in front and twined momentarily about the great drivers that flashed through its mist like the spokes of a bicycle. Lights reared suddenly out of the darkness ahead and whizzed by rocket-like. With the heave of the engine, the driver's face swayed over the boiler-top as a jockey's is flashed in-

A bright-faced boy, whose first day's work at braking had left him without a right arm.—Page 704.

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stantaneously out of the rolling murk of dust—a glimpse of gleaming eye, unwavering, and attitude as tense as the throttle-grip. Twice the superintendent tried to say something, and both times his voice broke to pieces and spilled back in his throat. Smoke-snakes writhed with the whirlwind over the cab-roof into the red search-light of the furnace, and with a puff were flattened against the sky. Once in passing an idle freight-train an imprisoned animal bleated in terror, and a single, high middle-note, without beginning or ending, came to their ears. Between rocky steeps the rattle and crash was flung deafeningly through the cab from wall to wall. Curves became dizzy, whip-lash loops in the air; a bridge was a smooth leap with the rolling of myriad drums. At last the engine righted with a heave and stagger at the end of a final curve and the engineer, with his hand upon the brake-lever, saw a spot somewhere ahead that circled until it became a blood-red ring. He jerked the lever back as far as it would go and the air gave a startled *sssssssttttt* as they jolted, jarred, and bumped to a standstill.

II

Hathaday edged his way through the crowd on the ferry as it unwieldily rocked its way into the slip at Jersey City. As soon as the wicket was thrown open he sprang upon the dock and scurried across the driveway into the great depot.

"Ticket to Chicago, and lower berth!" he panted.

The man inside the brass bars leisurely stamped a ticket and shoved his change out on the glass counter.

"What train?" he demanded without looking up.

"Number—I don't know—leaves at ten-twenty-seven."

"Too late," the man answered, looking up over Hathaday's head at the clock in the end of the long room. "Get it on the train—if you can catch it," he shouted after him.

By this time the crowd from the boat was streaming in at the entrance and winding around to the door leading to trains, where it suddenly broke and the individuals, like bees in a hive, sought different openings in the fence in front.

"Where's the Chicago train—ten-twenty-seven?" Hathaday asked of a man in uniform.

"Last one on the right, sir," the other answered, with the glibness of one who deals with crowds. Hathaday almost fell over a squat figure as he threw himself at the gate—the figure of a dwarf, he at first thought, but he turned to confront a man lifting himself along on two stumps of legs that ended above the knee. He apologized hastily and hurried on, aiming at the figure of the conductor who stood holding a watch at the end of the platform, calm and non-committal as a time-keeper at a race.

Hathaday anxiously waved his hand and ran on. On the next track stood a train filled with people, and he felt that they were watching his efforts with exasperating placidity. When he reached the conductor the latter turned and waved his hand at a head framed in the window of the locomotive.

"A' bort!"

With a hiss and a grunt, the train moved slowly from beneath the huge glass canopy.

"Close shave, that," Hathaday remarked to the conductor, who had followed him up on the platform of the car.

"Ye-ah."

"Where's the Chicago sleeper?"

"Next car, sir."

A man who might have been a college professor looked severely at Hathaday as he entered the car. He was fortunate enough to secure a berth, one just behind the college professor's, and he relinquished his coat and hat to the porter and sat down to rest after his exercise. In the section opposite his a woman was tending a young girl. The woman held an open box in her lap, and in the intervals of suggesting various dainties arranged and rearranged a comfortable head-rest for her companion. Hathaday found himself watching them closely and taking an interest in their manner of conversing. The woman did most of the talking, and from time to time the other answered in blasé monosyllables. He instantly recognized the type of mother whose doting had reduced her to a menial, and he felt that desire to inflict physical violence upon them both that comes to some people with the affronting of the sense of the fitness of

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The superintendent's hand reached over the operator's shoulder and tore the message from the desk.—Page 705.

things. They annoyed him excessively, and he arose presently and went to the smoking compartment. There were three men inside, playing cards, and he lighted a cigar and watched the game for a time.

"Play euchre?" one of them asked finally.

He sat down and they played the hand in silence. Then one of them asked, Hathaday where he was going.

"To Chicago." There was a gleam of curiosity in the man's eyes, and he added, cautiously, "On business."

"What's your line?"

"I'm a lawyer."

"Oh!"

He gathered from their manner that they had been strangers to each other until recently, but when the conductor came through the car he observed that they all seemed to know him intimately. After the game they fell to telling stories, and Hathaday learned that two of them were dry-goods men and the third was an insurance inspector. When he left them to go to his berth they were exchanging reminiscences and recommendations of towns along the whole route.

The steady grind of the wheels soon lulled him to sleep, and when he awoke it was with the feeling that he had not slept long. The train was standing still,

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and he raised the window-curtain and looked out. A man with a lantern tucked under his arm was talking to the conductor, and the light fell upon a piece of paper they seemed to be discussing. Hathaday turned away and became sleepily enraged at an argument that came from the smoking apartment. Just as he was going to sleep the card-players shouted their good-nights, and one of them tramped down the car. Between his half-closed eyelids Hathaday saw the curtain wave as the man passed his berth. Then he fell into a deep sleep.

He was falling from a high place into darkness — he had often suffered that dream, and he well knew the line of rocks from which he was impelled to leap, and the horror of the plunge through space. He had dreamed that one nightmare so many times that he felt the relief from the terror of it with only partially returned consciousness, knowing instinctively that it was only a dream. He opened his eyes, but this time his muscles did not relax or his nerves quiet, for he retained a dim half-memory of a real, breathless, slipping, clutching struggle. In the same manner he was aware that there had been a terrific crash and jar. The echo of it still rang in his ears, and above, below, all about him, was a sickening *crunch*, *crunch*, *crunch*. "This is not a part of my dream!" The thought stood out sharply, and in the discovery he felt the same mental conviction that he would have experienced in detecting a piece of perjured evidence. His ears strained to catch any other sounds. For an instant it was quiet, with a terrible, unearthly stillness, and then a shrill screaming pierced its way to his ears from an immeasurable distance. He attempted to arise, but something hit his head and forced him back, and he lay still and strove to remember where he was. Suddenly the picture he had seen in the car-window flashed upon his mind—the two men looking at a bit of paper with the lantern-light upon it.

He felt himself thoroughly awake now, and he set his mind to the task of thinking it out from this starting-point. Hours later, so it seemed, he had evolved the certainty that the train had been wrecked. At the time this occupation seemed to be the thing of utmost importance, and he even took a certain mental pleasure in building up the conclusion and in supplying the obscure points in his line of reasoning. The fact itself at which he finally arrived he held back until it was slowly forced upon him, and he was compelled to acknowledge its truth. The train was wrecked and he lay somewhere in the wreckage. He attempted to rise again, and again he was forced back. He found that he could move his head and shoulders, but his right arm was twisted helplessly under him. With his free hand he felt above his face, and his hand slipped along some smooth surface until it came in contact with an obstacle that seemed to meet it below his waist. Good God! *Where were his legs?*

In an agony of terror he felt again as far as he could reach. He was in a wedge-shaped trap, his legs crushed in the closed end. And they had left him there to die, to be slowly squeezed to death like a bug. A terrible, raging fury took possession of him. In the grasp of that crushing despair he fought and struggled like a madman in a strait-jacket. Exhausted by a final paroxysm, his mind became limp in a sudden calm. The sounds of his cries came back in his teeth as though he had shouted in a barrel. Suddenly he lay very still as the thought came that perhaps there were many tons' weight above this narrow interstice in the net-work of wreckage, and his struggles, that could not lift it, might bring it down upon him.

He put his hand to his head to think. His forehead was wet and hot, and his fingers dripped with a horrid moisture.

He flung his hand out and held it as far from him as he could. The touch had started a little, scalding path down his cheek. So he was disfigured, also?

With a prodigious effort he beat down the panic-terror that came upon him anew. He dared not struggle longer, for it flashed upon him that this weight, where his legs ached, was preventing him from bleeding to death. He was suffering little pain, save for that dull, persistent ache, but he instantly thought of a man whose legs had been torn off by machinery and who did not know his loss until he was told of it days after. There was something personal and imminent about the episode, and it

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occurred to him to wonder why this man had never before impressed him as a hero. He tried to set his muscles in motion, raising himself carefully until his head pressed tight against the smooth surface above him, but all sensation ended in that barrier below his hips. He fell to thinking how his legs must look—below this weight—and suddenly he thought of the cripple he had encountered on the platform. As he had turned, a light had shone on the man's face, and it was one that might have been moulded in putty. The eyes of this face had met his own as though they had been turned upon a familiar brick wall. He wondered, shudderingly, how soon his own spirit would be beaten to this state of absolute impassiveness.

He tried desperately to arm himself with something of benefit from his own experience or the experience of others. He could recall nothing that in any way applied to this situation, and he bitterly remonstrated with a state of things that left him unprepared to deal with this matter.

At times he was not without a faint hope that someone would come to him—the feeling of expectancy, of succor that never leaves us except with death. But as often as he thought of escape it ended in a sickening impatience that gave way to that blind despair.

And thus he lay there, at times struggling and raging, again calm and quiet. And all the time his free hand was busy in an involuntary movement, tremulous and half-groping, but ceaseless as the search for freedom of a wild beast in a cage. In one of those calm moments he heard blows, and he thought the thing was coming down upon him. He turned away his eyes and raised his hands in a piteous, mute appeal. The blows ceased, and he thought he heard voices—the voices of men. He lay still, listening desperately, and his eyes slowly opened in a stare of entreaty. The voices came nearer and then, "Git outa th' way! I'll go down." A thread of light shot through the blackness of his prison with a suddenness that was pain, and he heard someone moving about.

And then when the thing he had wished for was almost in his grasp, with his deliverance from this hole almost accomplished, he suddenly shrank from the thought of being wrenched and shaken and torn from this place. He hated the agony—perhaps the death—that would follow the moving of his shattered body. Moreover, he pictured himself lying out there on the ground, with people crowding about and staring. Something akin to the instinct of the wounded animal came upon him. He wished passionately to be left alone.

"Hello!" a voice called out, in a tone of surprise, and a light shone squarely through a hole over his head. Half blinded, he saw a black face peering down upon him. There was a lantern close by the face, and the man's lips were drawn back like one who expects to look upon suffering. His eyes gleamed when he looked around.

"Jes' wait a minit. Be with yeh now, in a jiffy." The light disappeared, and he heard the man grunting as he lifted and flung aside the barrier between them. "—Whew! Hey, there! One o' you duffers come down here!"

There were two of them presently, one directing the other, and finally, "Heave! Heave! He—eave!" and something fell with a clatter and crash. Hathaday felt a wave of cold air strike across his wet face. The light streamed in through the opening.

"Are yeh hurt?"

The first cheerful tone of this man's voice had brought about a wavering courage. In a vague way he felt that he was talking to a Man, and he tried to get a grip on himself.

"Hey?"

"I—can't move," he answered, grimly.

He tried not to look at his face lest he should see the horror in his eyes. He felt the man bending over him and feeling down to where—he shut his eyes until blood-red blotches throbbed in the ache of his eyeballs.

He felt the chill of an iron bar upon his chest, and he lazily opened his eyes to see them lifting. He took a dull interest in their efforts as their faces knotted and their backs trembled. One of them grunted: "I kin hold it. Git 'im out."

There were terrible shooting-pains where his legs had been—it often happened so in the things he had read. He had meant to tell them about his legs, but he was very tired, and with this languor upon him he could say nothing, even to save the life he

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felt slipping from him. A hand wriggled under his back and he felt himself pulled backward. He remembered putting out his hand and desperately clinging to something when he was lifted up; somebody's breath came across his face in gusts; a sense of being pulled and tugged; the shouts of men; a line of faces that bobbed about and grew dim, and a light that eddied down, down, down, like a shell in clear water.

When he opened his eyes after that black lapse, the light jerked unsteadily back into place, and two men were holding him upright, one on either side. His head fell forward, and he found himself looking at a pair of legs that hung somewhere below. He observed that they came along when the men lifted him. He saw that the legs had strange blue welts on them.

In a dull fashion he noted that those bruises hurt.

The men left him seated upon the ground, with his back against a tree. He tried to solve the mystery of those legs. The men had taken the lantern and he could not see them now. His fingers slid down, slowly and carefully, and when they encountered something, they shrank back affrightedly. It was a blanket that had been thrown over him, and he tossed it aside impatiently. In an uncertain way he felt that they were still there—those legs which had so miraculously followed him. He desperately resolved to try something. He reached down and savagely pinched the flesh between the nail of his thumb and first finger.

The result of the experiment straightened him with a jerk, for it hurt, and then he sat erect and pinched and kicked again and again with the joy of feeling it hurt. He heard a sing-song "Thank-God-Thank-God-Thank-God," that ceased abruptly when he knew it for his own voice. Then he found himself growing sick—deathly sick—but somehow he did not mind it very much.

There was some clothing heaped near him, and he remembered that the man whose voice he had heard in the car had placed it there and bade his comrade to "Come off 'n leave 'im alone. He's all right in a minit." His teeth were beating a tattoo with the cold, and he dressed awkwardly, clumsily, each move hurting him in a new place. When he arose to his feet every bone in his body seemed to creak and rasp, but he clutched the tree and circled slowly about it like a bear dancing with a staff.

He wondered if he was the only one left alive. All was silent down below, but farther up and down the track lanterns were peering along the ground, and presently one of them came bobbing in his direction.

"My *hat*—I tell you I want that *hat*," someone was shouting. "I want that *hat*, and I'm going to get it, too. I want my *hat*."

The incessant and energetic outcry pierced his half-bewildered senses until Hathaday found himself growing incredibly anxious and worried about that hat. He saw the man's face indistinctly in the lantern light, and studying him it gradually occurred that he had once played a game of cards with him. A brakeman, expostulating with feeble earnestness, carried the lantern, and when they came opposite Hathaday the drummer grasped his hand and held up the light. Hathaday could see that the brakeman was also hatless, and that a broad red streak ran out of his hair and across his forehead, from which blood trickled slowly down his face.

"Right here, ain't it? I tell you I want that *hat*. I'm going to get that *hat*."

The drummer took the lantern from the swaying brakeman and went down the bank, still vociferously bawling for his hat with something of amazement, woe, deep indignation. The brakeman sank slowly down upon the track, and Hathaday saw him feeling awkwardly for his head, his fingers groping stupidly against the light beyond.

While he was still watching the brakeman someone touched him upon the shoulder and helped him down to the track. Lest he should be suddenly confronted with some ghastly horror, he walked as far distant as he could from the dark mass below, and went on sorely until he came upon a group huddled upon the track. They presently began to move—a tattered, limping, moaning, cursing procession that followed a lantern like a flock of bewildered sheep. The lantern led the way over a stone wall, and they scrambled behind it and followed through

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some brush into a field. Once a man in the front ranks fell, and they all stopped and watched him as stolidly as the drove of wondering cows surrounding them. After a time they came to a long, low farm-house, and Hathaday followed the others into a room where it was light and warm. In utter weariness he leaned heavily upon people who jostled and crowded about him, and presently he found himself gulping down something hot. It made him feel more alive, and he turned abruptly from a mirror in which he had been intently studying his face. The lips of the face were moving, and he had gravely leaned forward and tried to hear what it was saying.

A man was piling wood into a stove, and the motherly farmer's wife bustled about and offered steaming cups of tea to others in the room. A door was filled with little, round, tow-headed faces, staring open-eyed.

The college professor was buttoning and unbuttoning his vest with infinite care and precision, and looking about with slow, ponderous scrutiny. In his shocked and injured manner there was a story of unbroken years of gravity, pompous and wholly without humor.

In another corner a colored porter was swinging his head and ejaculating "Golly!"

The insurance inspector kept nervously pulling at his coat-sleeves and jerking his thumbs back like a man whose cuffs have become unfastened. When he turned around Hathaday had a desire to inform him that his coat had been split the length of his back.

The woman whom he had noticed in the section opposite his own was moaning in an utterly dreary fashion, and from time to time she stopped to scream piercingly. The young girl was talking to her in a low voice, and there was a look upon her face of suddenly awakened care and interest. Hathaday had a complacent feeling that the physical violence he had mentally prescribed for her was the correct thing, but as he watched her new-found tenderness he was rather glad that he had not shaken her himself.

A brakeman was standing in a corner. They had placed a chair for him, but he stood erect and faced the room in an attitude of defiance. One arm hung limply by his side and the other was held across his chest in guard. His breath hissed between his teeth in little gasps of pain.

A man who stood near Hathaday asked the conductor, in a low voice, how many had been killed in the wreck, and the conductor answered that no one had been killed. Hathaday looked at him for a long time, and finally concluded that he was not lying—much. The man's question seemed to remind the conductor of a neglected duty, and he bustled energetically around the room and told each occupant in a low, intense whisper that no one had been killed. "No—No—No! No one killed! Oh, no! Nobody killed!"

Then suddenly someone began to laugh—a strange, discordant laugh that jarred and grated and spun around the room until they all seemed caught by it and joined in it. Even the brakeman in the corner took part in that awful merriment, the pain-knot upon his forehead and the suffering in his eyes unchanged. He did not know when he began, but Hathaday found himself laughing with the others, and he laughed until the young girl suddenly broke off and began to sob violently. Then his laugh ended in a strange, choking shudder, and all the people in the room stared at each other with twitching faces. Hathaday went out in the air.

He sat down on the ground, and spat frequently to throw out the taste of that nasty laugh. He could still hear the sobs of the girl and the scuffling of feet on the bare floor within, and he moved farther from the house. Some Italian immigrants, chattering excitedly, had adjusted themselves to their new surroundings, and were picturesquely encamped at the corner of the house. Down on the track a single light moved slowly up and down, and there was a hollow, mournful sound in the air, like a steamer's whistle away at sea. In either direction, far up and down the track, there were ruby lights.

With a start, he wondered if the engineer had stuck to his post and died. He limped slowly down through the meadow, and, without moving the rest of their bodies, the cows turned their heads to watch him pass. Hathaday made his way to a man who held a torch at the end of the wreckage. He could not see the remains of the engine, and he asked the man where

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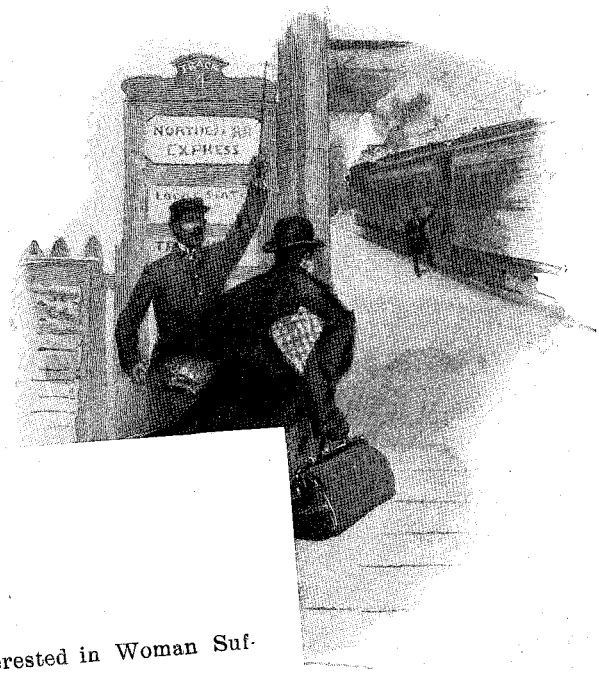
it was. When the man turned he saw that he was the one whose face had come to him in the car, and that he was not a negro, as he had supposed, but that his face was blackened with coal soot.

"Hello! How yeh feelin'? Engine? Gawd! In her grave, en you kin bet I'd

occasion. When Hathaday did speak, it was merely to ask the man where the engine was. The fireman jerked his thumb up the track, and Hathaday followed and wondered how the engine had come to be hitched to the wrong end of the train. As they passed one of the cars—his car—a



with exasperating placidity.—Page 707.

TO THE READER:

If you are interested in Woman Suffrage, please send your opinion with permission for its publication to

MRS. ELLA S. STEWART,
Pres. Illinois Equal Suffrage Association,
5464 Jefferson Avenue,
CHICAGO

[illegible] to address him. He cleared his throat several times, but, somehow, he could think of nothing that seemed to fit the occasion. His hand slid up to the inside pocket of his coat, but he thought better of it before the man had finished speaking. He felt a great surprise that the man had apparently forgotten. He was met as casually as though they had been formally introduced on some former

light glinted on the gilt lettering, and Hathaday saw the drummer down below peering into the hole from which he had been dragged.

When he leaned over the light shone upon his towsled hair and the anxious wrinkles of his face. He was still loudly demanding his "*hat*," and for the first time it struck Hathaday as odd. "Clean looney," nodded the fireman, sententiously, as he passed. "He wants his hat!" he added, drily.

The fireman seemed to hover cheerfully around the possibilities of the reflection: "Gawd! If we'd ben *runnin'!*" Once Hathaday had been sick with a fever, and there had been one white-capped face that

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pierced his delirium, and in which he had felt an infinite rest and peace. He experienced some such feeling when he came in contact with this man with the honest voice. At first his absence of fear had struck him as almost sacrilegious, but soon he found himself admiring: it was like being impertinent to Death. The fireman treated the incident of a railroad wreck with astonishing audacity. As for himself, every time his thoughts recurred to the time he had spent in that black hole yonder, he felt a horror that radiated coldly from the small of his back and pricked its way to the top of his scalp.

It occurred to Hathaday to ask how long he had been imprisoned.

"Well, about——" The fireman consulted his watch, and ended with railroad accuracy: "About twelve minutes—— What's the matter?"

The engine was lying on its side in the ditch, the steam waving aloft like the smoke from a funeral pile, escaping from the boiler with the dismal roar he had noticed from the house. He hung back as the fireman walked down the bank.

The brakeman sank slowly down upon the track. —Page 711.

"Is he dead?" he asked, gently.

"Who dead?"

"The engineer?"

"Naw! He jumpt, too. Yeh see we was runnin' slow—orders—an' when she bumped the first tie Jimmy hollered t' jump, and I lit out. Heard the air come on *ss-s-s-s-ttt!!* behind me, and when I come back Jimmy was settin' at her bloomin' funeral—there he is."

The engineer was seated upon a rock talking softly, and tossing pebbles which clicked on the dented side of the boiler. He paused when he observed the stranger. When Hathaday heard the man soothe the dying creature he had a queer consciousness of mystery such as he used to experience when he read fairy tales, and after this he never saw a locomotive without a certain recognition of individuality. Before, he had only thought of one as a machine—which it is not, altogether. He withdrew from the place, feeling that he had committed an awkwardness.

The fireman followed him back to the tracks. "He's feelin' tough, Jimmy is. Queer thing. Now she's ben in all kinds of smashes—head-ons and most ev'rything else—some time or other, and she wasn't half goin' when she rolled over down there. Same as men—takes a little bit to do 'em up sometimes. Hello! There's the wrecker."

The head-light of an engine was approaching cautiously. Below it was a triangle of smaller lights that in the night looked like an arrangement of gold buttons on a uniform.

"How do you know it's the wrecker?"

"See the lights in front? That's the sign of a special. 'Sides, nothin' but the wrecker could get past the flag even if they stole the block."

"Oh!" said Hathaday. He could not see any flag, but the fireman explained that the red lights he had seen from the house were "flags" sent out by their own conductor to prevent any other trains from blundering into the wreck. "They was out afore you woke up, I guess."

The men tumbled out of the car and stood about in groups until the boss had gone over the ground. Then they divided in squads, some dragging ropes and tackle from the car and arranging them on the ground, but far the greater number repair-

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The motherly farmer's wife . . . offered steaming cups of tea.—Page 712.

ing the track and fixing a place where a rail-end had torn loose. The broken end had been pounded smooth as burnished silver, and Hathaday looked at it curiously.

He concluded to go back to the farm-house.

He turned to the fireman and said, "Good-by."

"Good-by," the fireman answered carelessly. He was watching the wrecking crew and did not see Hathaday's hand.

"Good-by," Hathaday said again, slowly.

As he entered the house someone cried out sharply, and he saw a man feeling the brakeman's limp arm. He recognized the wonderful professional callousness of the surgeon, and he watched his incessantly working hands—hurting swiftly when it could not be avoided, and always deft and nimble-fingered. After the brakeman, the surgeon turned with a cheery "There you are!" to the others. Having already found his legs, Hathaday sidled up to the mirror and searched it furtively and unsuccessfully for his disfigurement.

The surgeon and the superintendent left them presently, and the house at length quieted. For a long time Hathaday lay on his allotted portion of the parlor floor in the farm-house, thinking of the superintendent's story as he had heard it from his own lips.

A light shone dimly through the open door. There were half-stifled cries, and at times a rigid arm would be thrust restlessly from out one of the dim bundles on the floor. Quick moans came from the blanketed forms. Sometimes an open-eyed face started up, stared wildly for a moment, and then sank quietly back.

Hathaday's thoughts grew dimmer and dimmer until he was gradually merged into a great struggle against an overpowering weight. The weight was upon his legs, and as he lay upon his back he saw it stretching above him for miles.

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Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

I still sit by his arm-chair and tell him what is happening to his Grizel.—Page 718.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GIRL SHE HAD BEEN

AS they sat amid the smell of rosin on that summer day she told him, with a glance that said, "Now you will laugh at me," what had brought her into Caddam Wood.

"I came to rub something out."

He reflected. "A memory?"

"Yes."

"Of me?"

She nodded.

"An unhappy memory?"

"Not to me," she replied, leaning on him. "I have no memory of you I would rub out, no, not the unhappiest one, for it was you, and that makes it dear. All memories, however sad, of loved ones become sweet, don't they, when we get far enough away from them?"

"But to whom, then, is this memory painful, Grizel?"

Again she cast that glance at him. "To her," she whispered.

"'That little girl!'"

"Yes, the child I used to be. You see, she never grew up, and so they are not distant memories to her. I try to rub them out of her mind by giving her prettier things to think of. I go to the places where she was most unhappy and tell her sweet things about you. I am not morbid, am I, in thinking of her still as some one apart from myself? You know how it began, in the lonely days when I used to look at her in mamma's mirror and pity her and fancy that she was pitying me and entreating me to be careful. Always when I think I see her now she seems to be looking anxiously at me and saying 'Oh do be careful,' and the sweet things I tell her about you are meant to show her how careful I have become; are you laughing at me for this? I sometimes laugh at it myself."

"No, it is delicious," he answered her, speaking more lightly than he felt. "What a numskull you make, Grizel, of any man who presumes to write about women. I am at school again, and you are Miss Ailie teaching me the alphabet. But I thought you lost that serious little girl on the doleful day when she heard you say that you loved me best."

"She came back. She has no one but me."

"And she still warns you against me?"

Grizel laughed gleefully. "I am too clever for her," she said. "I do all the talking. I allow her to listen only. And you must not blame her for distrusting you, I have said such things against you to her! Oh, the things I said. On the first day I saw you, for instance, after you came back to Thrums. It was in church; do you remember?"

"I should like to know what you said to her about me that day."

"Would you?" Grizel asked merrily. "Well, let me see. She was not at church; she never went there, you remember, but of course she was curious to hear about you, and I had no sooner got home than she came to me and said, 'Was he there?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Is he much changed?' she asked. 'He has a beard,' I said. 'You know that is not what I really mean,' she said, and then I said, 'I don't think he is so much changed that it is impossible to recognize him again.'"

Tommy interrupted her. "Now what did you mean by that?"

"I meant that I thought you were a little annoyed to find the congregation looking at Gavinia's baby more than at you!"

"Grizel, you are a wretch, but perhaps you were right. Well, what more did the little inquisitor want to know?"

"She asked me if I felt any of my old

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fear of you and I said no, and then she clapped her hands with joy. And she asked whether you looked at me as if you were begging me to say I still thought you a wonder, and I said I thought you did—"

"Grizel!"

"Oh, I told her ever so many dreadful things as soon as I found them out. I told her the whole story of your ankle, sir, for instance."

"On my word, Grizel, you seem to have omitted nothing!"

"Ah, but I did," she cried. "I never told her how much I wanted you to be admirable; I pretended that I despised you merely, and in reality I was wringing my hands with woe every time you did not behave like a god."

"They will be worn away, Grizel, if you go on doing that."

"I don't think so," she replied, "nor can she think so if she believes half of what I have told her about you since. She knows how you saved the boy's life. I told her that in the old lair because she had some harsh memories of you there, and it was at the Cuttle Well that I told her about the glove."

"And where," asked Tommy severely, "did you tell her that you had been mistaken in thinking me jealous of a baby and anxious to be considered a wonder?"

She hid her face for a moment and then looked up roguishly into his. "I have not told her that yet!" she replied. It was so audacious of her that he took her by the ears.

"If I were vain," Tommy said reflectively, "I would certainly shake you now. You show a painful want of tact, Grizel, in implying that I am not perfect. Nothing annoys men so much. We can stand anything except that."

His merriness gladdened her. "They are only little things," she said, "and I have grown to love them. I know they are flaws, but I love them because——"

"Say because they are mine. You owe me that."

"No, but because they are weaknesses I don't have. I have others, but not those, and it is sweet to me to know that you are weak in some matters in which I am strong; it makes me feel that I can be of use to you."

"Are you insinuating that there are more of them?" Tommy demanded, sitting up.

"You are not very practical," she responded, "and I am."

"Go on."

"And you are—just a little—inclined to be senti——"

"Hush! I don't allow that word, but you may say, if you choose, that I am sometimes carried away by a too generous impulse."

"And that it will be my part," said she, "to seize you by the arm and hold you back. Oh, you will give me a great deal to do! That is one of the things I love you for. It was one of the things I loved my dear Dr. McQueen for." She looked up suddenly. "I have told him also about you."

"Lately, Grizel?"

"Yes, in my parlor. It was his parlor, you know, and I had kept nothing from him while he was alive. That is to say, he always knew what I was thinking of, and I like to fancy that he knows still. In the evenings he used to sit in the arm-chair by the fire, and I sat talking or knitting at his feet, and if I ceased to do anything except sit still, looking straight before me, he knew I was thinking the morbid thoughts that had troubled me in the old days at Double Dykes. Without knowing it I sometimes shuddered at those times, and he was distressed. It reminded him of my mamma."

"I understand," Tommy said, hurriedly. He meant, "Let us avoid painful subjects."

"It is years," she went on, "since those thoughts have troubled me, and it was he who drove them away. He was so kind, he thought so much of my future, that I still sit by his arm-chair and tell him what is happening to his Grizel. I don't speak aloud, of course, I scarcely say the words to myself even, and yet we seem to have long talks together. I told him I had given you his coat."

"Well, I don't think he was pleased at that, Grizel. I have had a feeling for some time that the coat dislikes me. It scratched my hand the first time I put it on. My hand caught in the hook, of the collar you will say, but no, that is not what I think. In my opinion the deed

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was maliciously done. McQueen always distrusted me, you know, and I expect his coat was saying, 'Hands off my Grizel.'"

She took it as quite a jest. "He does not distrust you now," she said, smiling. "I have told him what I think of you, and though he was surprised at first, in the end his opinion was the same as mine."

"Ah, you saw to that, Grizel!"

"I had nothing to do with it. I merely told him everything and he had to agree with me. How could he doubt when he saw that you had made me so happy! Even mamma does not doubt."

"You have told her! All this is rather eerie, Grizel."

"You are not sorry, are you?" she asked, looking at him anxiously. "Dr. McQueen wanted me to forget her. He thought that would be best for me; it was the only matter on which we differed. I gave up speaking of her to him; you are the only person I have mentioned her to since I became a woman, but I often think of her. I am sure there was a time, before I was old enough to understand, when she was very fond of me. I was her baby, and women can't help being fond of their babies, even though they should never have had them. I think she often hugged me tight."

"Need we speak of this, Grizel?"

"For this once," she entreated. "You must remember that mamma often looked at me with hatred and said I was the cause of all her woe, but sometimes in her last months she would give me such sad looks that I trembled, and felt that she was picturing me growing into the kind of woman she wished so much she had not become herself, and that she longed to save me. That is why I have told her that a good man loves me. She is so glad, my poor dear mamma, that I tell her again and again, and she loves to hear it as much as I to tell it. What she loves to hear most is that you really do want to marry me; she is so fond of hearing that, because it is what my father would never say to her."

Tommy was so much moved that he could not speak, but in his heart he gave thanks that what Grizel said of him to her mamma was true at last.

"It makes her so happy," Grizel said, "that when I seem to see her now she looks as sweet and pure as she must have been in the days when she was an innocent girl. I think she can enter into my feelings more than any other person could ever do. Is that because she was my mother? She understands how I feel just as I can understand how in the end she was willing to be bad because he wanted it so much."

"No, no, Grizel," Tommy cried, passionately, "you don't understand that."

She rocked her arms. "Yes, I do," she said, "I do. I could never have cared for such a man, but I can understand how mamma yielded to him, and I have no feeling for her except pity, and I have told her so, and it is what she loves to hear her daughter tell her best of all."

They put the subject from them, and she told him what it was that she had come to rub out in Caddam. If you have read of Tommy's boyhood you may remember the day it ended with his departure for the farm, and that he and Elspeth walked through Caddam to the cart that was to take him from her, and how to comfort her he swore that he loved her with his whole heart and Grizel not at all, and that Grizel was in the wood and heard. And how Elspeth had promised to wave to Tommy in the cart as long as it was visible, but broke down and went home sobbing, and how Grizel took her place and waved, pretending to be Elspeth, so that he might think she was bearing up bravely. Tommy had not known what Grizel did for him that day, and when he heard it now for the first time from her own lips he realized afresh what a glorious girl she was and had always been.

"You may try to rub that memory out of little Grizel's head," he declared, looking very proudly at her, "but you shall never rub it out of mine."

It was by his wish that they went together to the spot where she had heard him say that he loved Elspeth only. "If you can find it," Tommy said, "after all these years," and she smiled at his mannish words, she had found it so often since. There was the very clump of whin.

And here was the boy to match. Oh, who by striving could make himself a boy again as Tommy could! I tell you he was always irresistible then. What is genius? It is the power to be a boy again at will. When I think of him fling-

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ing off the years and whistling childhood back, not to himself only, but to all who heard, distributing it among them gayly, imperiously calling on them to dance, dance, for they are boys and girls again until they stop, when to recall him in those wild woods is to myself to grasp for a moment at the dear dead days that were so much the best, I cannot wonder that Grizel loved him. I am his slave myself, I see that all that was wrong with Tommy was that he could not always be a boy.

"Hide there again, Grizel," he cried to her, little Tommy cried to her, Stroke the Jacobite, her captain, cried to the Lady Griselda, and he disappeared, and presently marched down the path with an imaginary Elspeth by his side. "I love you both, Elspeth," he was going to say, "and my love for the one does not make me love the other less," but he glanced at Grizel and she was leaning forward to catch his words as if this were no play but life or death, and he knew what she longed to hear him say and he said it: "I love you very much, Elspeth, but however much I love you, it would be idle to pretend that I don't love Grizel more."

A stifled cry of joy came from a clump of whin hard by, and they were man and woman again.

"Did you not know it, Grizel?"

"No, no; you never told me."

"I never dreamt it was necessary to tell you."

"Oh, if you knew how I have longed that it might be so, yes, and sometimes hated Elspeth because I feared it could not be. I have tried so hard to be content with second place. I have thought it all out and said to myself it was natural that Elspeth should be first."

"My tragic love," he said, "I can see you arguing in that way, but I don't see you convincing yourself. My passionate Grizel is not the girl to accept second place from any one. If I know anything of her I know that."

To his surprise she answered softly, "You are wrong. I wonder at it myself, but I had made up my mind to be content with second place and to be grateful for it."

"I could not have believed it!" he cried.

"I could not have believed it myself," said she.

"Are you the Grizel——" he began.

"No," she said, "I have changed a little," and she looked pathetically at him.

"It stabs me," he said, "to see you so humble."

"I am humbler than I was," she answered huskily, but she was looking at him with the fondest love.

"Don't look at me so, Grizel," he implored. "I am unworthy of it. I am the man who has made you so humble."

"Yes," she answered, and still she looked at him with the fondest love. A film came over his eyes, and she touched them softly with her handkerchief.

"Those eyes that but a little while ago were looking so coldly at you!" he said.

"Dear eyes," said she.

"Though I were to strike you—" he cried, raising his hand.

She took the hand in hers and kissed it.

"Has it come to this!" he said, and as she could not speak she nodded. He fell upon his knees before her. "I am glad you are a little sorry," she said, "I am a little sorry myself." She made him promise not to kiss her again so long as their love must be kept secret.

"It will all come right yet," he vowed bravely that she might light her hopes at his. He became the boy again, "Grizel," he cried, "I will find a way!"

CHAPTER XIX

OF THE CHANGE IN THOMAS

TO find ways of making David propose to Elspeth, of making Elspeth willing to exchange her brother for David, they were heavy tasks, but Tommy yoked himself to them gallantly and tugged like an Arab steed in the plough. It should be almost as pleasant to us as to him to know that love was what made him do it, for he loved Grizel at last, and the one longing of his heart was to marry her; the one marvel to him was that he had ever longed ardently for anything else.

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Honor stood in the way so long as Elspeth was on his hands, however, and as we shall see presently his efforts to put her into the hands of David were apparently of no avail. This would have embittered many men, but it drew only to the surface some of Tommy's noblest attributes; as he suffered in silence he become gentler, more considerate, and acquired a new command over himself. To conquer self for her sake (this is in the "Letters to a Young Man") is the highest tribute man can pay to a woman; it is the only real greatness, and Tommy had done it now. I could give you a score of proofs. Let me take his treatment of Aaron Latta.

One day about this time Tommy found himself alone in the house with Aaron, and had he been the old Tommy he would have waited but a moment to let Aaron decide which of them should go elsewhere. It was thus that these two, ever so uncomfortable in each other's presence, contrived to keep the peace. Now note the change.

"Aaron," said Tommy in the hush that had fallen on that house since quiet Elspeth left it, "I have never thanked you in words for all that you have done for me and Elspeth."

"Dinna do it now, then," replied the warper, fidgeting.

"I must," Tommy said, cheerily, "I must," and he did, while Aaron scowled.

"It was never done for you," Aaron informed him, "nor for the father you are the marrows o'."

"It was done for my mother," said Tommy, reverently.

"I'm none so sure o't," Aaron rapped out. "I think I brocht you twa here as bairns that the reminder of my shame should ever stand before me."

But Tommy shook his head, and sat down sympathetically beside the warper. "You loved her, Aaron," he said, simply. "It was an undying love that made you adopt her orphan children." A charming thought came to him. "When you brought us here," he said with some elation, "Elspeth used to cry at nights because our mother's spirit did not come to us to comfort us, and I invented boyish explanations to appease her. But I have learned since why we did not see that spirit, for though it hovered round this house its first thought was not for us, but for him who succoured us."

He could have made it much better had he been able to revise it, but surely it was touching, and Aaron need not have said Damn, which was what he did say.

One knows how most men would have received so harsh an answer to such gentle words, and we can conceive how a very holy man, say a monk, would have bowed to it. Even as the monk did Tommy submit, or say, rather, with the meekness of a nun:

"I wish I could help you in any way, Aaron," he said, with a sigh.

"You can," replied Aaron, promptly. "By taking yourself off to London, and leaving Elspeth here wi' me. I never made pretence that I wanted you except because she wouldna come without you. Laddie and man, as weel you ken, you were aye a scunner to me."

"And yet," said Tommy, looking at him admiringly, "you fed and housed and educated us. Ah, Aaron, do you not see that your dislike gives me only the more reason to esteem you?" Carried away by desire to help the old man he put his hand kindly on his shoulder. "You have never respected yourself," he said, "since the night you and my mother parted at the Cuttle Well, and my heart bleeds to think of it. Many a year ago, by your kindness to two forlorn children, you expiated that sin, and it is blotted out from your account. Forget it, Aaron, as every other person has forgotten it, and let the spirit of Jean Myles see you tranquil once again."

He patted Aaron affectionately; he seemed to be the older of the two.

"Tak' your hand off my shuther," Aaron cried, fiercely.

Tommy removed his hand, but he continued to look yearningly at the warper. Another beautiful thought came to him.

"What are you looking so holy about?" asked Aaron, with misgivings.

"Aaron," cried Tommy, suddenly inspired, "you are not always the gloomy man you pass for being. You have glorious moments still. You wake in the morning, and for a second of time you are in the hey day of your youth and you and Jean Myles are to walk out to-night.

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As you sit by this fire you think you hear her hand on the latch of the door, as you pass down the street you seem to see her coming toward you. It is only for a moment, and then you are a gray-haired man again, and she has been in her grave for many a year, but you have that moment."

Aaron rose, amazed and wrathful. "The de'il tak' you," he cried, "how did you find out that?"

Perhaps Tommy's nose turned up rapturously in reply, for the best of us cannot command ourselves altogether at great moments, but when he spoke he was modest again.

"It was sympathy that told me," he explained; "and Aaron, if you will only believe me, it tells me also that a little of the man you were still clings to you. Come out of the moroseness in which you have enveloped yourself so long. Think what a joy it would be to Elspeth."

"It's little she would care."

"If you want to hurt her tell her so."

"I'm no denying but what she's fell fond o' me."

"Then for her sake," Tommy pleaded.

But the warper turned on him with baleful eyes, "She likes me," he said in a grating voice, "and yet I'm as nothing to her; we are all as nothing to her beside you. If there hadna been you I should hae become the father to her I craved to be, but you had mesmerized her; she had eyes for none but you. I sent you to the herding, meaning to break your power over her, and all she could think o' was my cruelty in sindering you, syne you ran aff wi' her to London, stealing her frae me. I was without her while she was growing frae lassie to woman, the years when maybe she could hae made o' me what she willed. Magerful Tam took the mother frae me, and he lived again in you to tak' the dochter."

"You really think me masterful, me!" Tommy said, smiling.

"I suppose you never were!" Aaron replied ironically.

"Yes," Tommy admitted, frankly, "I was masterful as a boy, ah, and even quite lately. How we change!" he said, musingly.

"How we dinna change!" retorted Aaron bitterly. He had learned the truer philosophy.

"Man," he continued, looking Tommy over, "there's times when I see mair o' your mother than your father in you. She was a wonder at making-believe. The letters about her grandeur that she wrote to Thrums when she was starving! Even you couldna hae wrote them better. But she never managed to cheat hersel'. That's whaur you sail away frae her."

"I used to make believe, Aaron, as you say," Tommy replied, sadly. "If you knew how I feel, the folly of it now, perhaps even you would wish that I felt it less."

"But we must each of us dree his own weird," he proceeded with wonderful sweetness when Aaron did not answer. "And so far at least as Elspeth is concerned surely I have done my duty. I had the bringing up of her from the days when she was learning to speak."

"She got into the way o' letting you do everything for her," the warper responded sourly. "You thought for her, you acted for her frae the first, you toomed her and then filled her up wi' yoursel'."

"She always needed some one to lean on."

"Ay, because you had maimed her. She grew up in the notion that you were all the earth and the wonder o' the world."

"Could I help that?"

"Help it! Did you try? It was the one thing you were sure o' yoursel', it was the one thing you thought worth anybody's learning. You stood before her crowing the whole day. I said the now I wished you would go and leave her wi' me, but I wouldna dare to keep her, she's helpless without you; if you took your arm awa frae her now, she would tumble to the ground."

"I fear it is true, Aaron," Tommy said, with bent head. "Whether she is so by nature or whether I have made her so I cannot tell, but I fear that what you say is true."

"It's true," said Aaron, "and yours is the wite. There's no life for her now except what you mak'; she canna see beyond you; go on thinking yoursel' a wonder if you like, but mind this, if you

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were to cast her off frae you now she would die like an amputated hand."

To Tommy it was like listening to his doom. Ah, Aaron, even you could not withhold your pity did you know how this man is being punished now for having made Elspeth so dependent on him. Some such thought passed through Tommy's head, but he was too brave to appeal for pity. "If that is so," he said, firmly, "I take the responsibility for it. But I began this talk, Aaron, not to intrude my troubles on you, but hoping to lighten yours. If I could see you smile, Aaron——"

"Drop it!" cried the warper, and then, going closer to him, "You would hae seen me smile, ay, and heard me laugh gin you had been here when Mrs. McLean came yont to read your book to me. She fair insistit on reading the terrible noble bits to me, and she grat they were so sublime, but the sublimer they were the mair I laughed, for I ken you, Tommy, my man, I ken you."

He spoke with much vehemence, and, after all, our hero was not perfect. He withdrew stiffly to the other room. I think it was the use of the word Tommy that enraged him.

But in a very few minutes he scorned himself and was possessed by a pensive wonder that one so tragically fated as he could resent an old man's gibe. Aaron misunderstood him. Was that any reason why he should not feel sorry for Aaron? He crossed the hallan to the kitchen door and stopped there overcome with pity. The warper was still crouching by the fire, but his head rested on his chest; he was a weary, desolate figure, and at the other side of the hearth stood an empty chair. The picture was the epitome of his life, or so it seemed to the sympathetic soul at the door, who saw him passing from youth to old age, staring at the chair that must always be empty. At the same moment Tommy saw his own future, and in it, too, an empty chair. Yet hard as was his own case at least he knew that he was loved; if her chair must be empty the fault was as little hers as his, while Aaron——

A noble compassion drew him forward and he put his hand determinedly on the dear old man's shoulder.

"Aaron," he said in a tremble of pity, "I know what is the real sorrow of your life, and I rejoice because I can put an end to it. You think that Jean Myles never cared for you, but you are strangely wrong. I was with my mother to the last, Aaron, and I can tell you, she asked me with her dying breath to say to you that she loved you all the time."

Aaron tried to rise, but was pushed back into his chair. "Love cannot die," cried Tommy triumphantly, like the fairy in the pantomime, "love is always young——"

He stopped in mid-career at sight of Aaron's disappointing face. "Are you done?" the warper inquired. "When you and me are alane in this house there's no room for the both o' us, and as I'll never hae it said that I made Jean Myles's bairn munt, I'll go out mysel'."

And out he went, and sat on the dyke till Elspeth came home. It did not turn Tommy sulky. He nodded kindly to Aaron from the window in token of forgiveness, and next day he spent a valuable hour in making a cushion for the old man's chair. "He must be left with the impression that you made it," Tommy explained to Elspeth, "for he would not take it from me."

"Oh, Tommy, how good you are!"

"I am far from it, Elspeth."

"There is a serenity about you nowadays," she said, "that I don't seem to have noticed before," and indeed this was true; it was the serenity that comes to those who, having a mortal wound, can no more be troubled by the pin-pricks.

"There has been nothing to cause it, has there?" Elspeth asked, timidly.

"Only the feeling that I have much to be grateful for," he replied. "I have you, Elspeth."

"And I have you," she said, "and I want no more. I could never care for any one as I care for you, Tommy."

She was speaking unselfishly. She meant to imply delicately that the doctor's defection need not make Tommy think her unhappy. "Are you glad?" she asked.

He said yes bravely. Elspeth, he was determined, should never have the distress of knowing that for her sake he was giving up the one great joy which life

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contains. He was a grander character than most. Men have often in the world's history made a splendid sacrifice for women, but if you turn up the annals you will find that the woman nearly always knew of it.

He told Grizel what Aaron had said and what Elspeth had said. He could keep nothing from her now; he was done with the world of make-believe for ever. And it seemed wicked of him to hope, he declared, or to let her hope. "I ought to give you up, Grizel," he said with a groan.

"I won't let you," she replied adorably.

"Gemmell has not come near us for a week. I ask him in, but he avoids the house."

"I don't understand it," Grizel had to admit, "but I think he is fond of her, I do indeed."

"Even if that were so I fear she would not accept him. I know Elspeth so well that I feel I am deceiving you if I say there is any hope."

"Nevertheless you must say it," she answered brightly, "you must say it and leave me to think it. And I do think it. I believe that Elspeth, despite her timidity and her dependence on you, is like other girls at heart and not more difficult to win."

"And even if it all comes to nothing," she told him a little faintly, "I shall not be unhappy. You don't really know me if you think I should love to be married so—so much as all that."

"It is you, Grizel," he replied, "who don't see that it is myself I am pitying. It is I who want to be married as much as all that."

Her eyes shone with a soft light, for of course it was what she wanted him to say. These two seemed to have changed places. That people could love each other, and there the end, had been his fond philosophy and her torment, now it was she who argued for it and Tommy who shook his head.

"They can be very, very happy."

"No," he said.

"But one of them is."

"Not the other," he insisted, and of course it was what she wanted him to say again.

And he was not always despairing. He tried hard to find a way of bringing David to Elspeth's feet, and once, at least, the apparently reluctant suitor almost succumbed. Tommy had met him near Aaron's house and invited him to come in and hear Elspeth singing. "I did not know she sang," David said, hesitating.

"She is so shy about it," Tommy replied, lightly, "that we can hear her by stealth only. Aaron and I listen at the door. Come and listen at the door."

And David had yielded and listened at the door and afterward gone in and remained like one who could not tear himself away. What was more, he and Elspeth had touched upon the subject of love in their conversation, Tommy sitting at the window so engrossed in a letter to Pym that he seemed to hear nothing, though he could repeat everything afterward to Grizel.

Elspeth had said in her shrinking way that if she were a man she could only love a woman who was strong and courageous and helpful. Such a woman as Grizel, she had said.

"And yet," David replied, "women have been loved who had none of those qualities."

"In spite of the want of them?" Elspeth asked.

"Perhaps because of it," said he.

"They are noble qualities," Elspeth maintained, a little sadly, and he assented. "And one of them at least is essential," she said. "A woman has no right to be loved who is not helpful."

"She is helpful to the man who loves her," David replied.

"He would have to do for her," Elspeth said, "the very things she should be doing for him."

"He may want very much to do them," said David.

"Then it is her weakness that appeals to him. Is not that loving her for the wrong thing?"

"It may be the right thing," David insisted, "for him."

"And at that point," Tommy said, boyishly, to Grizel, "I ceased to hear them, I was so elated, I felt that everything was coming right. I could not give another thought to their future, I was so busy mapping out my own. I heard a hammering.

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Do you know what it was ? It was our house going up, your house and mine. Our home, Grizel ! It was not here nor in London ; it was near the Thames. I wanted it to be upon the bank, but you said no, you were afraid of floods. I wanted to superintend the building, but you conducted me contemptuously to my desk ; you intimated that I did not know how to build ; that no one knew except yourself ; you instructed the architect and bullied the workmen, and cried for more store closets. Grizel, I saw the house go up, I saw you the adoration and terror of your servants. I heard you singing from room to room."

He was touched by this ; all beautiful thoughts touched him.

But as a rule, though Tommy tried to be brave for her sake, it was usually she who was the comforter now and he the comforted, and this was the arrangement that suited Grizel best. Her one thought need no longer be that she loved him too much, but how much he loved her. It was not her self-respect that must be humored back, but his ; if hers lagged what did it matter ? What are her own troubles to a woman when there is something to do for the man she loves ?

" You are too anxious about the future," she said to him, if he had grown gloomy again. " Can we not be happy in the present and leave the future to take care of itself ? " How strange to know that it it was Grizel who said this to Tommy and not Tommy who said it to Grizel.

She delighted in playing the mother to him. " Now you must go back to your desk," she would say, masterfully. " You have three hours' work to do to-night yet."

" It can wait. Let me stay a little longer with you, Grizel," he answered, humbly. Ha ! it was Tommy who was humble now. Not so long ago he would not have allowed his work to wait for any one, and Grizel knew it and exulted.

" To work, sir," she ordered. " And you must put on your old coat before you sit down to write, and pull up your cuffs so that they don't scrape on the desk. Also, you must not think too much about me."

She tried to look business-like, but she could scarce resist rocking her arms with delight when she heard herself saying such things to him. It was as if she had the old doctor once more in her hands.

" What more, Grizel ? I like you to order me about,"

" Only this. Good afternoon."

" But I am to walk home with you," he entreated.

" No," she said decisively, but she smiled. Once upon a time it had been she who asked for this.

" If you are good," she said, " you shall perhaps see me to-morrow."

" Perhaps only ? " He was scared, but she smiled happily again. It had once been she who had to beg that there should be no perhaps.

" If you are good," she replied ; " and you are not good when you have such a long face. Smile, you silly boy, smile when I order you. If you don't I shall not so much as look out at my window to-morrow."

He was the man who had caused her so much agony and she was looking at him with the eternally forgiving smile of the mother. " Ah, Grizel," Tommy cried, passionately, " how brave and unselfish and noble you are, and what a glorious wife God intended you to be."

She broke from him with a little cry, but when she turned round again it was to nod and smile to him.

CHAPTER XX

A LOVE-LETTER

SOME beautiful days followed, so beautiful to Grizel that as they passed away she kissed her hand to them. Do you see her standing on tiptoe to see the last of them ? They lit a fire in the chamber of her soul which is the home of all pure maids, and the fagots that warmed Grizel were every fond look that had been on her lover's face and every sweet word he had let fall. She counted and fondled them and pretended that one was lost that she might hug it more than all the others when it was found. To sit by that fire was almost better than having the days that lit it, sometimes she could scarcely wait for the day to go.

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Tommy's fond looks and sweet words! There was also a letter in those days, and, now that I remember, a little garnet ring, and there were a few other fagots, but all so trifling it must seem incredible to you that they could have made so great a blaze, nothing else in it, on my honor, except a girl's heart added by herself that the fire might burn a moment longer.

And now, what so chilly as the fire that has gone out! Gone out long ago, dear Grizel, while you crouched over it. You may put your hand in the ashes, they will not burn you now. Ah, Grizel, why do you sit there in the cold?

The day of the letter. It began in dread, but ended so joyfully do you think Grizel grudged the dread? It became dear to her; she loved to return to it and gaze at the joy it glorified as one sees the sunshine from a murky room. When she heard the postman's knock she was not even curious; so few letters came to her she thought this must be Maggy Ann's monthly one from Aberdeen and went on placidly dusting. At last she lifted it from the floor, for it had been slipped beneath the door, and then—Grizel was standing in her little lobby, panting as if at the end of a race. The letter lay in both her hands, and they rose slowly until they were pressed against her breast.

She uttered some faint cries; it was the only moment in which I have known Grizel to be hysterical, and then she ran to her room and locked herself in, herself and it. Do you know why that look of elation had come suddenly to her face? It was because he had not even written the address in a disguised hand to deceive the postmistress. So much of the old Grizel was gone that the pathos of her elation over this was lost to her.

Several times she almost opened it. Why did she pause, why had that frightened look come into her eyes? She put the letter on her table and drew away from it. If she took a step nearer, her hands went behind her back as if saying, "Grizel, don't ask us to open it, we are afraid."

Perhaps it really did say the dear things that love writes. Perhaps it was aghast at the way she was treating it. Dear letter! Her mouth smiled to it, but her hands remained afraid. As she stood irresolute, smiling, and afraid, she was a little like her mother. I have put off as long as possible saying that Grizel was ever like her mother. The Painted Lady had never got any letters while she was in Thrums, but she looked wistfully at those of other people. "They are so pretty," she had said, "but don't open them; when you open them they break your heart." Grizel remembered what her mother had said.

Had the old Grizel feared what might be inside, it would have made her open the letter more quickly. Two minds to one person were unendurable to her. But she seemed to be a coward now. It was pitiable.

Perhaps it was quite a common little letter, beginning "Dear Grizel" and saying nothing more delicious or more terrible than that he wanted her to lend him one of the doctor's books. She thought of a score of trivialities it might be about, but the letter was still unopened when David Gemmell called to talk over some cases in which he required her counsel. He found her sitting listlessly, something in her lap, which she at once concealed. She failed to follow his arguments, and he went away puckering his brows, some of the old doctor's saying about her ringing loud in his ears.

One of them was "Things will be far wrong with Grizel when she is able to sit idle with her hands in her lap."

Another, "She is almost pityfully straightforward, man. Everything that is in Grizel must out. She can hide nothing."

Yet how cunningly she had concealed what was in her hands. Cunning applied to Grizel! David shuddered. He thought of Tommy, and shut his mouth tight. He could do this easily. Tommy could not do it without gasping. They were types of two kinds of men.

David also remembered a promise he had given McQueen and wondered, as he had wondered a good deal of late, whether the time had come to keep it.

But Grizel sat on with her unopened letter. She was to meet Tommy presently on the croquet lawn of the Dove Cot, when Ailie was to play Mr. James (the champion), and she decided that she must wait till then. She would know

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what sort of letter it was the moment she saw his face. And then! She pressed her hands together.

Oh, how base of her to doubt him! She said it to herself then and often afterward. She looked mournfully in her mother's long mirror at this disloyal Grizel, as if the capacity to doubt him was the saddest of all the changes that had come to her. He had been so true yesterday, oh, how could she tremble today. Beautiful yesterday! but yesterday may seem so long ago. How little a time had passed between the moment when she was greeting him joyously in Caddam Wood and that cry of the heart "How could you hurt your Grizel so!" No, she could not open her letter. She could kiss it, but she could not open it.

Foolish fears, for before she had shaken hands with Tommy in Mrs. McLean's garden she knew he loved her still, and that the letter proved it. She was properly punished, yet surely in excess, for when she might have been reading her first love letter she had to join in discussions with various ladies about Berlin wool and the like, and to applaud the powers of Mr. James with the loathly croquet mallet. It seemed quite a long time before Tommy could get a private word with her. Then he began about the letter at once.

"You are not angry with me for writing it?" he asked anxiously. "I should not have done it, I had no right, but such a desire to do it came over me I had to; it was such a glory to me to say in writing what you are to me."

She smiled happily. Oh, exquisite day! "I have so long wanted to have a letter from you," she said. "I have almost wished you would go away for a little time so that I might have a letter from you."

Perhaps he had known this.

"Did you like the first words of it, Grizel?" he asked eagerly.

The lover and the artist spoke together.

Could she admit that the letter was unopened and why? Oh, the pain to him! She nodded assent. It was not really an untruth, she told herself. She did like them, oh, how she liked them, though she did not know what they were.

"I nearly began 'My beloved,'" he said, solemnly.

Somehow she had expected it to be this. "Why didn't you?" she asked, a little disappointed.

"I like the other so much better," he replied. "To write it was so delicious to me I thought you would not mind."

"I don't mind," she said, hastily. What could it be?

"But you would have preferred 'beloved?'"

"It is such a sweet name."

"Surely not so sweet as the other, Grizel!"

No, she said, no. Oh, what could it be?

"Have you destroyed it?" he asked, and the question was a shock to her. Her hand rose instinctively to defend something that lay near her heart.

"I could not," she whispered.

"Do you mean you wanted to?" he asked, dolefully.

"I thought you wanted it," she murmured.

"I!" he cried, aghast, and she was joyous again.

"Can't you guess where it is?" she said.

He understood. "Grizel! You carry my letter there!"

She was full of glee, but she puzzled him presently.

"Do you think I could go now?" she inquired, eagerly.

"And leave me?"

It was dreadful of her, but she nodded.

"I want to go home."

"Is it not home, Grizel, when you are with me?"

"I want to go away from home, then." She said it as if she loved to tantalize him.

"But why?"

"I won't tell you." She was looking wistfully at the door. "I have something to do."

"It can wait."

"It has waited too long." He might have heard an assenting rustle from beneath her bodice.

"Do let me go," she said, coaxingly, as if he held her.

"I can't understand—" he began and broke off. She was facing him demurely but exultantly, challenging him, he could see, to read her now. "Just when I am flattering myself that I know everything about you, Grizel," he said, with a long

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face, "I suddenly wonder whether I know anything."

She would have liked to clap her hands. "You must remember that we have changed places," she told him, "it is I who understand you now."

"And I am devoutly glad," he made answer, with humble thankfulness. "And I must ask you, Grizel, why you want to run away from me."

"But you think you know," she retorted, smartly. "You think I want to read my letter again!"

Her cleverness staggered him. "But I am right, am I not, Grizel?"

"No," she said, triumphantly, "you are quite wrong, oh, if you knew how wrong you are!" and having thus again unhorsed him she made her excuses to Ailie and slipped away. Dr. Gemmell, who was present and had been watching her narrowly, misread the flush on her face and her restless desire to be gone.

"Is there anything between those two, do you think?" Mrs. McLean had said in a twitter to him while Tommy and Grizel were talking, and he had answered "No" almost sharply.

"People are beginning to think there is," she said, in self-defence.

"They are mistaken," he told her curtly, and it was about this time that Grizel left. David followed her to her home soon afterward, and Maggy Ann, who answered his summons, did not accompany him upstairs; he was in the house daily and she left him to find Grizel for himself. He opened the parlor door almost as he knocked, and she was there but had not heard him. He stopped short like one who had blundered unawares on what was not for him.

She was on her knees on the hearth-rug with her head buried in what had been Dr. McQueen's chair; ragged had been the seat of it on the day when she first went to live with him, but very early on the following morning, or to be precise five minutes after daybreak, he had risen to see if there were burglars in the parlor, and behold, it was his grateful little maid repadding the old arm-chair. How a situation repeats itself! Without disturbing her the old doctor had slipped away with a full heart; it was what the young doctor did now.

But the situation was not quite the same. She had been bubbling over with glee then, she was sobbing now. David could not know that it was a sob of joy, he knew only that he had never seen her crying before and that it was the letter in her hands that had brought tears at last to those once tranquil and steadfast eyes.

In an odd conversation which had once taken place in that room between the two doctors Gemmell had said, "But the time may come without my knowing it," and McQueen's reply was "I don't think so, for she is so open; but I'll tell you this, David, as a guide, I never saw her eyes wet. It is one of the touching things about her that she has the eyes of a man, to whom it is a shame to cry. If you ever see her greeting, David, I'm sore doubting that the time will have come."

As David Gemmell let himself softly out of the house to return to it presently he thought the time had come. What he conceived he had to do was a hard thing, but he never thought of not doing it, he had kept himself in readiness to do it for many days now, and he walked to it as firmly as if he were on his professional rounds. He did not know that the skin round his eyes had contracted, giving them the look of pain which always came there when he was sorry or pitiful or indignant; he was not well acquainted with his eyes, and had he glanced at them now in a glass would have presumed that this was their usual expression. Had you happened to know what he was about just now and stopped him to say that he was a fine fellow he would have told you not to be an ass. The man was lacking in imagination.

Grizel herself opened the door to him this time, and "Maggy Ann, he is found," she cried victoriously. Evidently she had heard of his previous visit. "We have searched every room in the house for you," she said, gayly, "and had you disappeared for much longer Maggy Ann would have had the carpets up."

He excused himself on the ground that he had forgotten something, and she chided him merrily for being forgetful. As he sat with her David could have groaned aloud. How vivacious she had become; but she was sparkling in false colors. After what he knew had been her distress of a few minutes ago it was a

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painted face to him ; she was trying to deceive him, perhaps she suspected that he had seen her crying, and now, attired in all a woman's wiles, she was defying him to believe his eyes.

Grizel garbed in wiles ! Alack the day ! She was shielding the man, and Gemmell could have driven her away roughly to get at him. But she was also standing over her own pride lest any one should see that it had fallen, and do you think that David would have made her budge an inch ?

Of course she saw that he had something on his mind ; she knew those puckered eyes so well and had so often smoothed them for him.

" What is it David ? " she asked sympathetically. " I see you have come as a patient to-night."

" As one of those patients," he rejoined, " who feel better at mere sight of the doctor."

" Fear of the prescription ? " said she.

" Not if you prescribe yourself, Grizel."

" David ! " she cried. He had been paying compliments !

" I mean it."

" So I can see by your face. Oh, David, how stern you look ! "

" Dr. McQueen and I," he retorted, " used to hold private meetings after you had gone to bed at which we agreed that you should no longer be allowed to make fun of us. They came to nothing, do you know why ? "

" Because I continued to do it ? "

" No, but because we missed it so much if you stopped."

" You are nice to-night, David," she said, dropping him a courtsey.

" We liked all your bullying ways," he went on. " We were children in your masterful hands."

" I was a tyrant, David," she said, looking properly ashamed. " I wonder you did not marry, just to get rid of me."

" Have you ever seriously wondered why I don't marry ? " he asked quickly.

" Oh, David," she exclaimed, " what else do you think your patients and I talk of when I am trying to nurse them ? It has agitated the town ever since you first walked up the Marrywellbrae, and we can't get on with our work for thinking of it."

" Seriously, Grizel ? "

She became grave at once. " If you could find the right woman," she said wistfully.

" I have found her," he answered, and then she pressed her hands together, too excited to speak.

" If she would only care a little for me," he said.

Grizel rocked her arms. " I am sure she does," she cried. " David, I am so glad."

He saw what her mistake was, but pretended not to know that she had made one. " Are you really glad that I love you, Grizel ? " he asked.

It seemed to daze her for a moment. " Not me, David," she said softly, as if correcting him. " You don't mean that it is me ? " she said coaxingly. " David," she cried, " say it is not me ! "

He drooped his head, but not before he had seen all the brightness die out of her face. " Is it so painful to you even to hear me say it ? " he asked, gravely.

Her joy had been selfish as her sorrow was. For nigh a minute she had been thinking of herself alone, it meant so much to her, but now she jumped up and took his hand in hers.

" Poor David ! " she said, making much of his hand as if she had hurt it. But David Gemmell's was too simple a face to oppose to her pitying eyes, and presently she let his hand slip from her and stood regarding him curiously. He had to look another way, and then she even smiled, a little forlornly.

" Do you mind talking it over with me, Grizel," he asked, " I have always been well aware that you did not care for me in that way, but nevertheless I believe you might do worse."

" No woman could do better," she answered, gravely. " I should like you to talk it over, David, if you begin at the beginning," and she sat down with her hands crossed.

" I won't say what a good thing it would be for me," was his beginning, " we may take that for granted."

" I don't think we can," she remarked ; " but it scarcely matters at present. That is not the beginning, David."

He was very anxious to make it the beginning.

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"I am weary of living in lodgings," he said. "The practice suffers by my not being married. Many patients dislike being attended by a single man. I ought to be in McQueen's house. It has been so long known as the doctor's house. And you should be a doctor's wife, you who could almost be the doctor. It would be a shame, Grizel, if you who are so much to patients were to marry out of the profession. Don't you follow me?"

"I follow you," she replied, "but what does it matter? you have not begun at the beginning." He looked at her inquiringly. "You must begin," she informed him, "by saying why you ask me to marry you when you don't love me." She added in answer to another look from him, "You know you don't." There was a little reproach in it. "Oh, David, what made you think I could be so easily taken in!"

He looked so miserable that by and by she smiled, not so tremulously as before.

"How bad at it you are, David!" she said.

And how good at it she was, he thought, gloomily.

"Shall I help you out?" she asked gently, but speaking with dignity. "You think I am unhappy, you believe I am in the position in which you placed yourself, of caring for some one who does not care for me."

"Grizel, I mistrust him."

She flushed, she was not quite so gentle now. "And so you offer me your hand to save me! It was a great self-sacrifice, David, but you used not to be fond of doing showy things."

"I did not mean it to be showy," he answered.

She was well aware of that, but—"Oh, David," she cried, "that you should believe I needed it! How little you must think of me!"

"Does it look as if I thought little of you?" he said.

"Little of my strength, David, little of my pride."

"I think so much of them that how could I stand by silently and watch them go."

"You think you have seen that!" She was agitated now.

He hesitated. "Yes," he said courageously.

Her eyes cried, "David, how could you be so cruel!" but they did not daunt him.

"Have you not seen it yourself, Grizel?" he said.

She pressed her hands together. "I was so happy," she said, "until you came."

"Have you not seen it yourself," he asked again.

"There may be better things," she retorted, "than those you rate so highly."

"Not for you," he said.

"If they are gone," she told him with a flush of resentment, "it is not you who can bring them back."

"But let me try, Grizel," said he.

"David, can I not even make you angry with me?"

"No, Grizel, you can't. I am very sorry that I can make you angry with me."

"I am not," she said dispiritedly. "It would be contemptible in me." And then eagerly, "But, David, you have made a great mistake, indeed you have. You—you are a dreadful bungler, sir!" She was trying to make his face relax, with a tremulous smile from herself to encourage him, but the effort was not successful. "You see I can't even bully you now!" she said. "Did that capacity go with the others, David?"

"Try a little harder," he replied, "I think you will find that I submit to it still."

"Very well." She forced some gayety to her aid. After all, how could she let his monstrous stupidity wound a heart protected by such a letter?

"You have been a very foolish and presumptuous boy," she began. She was standing up, smiling, wagging a reproachful but nervous finger at him. "If it were not that I have a weakness for seeing medical men making themselves ridiculous so that I may put them right, I should be very indignant with you, sir."

"Put me right, Grizel," he said. He was sure she was trying to blind him again.

"Know then, David, that I am not the poor spirited, humble creature you seem to have come here in search of——"

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"But you admitted——"

"How dare you interrupt me, sir! Yes, I admit that I am not quite as I was, but I glory in it. I used to be ostentatiously independent, now I am only independent enough. My pride made me walk on air, now I walk on the earth, where there is less chance of falling. I have still confidence in myself, but I begin to see that ways are not necessarily right because they are my ways. In short, David, I am evidently on the road to being a model character!"

They were gay words, but she ended somewhat faintly.

"I was satisfied with you as you were," was the doctor's comment.

"I wanted to excel!"

"You explain nothing, Grizel," he said, reproachfully. "Why have you changed so?"

"Because I am so happy. Do you remember how in the old days I sometimes danced for joy? I could do it now."

"Are you engaged to be married, Grizel?"

She took a quiet breath. "You have no right to question me in this way," she said. "I think I have been very good in bearing with you so long."

But she laid aside her indignation at once, he was so old a friend, the sincerity of him had been so often tried. "If you must know, David," she said with a girlish frankness that became her better, "I am not engaged to be married. And I must tell you nothing more," she added, shutting her mouth decisively. She must be faithful to her promise.

"He forbids it?" Gemmell asked, mercilessly.

She stamped her foot not in rage but in hopelessness. "How incapable you are of doing him justice," she cried. "If you only knew——"

"Tell me. I want to do him justice."

She sat down again, sighing. "My attempt to regain my old power over you has not been very successful, has it, David! We must not quarrel, though——" holding out her hand, which he grasped. "And you won't question me any more?" She said it appealingly.

"Never again," he answered. "I never wanted to question you, Grizel. I wanted only to marry you."

"And that can't be."

"I don't see it," he said, so stoutly that she was almost amused. But he would not be pushed aside. He had something more to say.

"Dr. McQueen wished it," he said; "above all else in the world he wished it. He often told me so."

"He never said that to me," Grizel replied, quickly.

"Because he thought that to press you was no way to make you care for me. He hoped that it would come about."

"It has not come about, David, with either of us," she said, gently. "I am sure that would have been sufficient answer to him."

"No, Grizel, it would not, not now."

He had risen, and his face was whiter than she had ever seen it.

"I am going to hurt you, Grizel," he said, and every word was a pang to him. "I see no other way. It has got to be done. Dr. McQueen often talked to me about the things that troubled you when you were a little girl, the morbid fears you had then and that had all been swept away long years before I knew you. But though they had been long gone you were so much to him that he tried to think of everything that might happen to you in the future, and he foresaw that they might possibly come back. 'If she were ever to care for some false loon!'—he has said to me, and then, Grizel, he could not go on."

Grizel beat her hands, "If he could not go on," she said, "it was not because he feared what I should do."

"No, no," David answered, eagerly, "he never feared for that, but for your happiness. He told me of a boy who used to torment you, oh, all so long ago and of such little account that he had forgotten his name. But that boy has come back and you care for him, and he is a false loon, Grizel."

She had risen too, and was flashing fire on David, but he went on.

"'If the time ever comes,' he said to me, 'when you see her in torture from such a cause, speak to her openly about it, tell her it is I who am speaking through you; it will be a hard task to you, but wrestle through with it, David, in memory of any little kindness I may have done you and the great love I bore my Grizel.'"

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She was standing rigid now. "Is there any more, David?" she said, in a low voice.

"Only this. I admired you then as I admire you now. I may not love you, Grizel, but of this I am very sure"—he was speaking steadily, he was forgetting no one—"that you are the noblest and bravest woman I have ever known, and I promised—he did not draw the promise from me, I gave it to him—that if I was a free man and could help you in any way without paining you by telling you these things I would try that way first."

"And this is the way?"

"I could think of no other. Is it of no avail?"

She shook her head. "You have made such a dreadful mistake," she cried miserably, "and you won't see it. Oh, how you wrong him! I am the happiest girl in the world, and it is he who makes me so happy. But I can't explain. You need not ask me; I promised and I won't."

"You used not to be so fond of mystery, Grizel."

"I am not fond of it now."

"Ah, it is he," David said, bitterly, and he lifted his hat. "Is there nothing you will let me do for you, Grizel?" he cried.

"I thought you were to do so much for me when you came into this room," she admitted, wistfully, "and said that you were in love. I thought it was with another woman."

He remembered that her face had brightened. "How could that have helped you?" he asked.

She saw that she had but to tell him, and for her sake he would do it at once. But she could not be so selfish.

"We need not speak of that now," she said.

"We must speak of it," he answered. "Grizel, it is but fair to me, it may be so important to me."

"You have shown that you don't care for her, David, and that ends it."

"Who is it?" He was much stirred.

"If you don't know——"

"Is it Elspeth?"

The question came out of him like a confession, and hope turned Grizel giddy.

"Do you love her, David? she cried.

But he hesitated. "Is what you have told me true, that it would help you?" he asked, looking her full in the eyes.

"Do you love her?" she implored, but he was determined to have her answer first.

"Is it, Grizel?"

"Yes, yes. Do you, David?"

And then he admitted that he did, and she rocked her arms in joy.

"But, oh, David, to say such things to me when you were not a free man! How badly you have treated Elspeth to-day!"

"She does not care for me," he said.

"Have you asked her?"—in alarm.

"No, but could she?"

"How could she help it?" She would not tell him what Tommy thought. Oh, she must do everything to encourage David.

"And still," said he, puzzling, "I don't see how it can affect you."

"And I can't tell you," she moaned. "Oh, David, do, do find out. Why are you so blind?" She could have shaken him. "Don't you see that once Elspeth was willing to be taken care of by some other person—I must not tell you."

"Then he would marry you?"

She cried in anxiety, "Have I told you, or did you find out?"

"I found out," he said. "Is it possible he is so fond of her as that?"

"There never was such a brother," she answered. She could not help adding, "But he is still fonder of me."

The doctor pulled his arm over his eyes and sat down again. Presently he was saying with a long face, "I came here to denounce the cause of your unhappiness, and I begin to see it is myself."

"Of course it is, you stupid David," she said, gleefully. She was very kind to to the man who had been willing to do so much for her, but as the door closed on him she forgot him. She even ceased to hear the warning voice he had brought with him from the dead. She was rereading the letter that began by calling her wife.

(To be continued.)

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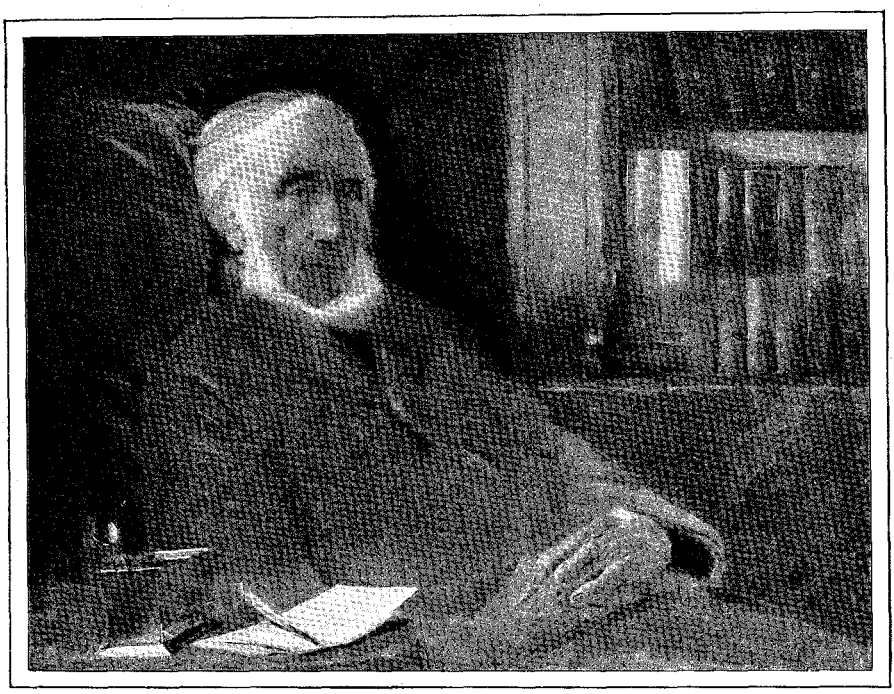

Professor John Tyndall.

THE PAINTINGS OF JOHN McLURE HAMILTON

By Harrison S. Morris

IT has been Mr. Hamilton's habit to seek his sitters amid their own natural surroundings—the statesman in his home or at his office-desk, the lawyer amid his books and correspondence, the doctor in his consulting-chamber, the artist in his studio—and hence we have in these remarkable portraits not only the man but his accessories, his shell, so to speak, the expression of his being as it lies about him embodied in inanimate objects. Portraiture thus becomes, as in a measure the novel and the drama have become, a representation of a total personality, not exhibiting alone the spiritual, nor the real, attributes of a man, but giving the totality as far as an artistic medium may hope to do it. Instead of the method of Hawthorne or Fielding we now have that of Mr. Howells and Mrs. Humphry Ward; instead of Beddoes or Sheridan we have Ibsen. McLure Hamilton gives expression to contemporary motives which were naturally alien to Sir Joshua or are repugnant to Bouguereau.

When standards appear vain and taste falters, I am often driven to ask of a picture: How would it look three hundred years hence in a foreign gallery?

And applying this test to the work of Mr. Hamilton, I should venture to say that the analytic qualities he has displayed with such penetrating force, the frankness and definiteness of his observation, the novelty of his presentation, and his preservative style combine to give his best portraits the enduring characteristics which have made precious the portraits of Dr. Tulp and of Philip IV. an age after their personal interest has vanished.

But aside from this intrinsic quality which has served to embalm the great works of other ages, some of Mr. Hamilton's por-

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traits will probably retain, as long as they last, an external interest drawn from the eminent men he has pictured.

Here, for instance, is Mr. Gladstone, who, appraise him as you will by contemporary standards, must always remain a large figure in English history. He has been painted thrice by Mr. Hamilton, and from the moral value, which is the dominant note of the portrait." "Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street" represents the statesman in his official library. He is seated, book in hand, with his back to a window, looking down toward Trafalgar Square. Attitude and attributes denote the alert old man at momentary rest, ready to spring into action.

Breakfast.

in each case the result is a masterly portrait, subtly differentiated by varying qualities in the sitter, each essentially characteristic. The first of these portraits was shown in the Paris Salon of 1892, and was secured by the French Government. It gives a view of Mr. Gladstone seated in his library at Hawarden, and is now hanging in the gallery of the Luxembourg devoted to pictures by artists foreign to France. It is a smaller work than either of the others, and surpasses them in no important respect, notwithstanding the high qualities which led M. Michel, a French authority, to say of it: "It is perfectly simple, yet entirely expressive, and the subtle and skilful treatment of the light is all the more admirable in that it detracts in no wise The hands and the hair are masterly. The tone is low and the color subdued. It is significant of Mr. Hamilton's candor of treatment that he denies himself even the gloss of varnish. This portrait was purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, much to the vexation of the English press, which made strenuous efforts to have it placed in the National Portrait Gallery. It now hangs in Philadelphia, with the delightful portrait of the Hon. Richard Vaux surrounded by his lawbooks, as a pendant.

The last portrait of Mr. Gladstone was seen in this country during the winter and spring of 1896–97, passing with the group of about thirty of Mr. Hamilton's works from Philadelphia to Cincinnati, St. Louis,

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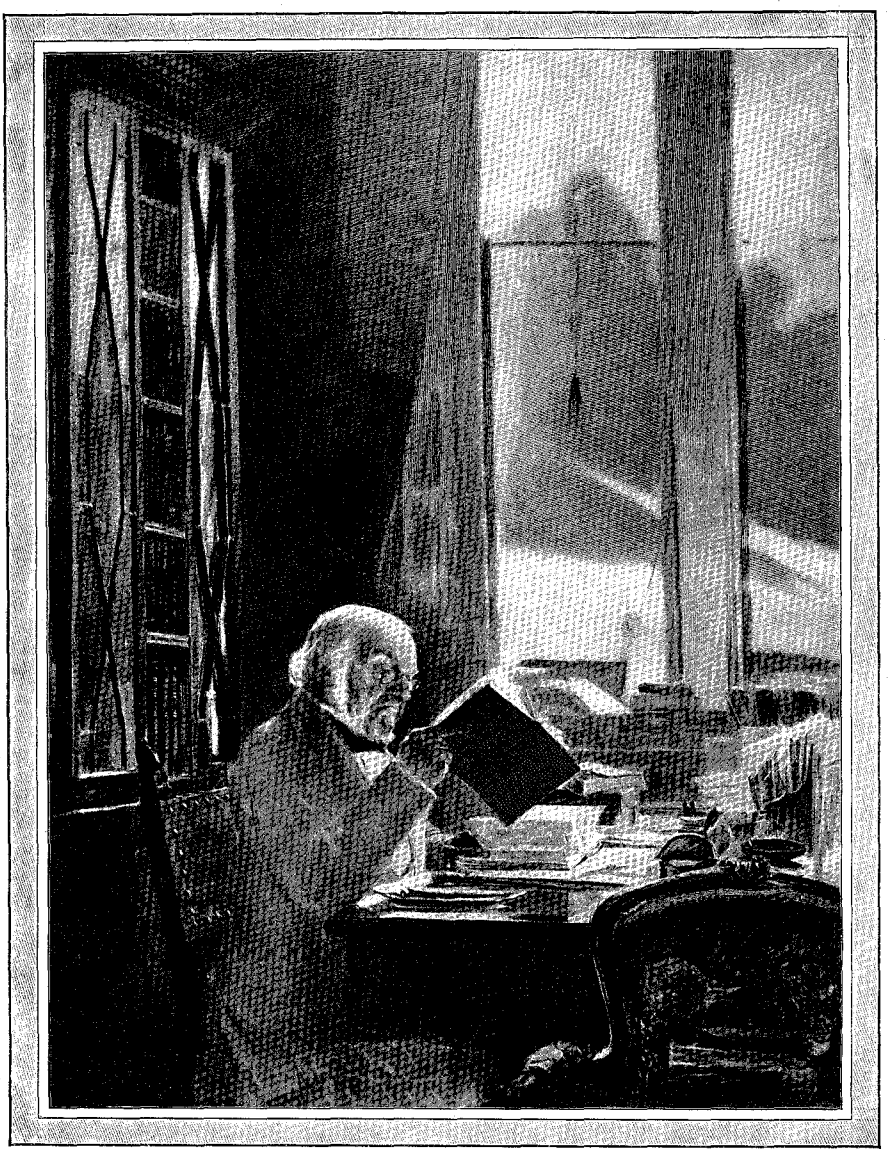

Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, Editing the Works of Bishop Butler.

and Chicago. It presents the venerable leader in his study at Hawarden, editing his last literary production, the works of Bishop Butler. The grounds of the park without-doors send, through the high windows, a verdurous light, which glances against the book-cases and other furniture and touches the littered volumes on the table. It has a reflection even in the transparent tones of the venerable head, which is so subtly painted that the quality of age is incarnate in every touch of the delicate modelling. The hands, too, in color, anatomy, suggested motion, and grip are remarkable. The achievement of producing these alone is sufficient warrant for giving Mr. Hamilton a high place among his contemporaries. None that I recall can excel him in the intimate revelation of character through the hand, and this is especially noticeable in these portraits of Mr. Gladstone and in that of Professor Tyndall. In the latter the relaxed tension of the firm hand which has become invalid

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is expressed with a pathos that language would fail to interpret. Indeed, the entire canvas is a plaintive threnody in color. The vigorous, healthy thinker, who has fought bravely for his convictions and has grown serene in a benign old age, is drifting into the unknown which he has stoutly and courageously faced through life. The eyes look forth as if the spirit behind them were still young, but the form is ready to give up its spiritual inmate, as the pathetic hands have already let slip the pen and book. There are few works of any age which perpetuate more intimately the form and being of a man of profound original thought.

It is evident that, while Mr. Hamilton sides with those who would lay no limitations for the scope of an artist, he finds in the difficult problems offered by faces seamed with a wise old age or ennobled by a distinguished career a stimulus to his brush and an appeal to his artistic conscience. He has painted many men of distinction—statesmen like Gladstone and Bismarck, churchmen like Cardinal Manning, artists like Lord Leighton, Watts, Albert Gilbert, Onslow Ford, and Henry Thouron; scientists like Herbert Spencer and Tyndall, authors like Rider Haggard and John Arthur Blaikie, doctors like S. Weir Mitchell, J. Madison Taylor, and Stillé—and of these the accompanying illustrations can give only a moiety. But the "G. F. Watts, Esq., R.A.," a clear, masterly pastel, the Tyndall and the Gladstone, with the portrait of Henry Thouron in his studio, may stand in their manifest freshness and vitality, their happy newness, for the quality of the rest. Rarely has an artist, old or new, furnished, as his gift to a heedless world, so consistent a store of work; rarely has any so well understood and remained within the circle of his abilities.

It is by no means implied by this that Mr. Hamilton's trait of selection leads him to deal exclusively with one class of subjects or to adopt a specialized manner of painting. He has achieved, as every qualified artist should do, in most of the varied divisions of his art and in more than one manner. His genre work, and especially his still-life and portraits of children, are distinctly rememberable, overshadowed though they are by the more masterly portraits. What could be finer or leave a more lasting impression of fragile beauty than the portrait of Mr. Hamilton's young son George seated at breakfast beside a table filled with blue-and-white dishes, delicate glasses, and flowers? The still-life is matchless. The boy is alive. And yet the total effect is not merely that of a child eating at table. The objects severally and collectively fall into a harmony of design, color, and grace which produces that unsolvable thing, a work of genius. So it is with "The Knitting Lesson" and "The Sculptor's Studio," and perhaps in a less degree with "My Mother," the single figure of an elderly lady knitting under the trees "where the light falls in hardly at all." Even in the canvases far removed from these by the earlier and more conventional manner, instinct for the beauty of familiar things is always dominant.

"Wolfram," a full-length portrait of Onslow Ford's little son, is an example in the prevailing method, with glazes and varnish and low tones. It is such a canvas as might have come from one of the leading painters of our time, and it would be a striking picture in any collection. It has the imprint of its creator unmistakably stamped upon it, and yet it is as unlike his group of portraits in touch, in treatment, and in pose as it well could be. The same may be said of "Roses," two children in white lying on the floor beside a heap of flowers in a metal plaque, and in a degree of "The Nunnery Garden," though this is painted with the characteristic fragility of tone and is saturated with light. "Despair" might almost have come from the Munich men, so deep is it in color. Its single figure lies drowned by the surf under a baleful sky of dull reds and greens.

It is indeed evident that Mr. Hamilton has arrived at a style all his own. It has not been gained by a sudden inspiration or laying on of hands. He has passed through the formulæ of the schools, has conscientiously tried them and produced more or less successful work under their influences, has recognized and adopted the best he could find in them, according to his light, and finally has brought forth a natural, unaffected expression of himself which is quite as valuable because it is a genuine utterance as because its offspring is enduringly beautiful.

Doubtless his lineage has played a pre-

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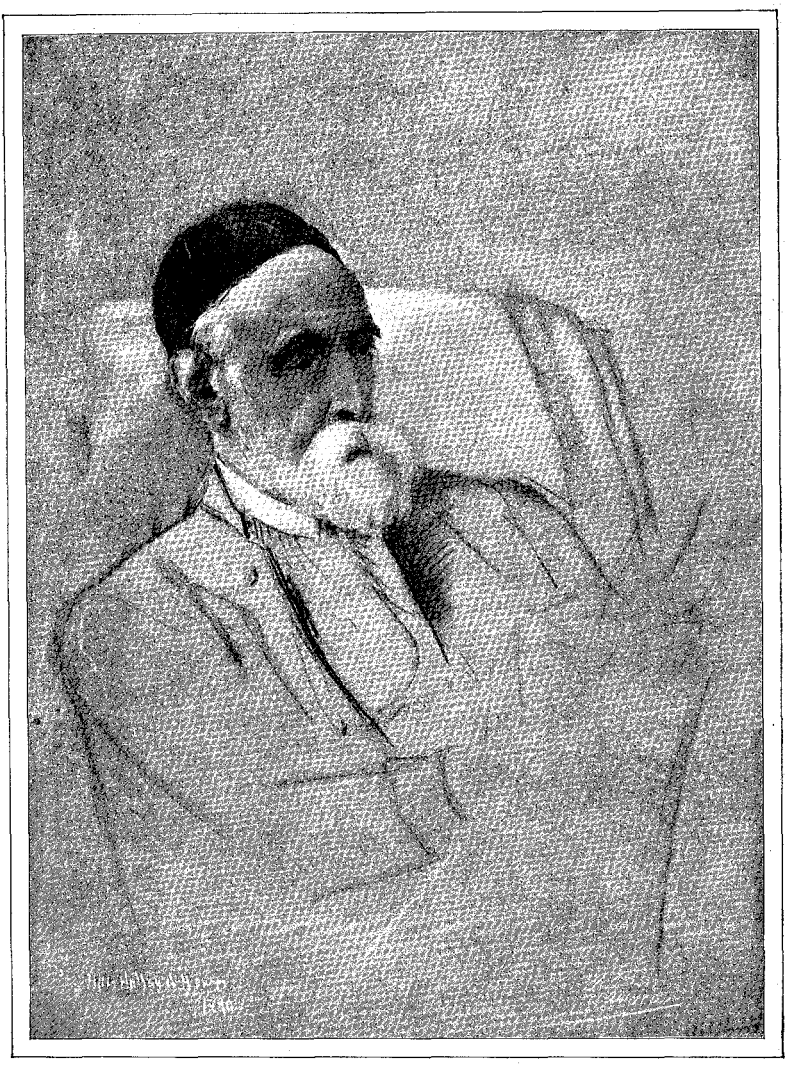

G. F. Watts, R.A.
(From a pastel.)

vailing part in all this. Had he been born into artistic servitude or early overshadowed by a tyrannous master, his independence might have ebbed into conventionality. He was first of all an American, to be which in these days means individuality of view.

He has seen for himself and reports as he sees. He is a realist who keeps in mind his fealty to beauty. Again, he hails from the Quaker City, whose uncompromising founders were wont to have views of their own, and his forebears were of these. If the appeal to nature began with Rousseau, it has had no sturdier adherents than the race which accepted him at his word and formed a republic. The doctrine of liberty has had its final expression in realism, and it is not singular that an artist of McLure Hamilton's birth and training should become its disciple. He received his earliest education in painting at the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, then went, well-taught, to Antwerp, where was also Thomas Eakins, a fellow-townsman, and studied under Professors Beaufeau and VanLerius. He had a brief ex-

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Henry J. Thouron.

perience with Gérôme at the École des Beaux Arts, and finally settled in London, where much of his work has been done. He seldom exhibits there or elsewhere, preferring to paint for his own delight in painting. But wherever his pictures have been seen by that minority whose taste foretells the verdict of the next age, they have won appreciation, they have been valued and stored in memory. In spite of limitations, many of them seem destined for galleries of the time to come which hold only what has survived the destruction of the unelect.

TO ART

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

WHAT are thine ends? To idle at the door,
The while the wharves call and the ships go by;
Set sail and drift under an April sky,
A curious mariner from shore to shore?
To strip from woodland pool the pipe of yore,
Bursting with many a high, sweet, ancient air,
And shrilling down the country highways fare?——
Son of the gods, and hast thou nothing more?
Storm through the tides, unheeding wreck or night,
Lord of the chart, the track, lord of thy fears;
Fling to the gusts the reed of weathers slight;
Blood of our blood, and kin to all our tears,
Cry through the dark, and drive the world to light;
Strike at the heart of time, and rouse the years!

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ARE THE PHILIPPINES WORTH HAVING?

By George F. Becker

Moro—Interior of Jolo or Sulu Island.

FOR better for worse, for richer for poorer, the Philippines have become subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, and many people are wondering whether we are to repent at leisure a connection entered into, perhaps not hastily, yet after a very brief period of consideration. Little definite knowledge of the archipelago is diffused among the public, although the libraries and files of the Government offices contain much pertinent information, and there are already some popular books which give a fair idea of the islands. Just now fancy, in many minds, more or less supplies the place of knowledge, and with that tendency to the sensational which most of us feel, even if we do not yield to it, horrors really culled from various unwholesome tropical localities are popularly supposed to infest the American East Indies. Only one hundred and thirty years ago the area of the United States was similarly regarded by many persons in Great Britain, and it was of the good State Georgia that Goldsmith wrote those famous lines in the "Deserted Village," including the couplet:

Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore.

A long time will elapse before the character and resources of the archipelago will be fully known, before the industrial and social conditions will be satisfactorily elucidated, and even then temperament and taste will largely influence opinion in the States of the Union as to the Philippines; but in the meantime the very general desire for information may be partially gratified, and some misconceptions corrected. My own opportunities for gathering information have been far from ideal, yet better than those of most Americans. I was detailed in July, 1898, to accompany the army to Manila as a geologist, and remained in the archipelago until October, 1899. I made examinations along the shores of Manila Bay, and on those of the extensive lake, Laguna de Bai, as well as through the country along the railway from Manila to San Fernando. I spent a month in the Island of Negros, and another in Cebú, visited the town of Iloilo on Panay, saw something of Guimaras, examined the environs of the town of Jolo, in the archipelago of that name, and coasted along Mindanao, though without landing. In short, I went wherever General Otis would permit me to go. I also had access, besides books to many manuscripts, Spanish and English, and derived much unwritten information from both Europeans and natives as to localities I was unable to visit. I am indebted, for

Tagalo, Malabon, Luzon.

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such information, especially to the director of the Manila Observatory, to the engineer in charge of the Spanish Mining Bureau, and to some resident English merchants.

One of the first questions that people ask about the Philippine Islands concerns the climate. It appears that various sojourners in the archipelago express very different opinions on this subject, which, however, is not a matter of opinion but of record. Careful observations have been made for many years at the famous Observatory of Manila, and for several years at many other points in the islands. Tables of statistics weary most readers, but the main conclusions to be drawn can be briefly stated without them. The climate of Manila is almost identical with that of San Juan de Puerto Rico, and is comparable with that of the Gulf States during the warmer portion of the year. It seems less trying to most people, however, than July and August even in Washington or Baltimore, because the climate is a very equable one. Having no sudden changes to fear, men can and habitually do dress in the lightest of underclothing, wearing over it only a thin, unlined duck coat and trousers; and inasmuch as the variations of temperature are very small, people presently become accustomed to the warmth. The mean temperature of the year is 79° F., a degree of heat to be found in winter in many dwellings and offices of the Atlantic coast. The cool season, coinciding with the prevalence of the northeast monsoon, lasts from early in November to about March 1st. The coolest month is February, and its mean temperature is 76° F., but the mercury has been known to descend temporarily to 61° F., producing great suffering among the people. During this season the humidity is fairly low, about seventy-eight per cent., which is approximately the prevalent relative moisture of the air in the seaboard towns of the Atlantic coast in September. In the cool

Tagalos and Other Natives at Angeles, in Luzon.

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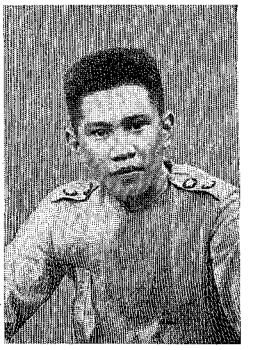
Spanish Mestizo.



Pure Indian.

Chinese Mestizo.

months the rainfall is very small, and consists ordinarily in occasional thundershowers. The hot season, at Manila, includes March, April, and May, the last being the hottest month. May has an average temperature of between 85° and 86° F., and once only, since records began, the mercury rose to 100° F. The air during the hot season is, as a rule, decidedly dry, a fact which assuages the seeming intensity of the heat. In April the average humidity is seventy-one per cent. Most of the cities on the Atlantic seaboard are more humid in June than is Manila in April. Many of our interior towns, however, have an average humidity in June of between seventy and seventy-two per cent.; such are Atlanta, Bismarck, Chicago, Lynchburg and Nashville. Hot nights are rare in Manila, and by midnight it is almost always possible to sleep comfortably. The sun in the Philippines is far less trying than in British India. Men who are both vigorous and temperate, can, without injury, exert themselves in the hottest sun with no more impervious head-covering than an ordinary felt campaign hat, though a cork helmet is preferable. General MacArthur's campaign from Manila to San Fernando, about forty miles, was made in the hot season, between March 25th and May 6th, and his division, in campaign hats, advanced, deployed in line of battle, practically all the way, assaulting trenches and crossing numerous defended rivers or bayous without any regard to the sun. There are no more strenuous exertions than those which men make when the prizes are life and death; but though there was a very moderate number of heat prostrations, I heard of no real sunstroke. The hot season in Manila ends, generally in June, with the inception of the southwest monsoon and the beginning of the rains, which last till about November 1st. It is a common mistake, here at home, to suppose that in the Philippine Islands it rains all the time during the rainy season. When it rains, indeed, the downfall is usually tremendous. I have never seen it rain harder in the Philippines than in our Middle and Southern States during a summer thunderstorm; but in the Far East it may rain twenty-four or forty-eight hours with a violence which is maintained in our showers only for five or ten minutes. Once over thirteen inches of rain fell in a single day at Manila. Such a storm is attendant on a more or less distant typhoon, and when that is passed days generally elapse, sometimes even weeks, before any further considerable downpour. The total rainfall at Manila, during the drier months, is about ten inches; and during the wet season is sixty-seven inches. On the higher lands the water soon disappears from the surface, but among the swamps and ricefields (which are enclosed in dikes to retain the rain) water stands during most of the rainy season. The chief food-staple of the Filipinos is lowland rice, and the population is densest in those half-flooded areas, where a wet-season campaign is excessively difficult. That is why our army attempted and effected so little from June

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1 to October 1, 1899. The mean temperature sinks in July and August to 81°, while the humidity rises to between eighty-four and eighty-five per cent., but the relief is nevertheless considerable. Similar temperatures and humidities occur normally along the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico in June. September and October are a little cooler and more comfortable than the preceding months, and so ends the last of the three Filipino seasons in Manila.

Tagalo Children, Malabon.

To the southward of Manila the heat diminishes rather than increases, storms are less frequent, and the distinction between the seasons is less sharp. In Jolo (as in Singapore) there cannot be said to be any seasons. The mean temperature of May, the hottest month, is only a little more than 1° Fahrenheit warmer than that of February, July, and December; which have a normal temperature of 77½°. The average rainfall from November to May, in Jolo, is twenty-nine inches, while from June to October it is thirty-three inches, being thus considerably smaller and much more evenly distributed than in Manila. At points intermediate in latitude, such as Iloilo and Cebú, the climate also is intermediate in character; but details seem needless here.

All the larger towns of the Philippines are on the lowland plains, or on the seacoast; but some of the mountainous regions also are settled. At considerable elevations the climate is naturally cooler, and in the province of Benguet, at an elevation of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, the climate is said to be deliciously cool, the temperature sinking as low as 29°, and rising no higher than 75°. This region is a hundred and seventy miles from Manila, and there, or elsewhere, it will be possible for enervated Americans to recruit their

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strength, without leaving the island, or making a long journey. Even at Laguna de Bai the air is much fresher than in Manila, and close to the east of it is a mountain range; but to the eastward of this range it is rainy during the season which in Manila and on the western coast is dry. The whole eastern coast of the archipelago receives its rain in the winter when the northeast monsoon blows.

Typical House, Island of Mindanao.

When the American first surveys the swampy regions in which the water-loving Filipinos congregate, he expects to hear that malarious diseases are universal; but in reality there is comparatively little of them, and those of a mild form, excepting in a few spots which are mostly remote from any considerable settlement. I have not seen or even been near to any such place, and it would appear unnecessary to tolerate them. The town of Jolo was once a pest-stricken spot, but vigorous sanitation converted it into an extremely healthy locality, and other similar places have yielded to a like treatment. While no accurate comparison is possible as yet, I should say that malaria is far less prevalent in the Philippines than in the Atlantic States south of Maryland. Perhaps the malaria-conveying species of mosquito are rare. Whenever practicable, white men sleep under mosquito-nets, and although the mosquitoes are not very troublesome, in most places this is both a comfort and a safeguard. In our campaigns the most prevalent diseases have been dysentery and allied disorders. It is only a wonder to me that they have not been more general, for under such circumstances as attend active military operations, men will drink water, and can seldom make any due choice. When peace is established there will be a great improvement in this respect. On our naval vessels, where of course only distilled water is used, no such trouble exists. Dietary indiscretions have been responsible for much illness. Fatty foods and strong drink are most injurious, while digestible lean meats, fish, rice, plenty of fruit and a moderate amount of highly diluted whiskey, or claret and water, make a wholesome diet.

The climate and conditions of the Philippines, like those of other tropical regions, are certainly somewhat enervating. People who are in continual need of the bracing effects of the cold will not thrive there; but men who do not dread spending the year in the southern half of the United States, and who will exercise seasonable prudence, have nothing to fear from the climate of the Philippine Islands.

Jolo Women.

It is pointed out almost daily, as if it were not self-evident without a word, that the Philippines can offer no field for unskilled white American labor. The climate, if it does not forbid such work in

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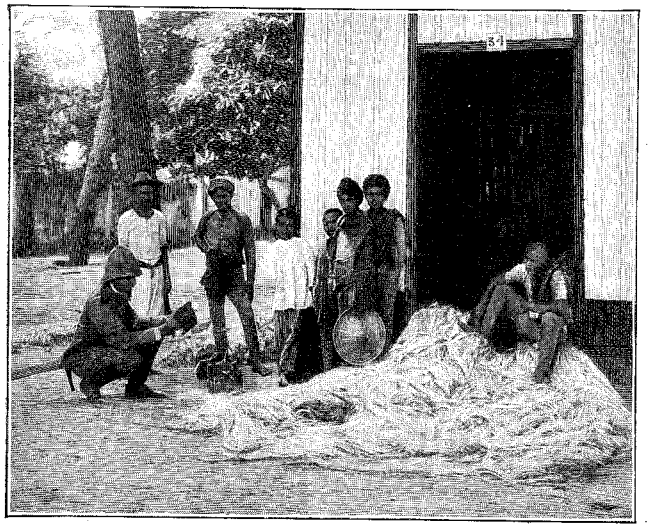

Hemp, as it is Brought in from the Country.

That the Philippine Islands had great agricultural resources, was known long before the war between Spain and the United States, and, indeed, long before our revolutionary war. It is easy to see that the archipelago must be a fertile region. Igneous rocks, of various species, and limestone, are both abundant; the rainfall is copious, the mean temperature is high, and frosts are unknown, excepting in the mountains of northern Luzon. Under such conditions, plant food is rapidly generated and fertility is inevitable. The islands have also long been famous for certain products. Throughout the Far East most Europeans prefer Manila cigars, even to Havanas, and other East Indian tobaccos are unable to compete with the product of Luzon. It is well known, too, that the very valuable fibre called Manila hemp, is an exclusive product of the archipelago. Oddly enough, this fibre, which is not distantly allied to hemp, cannot be grown at Manila; but in the southern end of Luzon and in the Visayas, as well as in Mindanao, the plant flourishes. It is the best fibre in the world for ropes

the sun, at least renders it very irksome. There are those who regard this fact as a valid objection to the retention of the archipelago. If we are to part with it on that ground, it will be only logical to rid ourselves at the same time of the Gulf States, and other portions of the Union. In the one region, as in the other, not only does climate interfere with unskilled white labor, but there is a sufficiency of other hands to perform the work. It would be hard, indeed, to deprive the Filipinos of the poor privilege of performing rude labor; and, if they should decline to do it, there is an abundance of other Asiatics available. White men do not work, cheek by jowl, with men of darker colors, and it is not desirable that they should. Surely unskilled laborers are not the only Americans worthy of consideration. The Philippines offer a field for skilled mechanics, mining foremen, railway men, expressmen, agriculturists and stock-breeders with great or small capital, professional men, manufacturers, hotel-keepers, and commercial men of all grades. In short, excepting untrained manual labor, of which most Americans are not fond, all careers are possible in the Philippine Islands.

Ploughing a Rice Field.

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because cordage made of it does not, like that made of true hemp, grow stiff when wet. The finer portions are employed by the natives to make linen-like textile fabrics, single fibres many feet in length, serving as threads. The plant is a species of banana, the fruit of which, however, is worthless. The native name of this plant is abacá, and botanists know it as *musa textilis*. It will be a difficult matter to glut the hemp market. There are many other fibres grown in the Philippines, but as yet they are of no commercial importance. Cotton of excellent quality is cultivated, but in no great quantity. The third great staple of the Philippines is sugar. Although the cultivation of the cane and the extraction of the saccharine juice are very primitive, yet quite phenomenal profits seem to be obtained in some portions of the islands, notably in Negros. Copra, indigo, coffee, and cacao are also readily produced, while gum-copal and dyewoods are collected for export. The staple grains are rice and maize, the latter, and in some cases the former, yielding two crops a year.

Coffee Plantation near Jolo.

Only a ninth part of the area of the archipelago is under cultivation, mostly of a somewhat crude description, while, making due allowance for mountains, two-thirds at least of the country must be arable. Thus agricultural industry is capable both of great improvement and great extension.

The forests of the Philippines have been very partially cleared. In Cebú, which was always a populous island and where the Spaniards settled in large numbers, most of the forest is gone; but the mountains of Negros are clothed with magnificent hard-wood trees, some of which, such as the strange and picturesque balete, grow over two hundred feet in height and to a great diameter. Mindoro, Mindanao, Palauán, and other islands, as well as large areas of Luzon, are still covered with heavy forests. In northern Luzon there are pines, redolent of temperate zephyrs, but most of the trees yield hard-wood, much of it so very hard that a nail cannot be driven into it. In the library of the Manila Observatory is a table 20 feet long and 5½ feet wide, made of a single plank, about 4 inches thick, of a handsome, dark, hard-wood; and the hard-wood floors of the better houses in Manila are the admiration of all beholders. It would seem, from the writings of those who seek to belittle the value of the Philippines, that someone has monstrously exaggerated the area of the forests in the archipelago, referring to them as "almost limitless in extent." As the islands have an area of only 119,542 square miles, according to the Coast and Geodetic Survey, this phrase would be absurd if every foot were occupied by trees;

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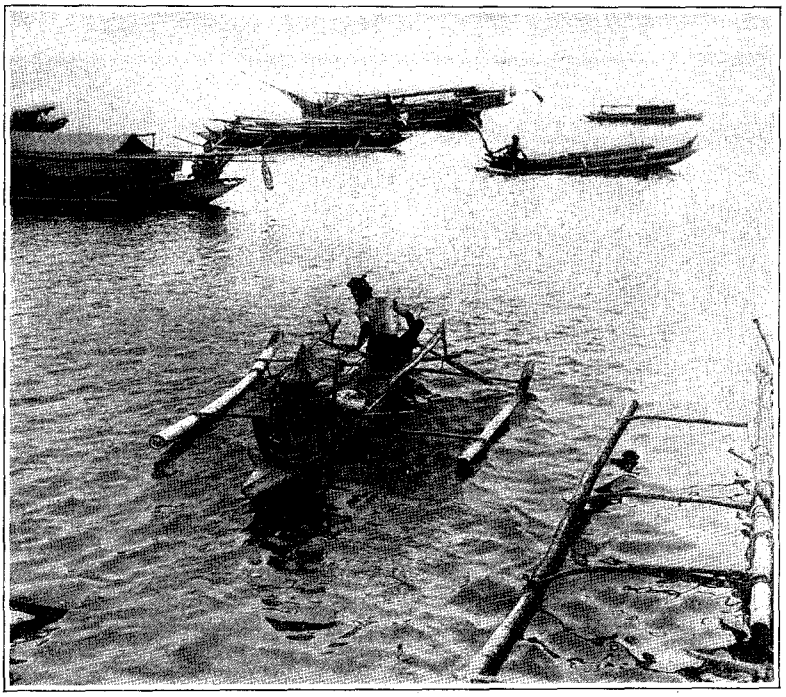
but there is a tidy grove left, pretty certainly not less than 40,000 square miles in extent.

The mineral resources of the islands are considerable, without being great. The most valuable mineral asset appears to be the so-called "coal." This is not a true coal, but a lignite, of the Eocene age. It is similar to the coals of the Pacific coast of the United States, and of Japan, but



Outrigger Canoe in the Harbor of Jolo.

seems to average a little better than the latter. Its heating effect is from two-thirds to three-quarters that of Cardiff coal, which is the best known standard fuel. The nearest true coal, from a Philippine standpoint, lies in the interior of China. A great number of localities of lignite are known in the archipelago, in fact deposits of it are distributed at intervals from the northern end of Luzon to the southeastern extremity of Mindanao, and are likewise found in several of the larger Visayan islands. Of many of these occurrences nothing more is known than that lignite has been found. The vegetation is so luxuriant that, in most cases, it is something of a task to ascertain anything more definite. At some points, however, the seams have been prospected and even worked, on a moderate scale. The best deposits known appear to be in the extreme southern end of Luzon, and on small adjacent islands. Here the quality is good and the thickness of the beds reaches nearly fifteen feet. The outcrop is near the shore, and it was here that the insurgents supplied their steamers with fuel. The best known deposits are in Cebú, in a region about Mount Uling, a name denoting coal mountain in the Visayan tongue. One mine in Cebú was working on a small, but yet a commercial, scale during the insurrection. This fuel is used by local steamers, and will aid greatly in the industrial development of the islands. It can be mined at a large profit, unless the price of Japanese and Bornean coal, at Manila, should sink far below any level it has yet reached. In case of war our naval vessels can use it, and will thus be independent of fuel from neutral ports.

There are valuable copper deposits in northern Luzon, in the province of Lepanto, and the natives have been producing the metal on a small scale for an unknown number of centuries. These mines are now

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Moros—Interior of Jolo.

somewhat inaccessible, but it is believed that narrow gauge roads can tap the district. Copper ores occur at various other points in the archipelago, as in Mindanao and Balabac, but little is known of their extent. Fine iron ore exists in Luzon, especially near Angat, and the natives produce an excellent steel by a bloomery process. Without true coal, however, the iron industry cannot become a great one.

Gold is found at an endless number of points in the Philippines, almost every stream which cuts the older rocks carrying some dust, and auriferous quartz-veins also are known at several points in Luzon and in Mindanao. I have been able to obtain no information warranting the belief that there is any highly important gold-field in the archipelago. The natives are extremely skilful with the pan and have been exploiting the gravels for centuries. They also understand "salting" a mine. I do not believe they have left any great prizes in the way of placers, and, to some extent, they have also worked the quartz. I consider the gold resources of the Philippines comparable with those of the Carolinas and Georgia, rather than with those of Colorado, or California. The resources of Mindanao are not so unknown as many suppose. Competent experts made examinations, years ago, in each of the auriferous provinces, Misamis and Surigao, and neither of them reported encouraging results. Great caution should be exercised in seeking to develop gold mining in the Philippine Islands.

No important quantities of other metallic ores have been found, but petroleum has been detected at some points in Cebú, sulphur is abundant in several volcanic districts, but especially on the small island of Biliran; kaolin occurs in Laguna province, and the island of Romblon contains fine marble.

The coast line of the Philippines is very extensive, being estimated at 11,444 miles, and there is, I believe, no point in the islands distant more than sixty-five miles from the sea. So far as commerce is concerned, this intersection of the country by waterways is manifestly a great advantage. The whole archipelago has an area a little smaller than that of New Mexico, while the long shore line opens the country as effectually as would roads in New Mexico measuring, say, 5,700 miles in length. It has been objected, by civilians, that the great length of the coast renders the Philippines peculiarly open to the attack of an enemy, but that I cannot believe. The military control, in case of war, will not be determined by stealthy incursions on some out-of-the-way coast, but by the sea power in being. Our fleet did not seek, two years ago, to effect a lodgement on Mindoro or Sámar, nor is a fighting squadron competent for such a task. The control of the sea is a necessary preliminary to the control of the land; the defending fleet must be sought and conquered before the land is open to invasion, and that fleet

Moros.

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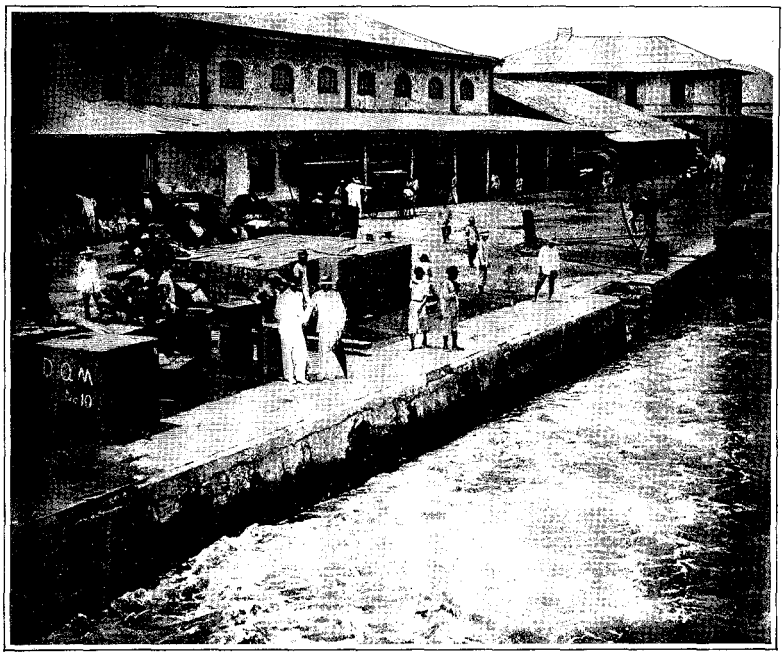

Iloilo, Island of Panay.

can therefore choose where it will fight. Thus, our archipelago is just as safe as if the whole area formed a single, circular island, and there is no drawback to offset the actual distribution of the land.

To present an adequate discussion of the natives of the Philippine Islands would require a volume, but a few notes concerning them cannot well be omitted. The dwarf Nigritos are few in number, some 25,000 in all, and are rapidly dying out. They are only to be found in mountain fastnesses, to which they were driven when the Malayan tribes seized the country by right of conquest. The Nigritos play a smaller part in the economy of the Philippines than do the North American aborigines in that of the United States. The great mass of the inhabitants, and all the partially civilized tribes, are of Malayan origin; but, even excluding the so-called Mestizos, who will be described a little later, ethnologists say that the Filipinos are not of pure Malay blood. However that may be, the more important tribes, such as the Tagalos, Pangasinanes, and Macabebes, the Visayas, and the Moros of Jolo, have a distinct, common type and many resemblances in character. This type and character are similar to those exhibited by many of the inhabitants of the Malay Archipelago and the Straits Settlements. They are of a reddish brown color, have broad faces, high cheek-bones, low nose-bridges, level eyes, and straight black hair. From our point of view, all of them seem immature, by which is meant that their characters are comparable with those of Anglo-Saxon boys, rather than with those of men of our race. Their principles do not seem fully formed. A native servant will be faithful and honest for years, and then steal a paltry sum, perhaps to buy a trinket for his sweetheart. They require frequent admonitions to duty. They have much *amour propre,* are even touchy, and think more of a slight than of an injury. They are presuming, and generally on the watch to see how far they can go. They are both suspicious and credulous. They are generous and hospitable, but give the impression of neither expecting gratitude for favors, nor feeling it. This, however, is a somewhat uncertain point, for they are extremely reluctant to betray their feelings in the presence of white men. They are not frank, and their word is not to be depended upon, in most cases. They are apt to show sullenness and to exhibit insuperable stubbornness.

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As a rule they are indolent and pleasure-loving, though capable of great and prolonged exertion on occasion. On the other hand, they have considerable bravery and respect it in others, while their sense of justice, or, at least, of injustice, is very keen. All of these traits are frequently observed in boys of the white races, and it seems to me that much perplexity on the part of Americans in the Philippines will be avoided if they will plan to deal with natives of mature years as they would deal at home with school-boys. At forty, the Filipino, though he has not outlived boyishness, usually shows diminishing intelligence and the approach of old age. The Filipinos have some admirable qualities. They are extremely temperate, they usually have their tempers under good control, they are remarkably cleanly, and very kind to their families. There is room for belief that the native character is capable of better development than it has ordinarily attained. An Englishman, of very large experience with Filipinos, assured me that lads trained up from youth among Englishmen are much more frank, truthful, and honest than the average native; and I was witness to the improvement of a little waif taken into the service of an officer, who is as good as he is gallant. There is ground for hope that the Filipinos will improve by contact with Americans, provided that we send among them only men whose characters they will do well to copy.

There are, of course, marked differences between the tribes, both in physiognomy and character. Only the Moros seem at all merry, and this can hardly be due to blood alone, since thousands of natives from the north have been captured, enslaved, and incorporated into the Mohammedan communities. On the other hand, the Spanish domination was merely nominal in the southern islands. The Visaya is more docile, less excitable, and more trustworthy than the Tagalo, whose presumption has made him disliked by his neighbors. The Moros are by far the most warlike of the Filipinos, partly, at least, because the Koran is the Gospel of War.

Crosses between white men and natives, or between Chinese and natives, are known to the Spaniards as mestizos. They differ from the pure native, somewhat in appearance, and still more in character. The Spanish mestizo is lighter in color and finer of feature than the pure native, and he has more beard. He is also more intelligent, as a rule, but apt to be proud, lazy, and untrustworthy, aping the Spanish official class, which, though drawn from influential circles in the Peninsula, seems to have been recruited among their least desirable members. The Chinese mestizos, as a rule, have a yellow-brown complexion, thin beard and sloping eyes, the upper lid exhibiting a tendency to overlap the lower one at the lower end, or close to the nose. The resemblance to Chinamen would be more apparent were it not that the mestizos dress and wear their hair like Filipinos. These mestizos are generally much more energetic, able, crafty, and unscrupulous than any other native class in the archipelago. Aguinaldo has Chinese blood, and most of his leaders belong to the same category. They have little or nothing in common with men of European blood, feel their superiority to other natives, and seek to dominate the community, by fair means or foul. The Chinaman matures, intellectually, earlier than the European, and his half-breed offspring do not exhibit the immaturity characteristic of the Malayan natives. But for the Chinese mestizos, it may safely be said that there would have been no insurrection in February, 1899. It is estimated, by the Jesuit fathers, that there are half a million descendants of Chinese men and Malay women in the islands, but I incline to the belief that this must include many in whom the amount of foreign blood is so small as to affect them inappreciably. When peace is re-established, it is to be hoped that these mixed breeds will turn their energies into legitimate channels, but they will bear watching; and if there should ever be another outbreak it will almost certainly be due to these people. In Singapore, I was told that the mixed descendants of Chinese and Malays are regarded as Chinese of local nativity. I should like to see them thus classified in the Philippines, and this could easily be done by issuing to them a "cédula personal," or certificate of identification, of a different color and series from that granted to other natives, excepting native-born, full-blooded Chinese.

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None of the full-blooded Filipinos, and very few even of the mestizos, have displayed any originality of intellect or artistic invention. They undoubtedly learn quickly and copy faithfully, but they seem to be perplexed by any novel situation or problem, and merely echo or reflect opinions and ideas. Their mentality is distinctly of a low order. That they will improve to some extent under American education is probable, but the experience of the Dutch and English colonies is not very encouraging in this direction. It may be noted that the Filipinos, like most Orientals, are adepts at grandiloquent phraseology. General Luna and his brother, the artist, were able Chinese mestizos, and so is Paterno. Rizal, the author of some political tracts, disguised as novels, who, since his martyrdom, is almost worshipped by the Filipinos, had much foreign blood.

Some opponents of the policy of annexing the Philippine Islands seem to regard the Filipinos as the equals or superiors of Americans, while others of the same school regard them as barbarians. In short, any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. A very distinguished critic of the administration refers to the Filipinos as "a community whose members live on the spontaneous growth of their mother earth, and clothe themselves very much as did our first parents after expulsion from Eden." It is easy to test this matter. According to a report made in 1894 by the director of the botanical garden at Manila, who acted as a sort of minister for agriculture for the colony, there were then under cultivation over eight million acres of land, or about one acre for every man, woman, and child in the archipelago. The civilized, or relatively civilized, natives, even those in humble life, habitually wear white coats and trousers, changing almost, or quite, daily. I question whether there is any other community in the world where the average man possesses more suits of clothes. Filipinos of moderate means, among the better classes, thinking forty suits hardly ample. I do not doubt that, as the critic referred to alleges, enthusiasts have exaggerated the value of the Philippines; but the anti-expansionists may be challenged to produce from the writings of the "thick and thin supporters of the administration" a more irresponsible statement than the one given in quotation marks above.

The Filipinos display energy and endurance in doing work which is of a fitful character. Thus rice-culture is very laborious and trying until the elaborate preparation of the ground, the ploughing and the planting are over; but immediately afterward comes a long period of rest while the crop grows. In fishing, too, they are industrious, with intermissions, and at Cebú I was surprised to note the celerity and vim displayed by them in loading a cargo of sugar. For the most part, however, they are contented to provide very moderately for the immediate future, and are reluctant to undertake steady, hard labor. Most work of that description is done by Chinese, as it is throughout the entire Far East. There has been a Chinese question in the Philippine Islands for more than a hundred years, and repeated attempts have been made to get rid of too industrious John, even by the most drastic measures, such as wholesale hanging. The fact is, that he has, thus far, proved indispensable, and his loss was attended by consequences worse than the evils supposed to result from his presence. It may be that the Filipino, under the stimulus of American civilization, will develop so many wants that steady employment will be required to gratify them, though similar races under Dutch and British rule have shown little tendency in that direction. It is at any rate permissible to hope, that at least the agricultural resources of the archipelago can be developed with native labor, while the thrifty Chinamen will assuredly be needed for some classes of hard work.

When I first reached Manila the clouds of insurrection were already gathering. Those Filipinos who honestly objected to our rule, in fact desired just what the United States expects to give them, as is shown conclusively in the report of the Philippine Commission; but the Filipinos are in that state of immaturity in which words are, if possible, more real than deeds. They desired the name of independence, without the reality of it. With the possible exception of Aguinaldo, however, the leaders of the movement were not honest, and fomented discontent for their own ends. They spread abroad, by

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falsehoods, a contempt for Americans, which, once disseminated, rendered strife inevitable; because only by fighting could the respect of the people be regained. Now, after more than a year, the storm of insurrection is over, and only a few scattered remnants of clouds cast their shadows on one of the fairest landscapes in the world. The insurrection lasted at least twice as long as it would have done had the rebels not received aid and comfort from writers and speakers here at home. The insurgents made no secret of this.

Fears are freely expressed that the Philippines may never be of considerable commercial advantage to the United States, but there seem very plain reasons for a more cheerful view. If the resources of the islands are developed, if hemp, sugar, and tobacco are produced in greatly increased quantities, railways built and mines opened, it must be largely by the assistance of American capital, which will share in the gains. If the islands prosper, the people there must make money. And if they make it, they will spend it. This they cannot do without stimulating commerce somewhere, and if a goodly share does not come our way, it must be because we are not enterprising enough to furnish the locomotives, bridges, rails, steam-ships, agricultural machinery, electrical machinery, mining machinery, printing presses, hardware, crockery, furniture, dry goods, and luxuries which they will want. What makes trade? Surely it is the existence of energetic communities, inhabiting regions endowed with abundant natural resources, provided with facilities for transportation, and reasonably free from legal restrictions on trade. Trade follows the flag only to a certain extent, for Great Britain is our best customer, and we are hers. We cannot depend on having the whole trade of the Philippine Islands because we own them, and other countries will surely get a portion; but our commerce with the archipelago will be proportionate to its prosperity, and to our own enterprise. Taking the latter for granted, our aim, even from a selfish point of view, should be to make the Philippines as prosperous as we possibly can. Our immigrants will, or should, supply energy and an example of it to the natives; nature has provided resources, and, in large measure, facilities for transportation, which need to be supplemented by numerous short railways and trolley lines. That is a matter which private capital will arrange. But it is our government which will be responsible for instituting a body of laws in the Philippines which shall not hamper trade. A manufacturing community, or at least the manufacturing portion of a community, may benefit by a protective tariff. The Philippines do not constitute a manufacturing community, and will probably never do so on any large scale. For the time being, and until they achieve such prosperity as present conditions permit, free trade is to their interest, and they should have it; drawing their main financial resources from internal revenue, as do the Straits Settlements. By that time the inhabitants will be in a condition to judge for themselves whether it be for their interest to foster manufactures by a tariff.

In preceding centuries, Spanish galleons, loaded at Manila, made their slow way across the Pacific Ocean, deeply laden with the most precious merchandise; silks, embroideries, bullion, gems, spices and the like. These treasures were produced in very small part in the Philippine Islands. Most of them came from India, Siam, the Malay Archipelago, China and Japan. In those days Hong-Kong (or rather Victoria, on the island of Hong-Kong) and Singapore did not exist, and Manila was the great *entrepôt* of the trade of the Far East. The commercial supremacy dropped from the nerveless hands of Spain, naturally fell to the elder branch of our race. Is there now room for a third great commercial centre on the China Sea? The distance between Manila and Hong-Kong is about the same as between Boston and Charleston, or between Glasgow and Bordeaux; while Singapore is more than twice as far away. Manila can be reached from the United States, without considerable danger of typhoons, by passing to the southward of Luzon. It lies on the track from the Australian colonies to Hong-Kong, and is very centrally situated with reference to China, Tonquin, and Borneo. Manila is just a few miles nearer the Suez Canal than is Hong-Kong, and the two ports are each about the same distance from Yoko-

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hama and from San Francisco. Luzon, like Great Britain, is separated from the main-land by a "silver streak of sea," and that separation should be as advantageous in the Pacific as it has proved to be in the Atlantic. It is not only enthusiastic Republicans who believe that the ancient commercial importance of Manila, under the Spaniards, can be revived under American rule. I found that the English merchants in the Far East were quite prepared to see Manila eventually rival in importance Hong-Kong, which, excepting Liverpool, is said to be the greatest shipping port in the whole world. But if we desire to make a centre of commerce in the American East Indies which will rival the great English ports, it is clear that we must there extend to trade the same facilities which they afford it.

The Philippines cannot prosper without having a strong effect on the States of the Union which front upon the Pacific Ocean. In spite of a fine climate and great natural wealth, those States have languished as compared with these on the Atlantic coast, and it is manifest that the great obstacle to their prosperity has been a lack of commerce. Even five and twenty years ago the relation between the Pacific States of the Union and the Philippine Islands was so evident to that clear-minded traveller, F. Jagor, that he predicted the ultimate annexation of the Philippines to this country. He saw, in such a step, one of those consequences of political and commercial evolution which are as inevitable as the effects of heredity, and which are beyond the scope of free-will.

For my own part I look to the influence of our new dependencies for benefits far transcending mere commercial prosperity. As human beings fail to develop their best qualities until the inarticulate appeals of children touch their hearts, and, with irresistible eloquence, excite unselfish emotions, where such perhaps had seldom been entertained before; so it would appear to me that nothing so improves the character of a nation as responsibility for the weal or woe of dependent peoples, who, in large measure at least, are at the mercy of the suzerain. I know there is another doctrine. I know that it is said by one far wiser than I, and far better acquainted with the history of colonial government under the rule of the most successful of colonizing powers, "British policy is first, last, and always one of selfishness." But I cannot persuade myself that this is the truth. It appears to me one of the clearest inductions from history that British politics have been purified by colonial responsibilities; that the ablest men and the cleanest men in Britain have been drawn into unselfish service of the State by the interest attaching to the development of the Empire, and the dangers attending it; that a realization of the contemptible meanness of dealing unjustly with inferiors has quickened the national sense of public honor and raised it to a standard unknown elsewhere; that in dealing unselfishly with plagues and famines, in bringing peace and prosperity to millions of human beings, the character of the whole race has been improved, until over vast areas of semi-civilization "on the word of an Englishman" is equivalent to an affirmation. I am not eulogizing the British; I am well aware of their many faults, but I defy anyone to show that the vast improvement which has taken place in the English character, public and private, during the last hundred years, is not, in very great measure, due to the efforts made to deal honorably with the dependencies of the Empire.

We, too, must rise to the occasion. We absolutely must send our best men into public life. We must make the service of the State our highest aspiration: worth any personal sacrifice; we must banish trickery and corruption from the dark corners where they still lurk. We must deal beneficently with our dependencies; it will demand our most strenuous efforts to do so, and success will bring its rewards at home as well as over seas. All this can be done, and will be begun as soon as the people awake to the necessity of it. To doubt it is to doubt the capacity and honesty of the race. Were we to fail, we should deserve the loss and the humiliation which would attend our decadence. But we shall not fail; we shall succeed.

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WHAT IS HISTORIC ATMOSPHERE?

By Charles Major

Author of "When Knighthood was in Flower"

WHAT is historic atmosphere, and how may historic atmosphere be imparted to a novel? These are questions that must present themselves, with more or less interest and vexation nowadays, to many readers and to all writers of historical fiction.

It is an easy matter to define terms, the full meaning of which it may not be so easy to grasp. In like manner, it is a simple answer to my first question, to define historic atmosphere, briefly, as the application of realism to historical fiction. But the definition may remain an enigma to persons who have not gone deep enough into history to know what the real life of the world has been at various periods. Few persons, even among those who read history, care to go farther into the subject than such authors as Knight, Green, and Guizot may lead them. Many take up modern works which treat of important periods, such as Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" and Motley's "Dutch Republic." But to the great majority of readers, the original sources of history—the chronicles, memoirs, and letters—(excepting a rare few that possess literary merit) are sealed books. They are too tedious and frequently too licentious for systematic perusal by persons not especially interested in the subject of original historical research. Yet it is in such chronicles and memoirs that the essential life of a period and its people is to be found.

If history is to be treated as a science and not as a mere entertaining array of facts, it should be studied from the lower classes upward—not from the top downward. If there is a science of history—and certainly there is—it is but another name for the science of human conduct. If that science has progressed slowly up to the present time, it is because those who have left us the meagre historic record that we possess, wishing to glorify kings and mighty personages, have given us only a poor fragment of what was done by the swarming thousands of humanity in by-gone days. The source from which facts may be gleaned whereon to base the principles of such a science is the people, who, as individuals, are the medium through which its laws must act; whose composite motives, culminating in national movements, are the net results.

One might learn by heart all the acts of parliaments and all the deeds of kings and armies, and yet know little of what the people thought and did, and how they lived at various periods of the world's life. To acquire this knowledge one must dig down to the level of everyday life. To explain the acts of a people, one must go behind the scenes and learn the motives, great and small, that have stirred them to action.

The laws of a country may, to a certain extent, reflect the private life of the people. For an example, take the sumptuary laws regarding dress. Even in the case of such laws one is apt to be misled. When we learn that parliament decreed that none but those of royal blood should wear purple, we might feel justified in supposing that burgher women did not dress in that color. We know that certain other colors were prohibited to all classes below the *noblesse*, and by exclusion we might discover the colors which we suppose would be worn by the gentry, burghers, and peasants. But when we learn, from the minute details of a letter, that a rich burgher's wife was placed upon the pillory because, in defiance of the law, she wore a purple gown, we find not only that the burgher ladies wore prohibited colors, stealthily perhaps, but that in common with women of all ages, they had a strong penchant for forbidden fruit. Indeed, we may say, that the farther back we go in history, the stronger we seem to find the disposition, in both men and women, to do the forbidden thing. No woman nowadays would eat an apple in the face of the dire consequences that Eve well knew

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would befall her. And few would wear a color, the donning of which might lead them to the pillory.

Respect for law and obedience to it are at once the great cause and symbol of our progression toward good. Medical and legal science have done more to advance our civilization than any other cause—the one by compelling respect for the laws of nature ; the other by creating regard for the laws of man. For the truth of that proposition we have no less authority than the great Draper. The farther back we travel in our civilization, the less respect we find for either scientific or municipal law ; and, as a result, the laws of man are of less service in reflecting the lives of those for whom they were made.

In other words, the history of wars, laws, and statecraft is not the history of a people, although it may frequently be made useful in determining the color of individual life. I will give an illustration. During the War of the Three Joans, Philip VI. of France, who held his throne to the exclusion of Edward III. of England, by reason of the Salic law, under which no kingdom or great fief of the crown could be inherited by or through a woman, supported the cause of Joan of Blois in her claim for Flanders, because Joan's husband, Charles of Blois, was Philip's nephew. By reason of that fact, Edward III. of England, whose mother, had it not been for the Salic law, would have inherited the French throne, upheld the cause of Joan of Montfort, who fought in the place of her imprisoned husband. In her behalf Edward insisted that the Salic law should not be violated, and that Flanders could not be inherited by or through a woman, notwithstanding the fact that he, Edward, claimed the French throne through his mother. The French and English people were thoroughly in sympathy with their respective kings in this matter, and freely gave their fortunes and their lives toward their support.

From such a condition of affairs it is easy to reason from effect to cause, and to conclude that individuals of that time, from king to peasant, cared little or nothing for consistency. In truth, there was no jewel of that name. A novelist might, therefore, with safety make his characters act with great inconsistency and still be true to life. Again, the wars between England and Scotland teach us that the people were half savage.

Thus from a certain class of state events rich conclusions may now and then be drawn. But the little facts of every-day life furnish us our best view of a people.

When we learn that a great and rich nobleman, whose castles cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, possessed but one feather bed, and that he took it with him when he travelled, and considered it of sufficient importance to make it the subject of a separate testamentary item, we have a fact, which with the conclusions to be drawn from it, as a naturalist may construct an animal from a single bone, is full of suggestive material for atmosphere.

Another great nobleman willed an iron cooking-pot to a relative living at a distance, and the relative took a long journey to claim his legacy. Again we have condensed atmosphere capable of great expansion.

Old Margaret Paston writes to her son, Sir John, that she did "whop" his daughter Marjorie—a beautiful girl of eighteen—"right lustily three several times," because she was a "perverse huzzy" touching one Richard Calle with whom she, fair Marjorie, was in love, contrary to the will of her said grandam in that case made and provided. There we have the sweet old atmosphere in which girls loved perversely ; an atmosphere common to all times, past, present, and, let us hope, future. We also learn that the grandam was the controlling spirit in the household. That was an atmosphere peculiar to the past ; for a grandam nowadays is usually content to occupy a back seat, while granddaughters occupy the right hand front box. Think of "whopping right lustily" an eighteen year old daughter of one of our rich modern knights !

In the "whopping" of Marjorie Paston we have more atmosphere than we should find in a thousand battles fought ; yet the fact that Marjorie was "whopped" has no historic value to one who seeks to learn, by the acts of kings, parliaments, and armies, the stories and the destinies of peoples. To those who seek the truth, the story of Marjorie means a great deal more

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than does the fact that the Black Prince appropriated the crest and motto of the old blind king of Bohemia, whom he killed at the battle of Crécy, and that the Prince of Wales still bears them. I shall digress to tell you that Marjorie, despite grandam, father, mother, two priests and one bishop married her Richard finally. In that fact we find an atmosphere common to all times; for when a woman will —you know the rest. 'Tis vain to say her "nay."

The sources from which we may easily and most accurately glean the right kind of material for historic atmosphere are the memoirs, letters, and chronicles of the people. Not those coming from the hands of seneschals and ministers, who wrote to glorify kings and princes; but from the people who wrote of themselves and for themselves; from the poets, the monks, and the letter-writers. As examples I shall mention Matthew of Paris, Matthew of Westminster, and Roger of Hovedon, among the monks. Of the family letters, those of the Pastons have no equal for historical value. Memoirs we have in great number. To give even a partial list of them would take up too much space here, but I shall mention a few in the class which I deem most valuable: those of de Gramont, Madame du Barry, the Princess Palatinate-d'Orléans, and, best of all, dear old Pepys. Pepys has done a greater work for his time in preserving its color than either Clarendon or ponderous Dr. Burnett has done in recording the acts of kings, parliaments, and armies.

I have defined historic atmosphere as realism applied to historical fiction. Now permit me to define the definition. I shall endeavor to make my supplemental definition clear by showing both how realism may and may not be achieved in an historical novel.

First, it cannot be created by merely reciting historical facts of the period, unless those facts are essentially incident to the time in which they occurred and probably would not occur in any other time. To select such facts with accuracy, an author should intimately know the conditions of all periods in order to assure himself that the facts which he uses to impart the color of the particular period of which he writes belong to no other period. Few persons have a knowledge so exhaustive; and it follows that one who relies upon a judicious sprinkling of historical facts through his pages to give verisimilitude to his narrative, however interesting those facts may be, will be apt to fail of his purpose, by giving to the time of which he treats an atmosphere that might belong to a dozen other periods. I do not mean that a fact which might have belonged to several periods should never be used in an historical romance, but that it is out of place if used for the sole purpose of imparting atmosphere.

For example: a novelist wishing to give atmosphere to a story of the protectorate in England might tell how old Noll, being drunk one night, went out into London; how he found upon the streets a coach drawn by four lusty horses; how, for frolic, he put the postilions upon the inside, himself drove the coach about the town for awhile, and upset the cumbersome concern, greatly to the damage of the skin upon the Protector's face. The occurrence really happened, and, as a fact, it is interesting and curious and might easily be made useful in a story; but it can give no atmosphere to the time of Cromwell, because such frolics are common to all periods. In truth it would be misleading; for Cromwell and the English people of his time were more sober and more moral than either their predecessors or successors.

There is, however, another class of facts of exceeding value and importance.

If the novelist should tell us, as a part of his story, not as a mere item of information, that the Puritans gave to their children such baptismal names as "Praise-God," "Christ-died-to-save-the-world" and "If-Christ-had-not-died-you-would-have-been-damned," he would give atmosphere to his story; for such lugubrious "piety" could have come from no other people than the Puritans, with their ostentatious holiness and their "high-blown pride" in humbleness. Still, such baptismal names were a sign of good, and to the conditions which fostered them England and America owe a mighty debt.

But even the useful fact must be properly used if atmosphere is to be imparted by it. It must of necessity become an integral part of the story. It must be used

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only to enhance and to aid the telling of the tale. Be it never so curious or peculiar to its time it must not be dragged in. Novelists (I here betray the craft) are compelled to create situations in order that they may lead up to certain things they wish to say, or facts they wish to use. That, however, must be done adroitly; for most readers resent a trap laid by a writer in order that he may exploit his learning or his wit. Of all forms of evil that beset the historical novelist, the greatest is the temptation to display historical knowledge, but a writer who coerces his pen into such a display dulls his page.

If I am right, it follows that to create historic atmosphere by the use of mere historical facts, the material employed must not only be peculiarly incident to the period treated, but it must be so wrought into the web and woof of the story as to make it seem necessary and incident to its movement.

If a novelist wishes to reap the full benefit of his work, he must contrive that his book shall be read with ease, and that all its virtues shall be clearly discernible. Few readers are inclined to study a novel. If readers can be made to feel the chief effects of a story, among them its atmosphere, without becoming conscious of the author's deliberate intent, the work has been well done. There should be no finger-boards in a novel. The story should give color and expression to its best points without explanation, and, if possible, without exciting consciousness in the reader of how he has been affected. If a reader is so careless as to miss the good, the loss is his own.

Another method, now much abused, for imparting atmosphere to an historical novel is a partial use of the language of the period in which the events of the story occurred. By this method the reader, unless he is familiar with English, old and new, may easily be led astray. The language of a story may, of course, impart true atmosphere; but if it does, the language must be that of the period in which the scenes of the story lie. A critic, recently writing of a novel, said, that a strong historic atmosphere was imparted to it by the judicious use *now* and *then* of *old-time phrases*. Had the story been written in the language of its day no one would have read it, and few could have done so, for the language of its period is almost a foreign tongue to us. To avoid this calamity the author used a few well-known phrases of the period of which he wrote, belonging to the class of "methinks," and the rest of his composition was in nineteenth century English. In other words, he wrote in a language never spoken by Englishmen; and those of his readers who happened not to know old English, labored under the mistaken impression that the quaint expressions gave atmosphere, and that the language used was an historical tongue. In short, it was a style manufactured by the author. The language was not *real* and could not create *realism*.

There are but two efficient alternatives offered an author in choosing language as a medium of expression for an historical novel; he may use the genuine tongue of the period; or, relying upon other methods for imparting atmosphere, he may write in his own language.

Much has been said of the rare historic atmosphere in Scott's novels, and I have frequently heard it attributed to Scott's style of writing. The writer of this article has revelled in "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman" since he was a child, and hopes to enjoy them so long as his reading days shall last, but he ventures to assert that the language in those great books is false. It is neither the language of Saxon-Norman England nor of Scott's day. It has misled many readers. Fascinating as Scott's novels are—and for sustained romantic interest "Quentin Durward" has not its peer—few of them have any true atmosphere imparted by the language in which they are written. Many of them create a false impression by reason of their artificial style. Certainly Scott could not have imparted atmosphere to "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth" by the same style; their periods were centuries apart. With equal truth may it be said that he could not have imparted realism to "Quentin Durward," by sprinkling his pages with old-time English phrases. The language of its period was Old French. Even had Scott used English of the time of Edward IV., he could not have created an atmosphere of Old France.

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Sir Thomas More's fragmentary history of Richard III. is probably the best specimen of early English composition extant. Yet More wrote three-quarters of a century after the period of "Quentin Durward." Had Scott been tempted to use even the language of More's "Richard," I can assure you that rare, sweet "Quentin" would never have brought its infinite fund of delight to a world thirsty for the beautiful.

It may be interesting to note, in elucidation of this fact, a few of the stumbling blocks which most readers would have found an impassable barrier to the full enjoyment of that tale of high adventure in old France, had Scott used the English of Sir Thomas More. They are as follows :

Abusions, frauds. *Adhibit*, admitted. *Almoise*, alms. *Balk out*, to emit. *Brast*, preterit of burst. *Bred*, breath. *Briganders*, coats of mail. *Bushment*, a cluster. *Chamberer*, an intimate companion. *Comen*, participle of come. *Conster*, explain. *Could*, knew. *Drifts*, impulse. *Eftsoons*, again. *Egal*, equal. *Encheason*, cause. *Ensample*, instance. *Ethe*, easy. *Farder*, unwilling. *Frotting*, rubbing. *Gain-called*, recalled. *Gins*, snares. *Hawsed*, increased. *Importable*, intolerable. *Jubard*, endanger. *Leger*, slight. *Lief*, dear. *Manquellers*, murderers. *Maugre*, in spite of. *Mo*, plural of more. *Or*, before. *Ought*, owed. *Parfitly*, perfectly. *Percase*, perhaps. *Pill*, to plunder. *Poll*, to plunder. *Reave*, to plunder. *Recidivation*, relapse. *Rowne*, to whisper. *Sowter*, a cobbler. *States*, nobleman. *Strange*, loath. *Togged*, plucked. *Tone*, the one. *Tuition*, protection. *Weerish*, weak. *Wite*, wrong. *Wried*, turned.

The old Saxon language contained not more than five thousand words ; the old Norman-French an equal number. When those languages began to blend, many words were lost from each, and the hybrid tongue was numerically but little richer than either of its parents. Shakespeare used only fifteen thousand words. Milton used but ten thousand words, and Spencer even less than Milton. Of course I do not assert that Shakespeare used all the words of the English language at his time; but if he used only one-third of them, there were in all at his command about forty-five thousand words. We now have at least two hundred and fifty thousand words, and I believe there does not live a man whose knowledge is so accurate and exhaustive as to enable him to write a story, even of so recent a period as that of Shakespeare, in words used only at that time.

That fact alone seems to me to show the utter inutility of language as a means to historic atmosphere.

When I first read Thackeray's inimitable burlesques, "A Legend of the Rhine," and "Rowena and Rebecca," I thought that the days of "What, ho, within there," "gadzooks," "sooth to say," "methinks," "thee and thou" were numbered ; but, alas, they still live.

Unless an author can maintain, without deviation, from the first to the last pages of his book, the language of the period of which he writes, his work will be better, his pages will be more easily read ; and whatever true atmosphere he may be able to create in other ways will be more convincing if he writes in the language of his own times. No books have a stronger flavor of their own period than the D'Artagnan romances well translated into modern English.

It were as well for an English author to attempt to give German atmosphere to a story of German life by writing it in broken English, as to attempt to give old-time flavor to an old-time tale by writing in a tongue composed of both the old and the new.

If I am right in my conclusions, atmosphere may be imparted by facts and language, subject to the conditions above stated. These two methods, although generally attempted, more frequently fail than succeed. Novels wherein old-time phrases and historical facts only are relied upon to give old-time color are accepted without question perhaps by those who do not know the period of which the novels treat, or do not care to analyze the question. But to an inquiring mind, knowing the period, such a novel as to its atmosphere is usually as disappointing as wet gunpowder. It is from the setting of the story and from the acts, motives, and methods of thought of the characters that true atmosphere may be imparted. What the characters are made to feel, do, and say gives real atmosphere. What they say is the important matter ; not how they say it. Motive is the ground color for all historical pictures.

There is no period in history of which we have a complete view. At best we can

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only catch glimpses of the environment of men and women who have preceded us, and who have faded into the dim, hazy light of the past. We have but fragmentary pictures, that come to us in sections, like the picture-blocks of a child, with many parts missing. Those parts which we lack we try to fill in as best we can, guiding our hands, as we draw, by the parts we have. We do our best, and there is still left a disappointing blank. We can never arrive at a complete picture. But we attain something, despite the fact that many even of the blocks left to us are misleading. We find a certain condition, and following the law of cause and effect we are justified in believing that certain motives grew out of it in the breasts of the people who lived under that condition. Men and women are moved by impulse, and act from motives; and impulse, motives, and conditions arise reciprocally from each other. Therefore, when we wish to complete our picture we reason from conditions to acts, when we have the conditions and have not the acts. Where we have the acts and not the conditions we retrace our steps from acts to conditions, and may arrive at conclusions more or less accurate. For example: we find a woman taking her sick child to the thumb-nail of a saint to be cured; or, we learn of parents taking their daughter to a famous priest, that devils may be cast out of her, and we at once conclude that there must have been a condition of great ignorance, superstition, and religious zeal. On the other hand, we may have no knowledge of such acts, but if we find a condition of great ignorance, superstition, and religious zeal, we are safe in concluding that certain classes of occurrences took place. If we find rules governing trial by combat, although we may not during a long period be able to learn of one trial having been fought, we are safe in supposing there were many. Thus we know from conditions that people talked and thought about relic cures and the casting out of devils, as we talk nowadays about anti-toxin and germs. We also know that people talked about the institution of trial by combat; that they abused and praised it, condemned and approved it, exactly as we treat our Supreme Court.

During the time of George I. we find the two Königsmark brothers and their beautiful sister, Aurora, who was the mother of Marshal Saxe, in pursuit of adventure from court to court. We find the trio gambling and stealing; we see the brothers murder "Tom of Ten Thousand" upon his wedding night, in London, because Tom's bride had refused the elder Königsmark. Again, we find them in Paris and Vienna, and scattered through the German courts, taking unfair advantage in games and duels. We find the sister making all the mischief and doing all the evil possible for a beautiful woman, which in itself is no trifling matter. Still, we find them dancing, singing, feasting, and drinking in the best of company. Brother Philip was as pretty a villain as ever lived. Thackeray calls him "as great a beauty and as great a villain as his brother," which Thackeray evidently thought was the limit of villainy. How he danced himself into the heart of Sophia Dorothea, the fair young wife of George I., and then danced himself to death; and how he danced the woman who was so madly infatuated with him into disgrace and infamy, to say nothing of thirty years' imprisonment, is a sad, familiar story. Madame, Princess Palatinate-d'Orléans (a good, coarse old soul), sister-in-law to Louis XIV. and aunt to George I., tells us her august nephew did not believe that his heir, the Prince of Wales, was his son.

The conditions which prevailed in Europe at the time of George I. would lead us to perceive that the type of Königsmark might have existed, even did we know nothing of the Königsmarks; and, *vice versa*, the Königsmarks would clearly show us the conditions had we no other evidence of them.

I give these illustrations to show how an author may, from scanty material, draw a fragmentary picture of which he may use such parts as are necessary to the promotion of his story. The primary use of historical matter should be to help the story along, not to give atmosphere, desirable as that quality is. Atmosphere will come of itself if the material is of the right sort and enters naturally into the narrative.

Given sharply defined conditions, one who has the historical method of thought

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will be able to learn therefrom at least a part of what was done and said by persons living under those conditions; and given even a few isolated acts of the people one may determine many of the general conditions that prevailed. But there again is need for caution.

Especially is it true of conditions, that the accounts which have been left to us by the chronicles are often erroneous. If we accept Hall's account of life at the court of Henry VIII. we shall find a stilted, ceremonious condition of affairs that would have killed the sportive Henry before his thirtieth year. To be sure, Henry in after years became more sedate by reason of his weight of villainy, but Hall's picture of life at Greenwich Palace during Henry's early manhood is wrong. From other sources we learn many little facts which lead us surely to see a condition of affairs which must have been quite unceremonious; in fact, a great deal more than "free and easy." We find Henry and his foster brother, Brandon, going out one night in disguise to play pranks upon the long-suffering London watch. Henry kept some very low company that night. Upon another night we find Henry and this same Brandon engaged in a most disgraceful broil with a party of gentlemen. Henry was in the habit of calling upon a beautiful young girl named Cecil, who was a member of his sister's suite. Upon those visits the king took Brandon with him and did not hesitate to leave that fortunate gentleman with his beautiful sister, while he, Henry, visited Cecil. Upon emerging from a door which opened into a little garden, the pair were met by the party of knights spoken of, one of whom was furiously jealous of Brandon on account of the princess. A broil ensued in which Henry fought valiantly. One or two of the gentlemen, including Brandon, were slightly wounded, whereupon explanations followed and the whole party went off for cards, dice, and wine during the rest of the night. In view of such facts, Hall's elaborate account of court ceremoniousness appears faulty, not to say false. The ceremonies were used only for show and upon state occasions; and every-day life in the palace was much the same as it was in the houses of wealthy Englishmen of lower degree—a little more riotous perhaps.

Again, St. Simon gives us many volumes detailing the ceremonious mode of life in the palaces of Louis XIV. and XV., and shows us a condition of affairs that even able-bodied men could not have endured for long. If we are to believe St. Simon, neither Louis XIV. nor Louis XV. could have stooped to a trivial human act—they were always kingly. They were compelled to be kingly, for the rules of their court etiquette absolutely required it of them. Yet we find Louis XIV., at midnight, prowling about the palace in his night-cap, hunting a piece of cold chicken which he knew had been left from supper. The gossipy letters of the Princess Palatinate-d'Orléans, sister-in-law of Louis XIV., and the still more gossipy memoirs of Duclos, are much better sources from which to learn true court conditions than the elaborate six volumes of gouty old St. Simon. Du Barry's memoirs, which are painfully frank, are full of little facts concerning Louis XV. and his mode of life, which show us unmistakably that conditions existed which were the antithesis of those portrayed by the professional chroniclers of the time. The latter wrote of how matters should have been—of theories. Du Barry wrote of conditions. Henry the Great played leap-frog with his courtiers, and Henry III. found his chief amusement in toying with a return-ball. The Duke of Buckingham, favorite of James I., playfully called his majesty "Your Sowship." And the chambermaids in Whitehall Palace addressed Charles II. familiarly as "Rowery"—that being the name of a famous horse in the royal stables. Richelieu played "horse," and would gallop and trot around the billiard-table, neighing and kicking up his heels. If the latter fact is true, and for it we have fairly good authority, Bulwer has distorted the old cardinal in a way that is pitiable.

Relative environments must have fostered those little facts, since little facts, quite as surely as great ones, must have precedent conditions. One of those conditions was that kings of past ages were not always kingly, nor royal personages always royal, as our romancers would have us believe. They were quite as much men and women, and a great deal more children, than are we—a strange mixture of simplicity and pomp.

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Thus we see that in drawing conclusions from conditions, as they have been handed down to us by the chronicles, we must use great care in selection; since the pictures may have become distorted by the medium through which we see them.

A marked example of distortion is our attitude toward Richard the Lion-Hearted and his brother John. The former is honored and adored; the latter is loathed and despised. But what are the sources of our feeling toward these two men? They are the writings of the enemies of John and of the friends of Richard. All the chronicles contemporaneous with Richard and John were written by Italian monks, or at least by ecclesiastics having Italian sympathies, who had been appointed by the Pope to ecclesiastical benefices in England. Richard was the friend of the Italians, who had been sent to England to live upon English fat. John was their enemy, and insisted that he and not the Pope should exercise the right of ecclesiastical investiture in his own realm. But upon the evidence—I shall say testimony—of those prejudiced witnesses do we extol the brainless human butcher, Richard, who drained England of her life-blood; and upon the same testimony do we condemn John, who, bad as he was, at least made an effort, probably from selfish motives, to save England from exhaustion at the hands of foreign ecclesiastics.

I have digressed from my subject that I might illustrate the fallibility of historical authorities, and to show how easy it is for us to remain in the errors of our ancestors.

The illustration of John and Richard serves also to show how difficult is the task one sets for himself when he attempts to sift the true from the false in his search for by-gone conditions, and the care that is necessary to be used when he seeks to learn, and if possible to reproduce, the color of lives that are past. We find not only the mistakes of those who committed the original errors, through intention or otherwise, but we find the same errors carelessly repeated by men who have rewritten history with theories of their own to establish. There should be no purpose in writing history but to tell the truth.

I believe there is now no definite conformity in opinion as to what constitutes historic atmosphere. This is due more to the lack of thought than to the lack of knowledge. Each one seems to have a carelessly formed conception of his own upon the subject. One seems to believe that "methinks" is atmospheric. Another holds that "an'" for "if," is historic to the core. Gad-zooks wafts another backward, and again for others "By my halidom," in the mouth of the butcher's boy, would straightway make a knight of him.

Those great authors whom I have had the temerity seemingly to criticise have given me so much pleasure, and are so firmly set in the sanctity of common approval that I almost feel abashed in pointing out a single flaw; but if among all their perfections we find one error, the fact that a great man committed it is no good reason why we should perpetuate it. Shakespeare, of course, used his own language, but many of the quaint expressions which we have adopted from him, and which are used by us in old-time stories, were the slang of Shakespeare's day. There was no aristocracy of words at that primitive period of our language. Plebeian slang was as good as the king's English. We now have an aristocracy of words; and why should our modern authors, who so abhor our own slang, even though it may be expressive, use dead slang simply because it is dead?

I may be wrong in asserting that the novels to which I have referred would have been greater if written entirely in modern English. I shall make no great effort to maintain that position. But that a style sprinkled with old-time words and phrases, however beautiful it may be, is, after all, only a sort of mosaic and not a real tongue, and that it cannot create historic atmosphere, I insist, are propositions that cannot be successfully refuted.

I believe that the author who wishes to impart historic atmosphere to his work ought to acquire an intimate knowledge of the conditions prevailing at the time of which he means to write. He should learn as much as possible of what the people thought, said, and did; and reasoning from conditions to acts, and from acts to conditions, he should fill in the dim fragmentary picture as well as he can, and depend upon the setting of his story and the

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motives, conduct, and speech of his characters for realism.

We certainly have no available language back of the time of Elizabeth. That was the greatest gestatory period of our English tongue. We cannot use the French language back of the time of Francis I. Those languages, at even a much later period than that I have named, would be tedious for many persons to read.

I have written much more about what is not atmosphere than about what is atmosphere. I have found more fault than remedy, and nothing is so easy as fault-finding. The first step, however, toward reformation is to see and recognize our errors.

The matter surely is of sufficient importance to deserve a criterion. With the vast amount of good historical fiction that is now being written, it is desirable that a standard of criticism should be established for the measurement of realism in stories of bygone days.

THE WOODLAND SPRING

By William J. Long

A TREMOR of brakes where the partridge glides—
Kwit, kwit! and a whirr of wings.
A chipmunk chides at a mink that hides;
A leaf drops down; and the ground-bird sings.

A soft gleam under the bending ferns,
By twisted roots where the woodmouse dwells.
A tinkle of music, stealing along
Through sheen and shadow and veery's song,
Like the tinkle of altar bells.

And loving hemlocks their wide fronds droop,
To shield its face from the sun's warm tide;
While timid wild things, with noiseless feet,
And fear-wide eyes, through the green moss creep—
They drink, and are satisfied.

O song from the earth's great singing heart!
O gleam from unfathomed wells of light!
Content, if only thine overflow
To the simple wood-folk, that come and go,
Can make their dim world bright.

I part the ferns from thy sweet cool face;
To my bending lips is thy full fresh mead.
And, deep within me, seems welling up
Some living water, from life's full cup,
To share with a world in need.

A quiver of leaves where the partridge glides—
Kwit, kwit! and a whirr of wings.
The squirrel chides at the mink that hides;
The shadows play; and a wood-thrush sings.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

American Types in European Fiction.

WE are called upon to face a certain European decline in the literary value of the American Girl. This is interesting, and it suggests reflections which do not always appear on the outside. There was a time, and not so long ago, when the "type" in question was, as no one needs to be reminded, in high favor. It was a windfall on the one hand, for Continental carpenters of fiction on the hunt for new material:—and Heaven knows how startling were the situations in which their stimulated imaginations conceived of the emancipated heiresses, and unchaperoned, college-educated bread-winners, from the United States as normally moving!—and, on the other hand, it meant, for the serious writers, a new manifestation of the essentially modern soul to be analyzed and classified, and a fresh revelation of the eternal feminine to be explored. To place a free and fearless maid from America in Old World circles of great social complexity, and to work out the results, was a favorite "study" of psychologico-cosmopolitan novelists after the manner of Mr. Henry James and of M. Bourget. And it still is. But whereas the *beau rôle* used generally to be the American's in these conjunctures, the thing to be observed is that this is no longer, at least with Continental writers, to the same extent the case. The innocent boyishness, honest freshness, uprightness, and downrightness of the American heroine used to be made to second her beauty and her pretty clothes so well that she was wont to rise, in spite of possible crudities, into the ultimately lovable and triumphant character of the book. Now, in more than one recent instance—in two clever pieces of French fiction, notably, which have been brought rather prominently forward in this country by their English dress—there is an inversion of the parts. The American girl, after the fullest justice has been done to her native qualities, is made conclusively to suffer by contrast with the older, mellower, more "socialized" type of the foreign woman.

The reaction, indeed, is in the air. Intimations of it float in upon us from many quarters. And I say that this suggests sundry reflections, because it is from those writers, precisely, who have sincerity and insight that the harsher judgment comes. The authors of the two books especially alluded to are, as it happens, peculiarly qualified by unusually varied and well-digested knowledge of this land and its people to treat intelligently of American character, and that which Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc) and P. de Coulevain have sought to do is to individualize a literary type which was becoming as fixed, in its way, and as conventional, as that of the French *jeune fille*. What the reading world abroad had always had presented to it was, so to say, the institutional American girl. What had struck the attention of writers was the new "surfaces" which she presented, a different surface from that of European women, because our institutions had modelled her after a different pattern. And this conventional *figurante* of an American girl still suffices for the purposes of such novelists as are not much concerned with truth. Such, however, as are so concerned are seeking to penetrate the mould, and to reach the inner mechanism: the movements of the soul, the workings of the human passions. And, behold, they give us to understand that they are disappointed in what they find!

But along with this there goes something else. Of literary value the American man hitherto may assuredly be asserted to have had none whatever abroad. So far as he was treated of at all, or recognized as fit for literature, it was usually because of his contributions to the possibilities of the semi-grotesque. Now this too is changing. There is perceptible in the psychological school of fiction a strong interest in the type of the American fortune-maker, and where a while ago he was complacently portrayed as a grubbing creature, without sentiment, and without intelligence beyond the reach of the sound of his "ticker," he now appears more and more as the fundamentally nobler half of the American ménage (as that ménage is chiefly known in European countries). A something mysterious and prestigious is being

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thrown about the inner life of these captains of finance; their peculiar order of genius is beginning to stir the literary imagination. More than that, M. Bourget, in certain sketches of male Americans who ostensibly were given over solely to the accumulation of pelf, has turned, with intention, the more hidden folds of their nature to the light, and has emphasized the capacity for self-sacrifice concealed within the grubbers, and their capabilities of paternal tenderness pathetic as that of Père Goriot, and their often anchorite-like personal asceticism—an asceticism that is so compatible with the widest lavishness toward their womenkind.

In short, one might sum up the situation by saying that foreign writers are discovering American men to be amenable to effective literary handling precisely in proportion as they are discovering that the (at the first glance far more promising) American woman is proving not to yield, under treatment, the riches that were expected of her. How far professional opinions on these matters may or may not be founded on the actual facts is a subject not here to be looked into. Whether the masculine American nature has deeper feelings than the feminine, whether it has intensities of its own which the latter, under its spirited outward show, is incapable of—here is a large question! Whatever one may think of it, there remains a literary question, which is quite distinct and apart from it. And it is a very fascinating question.

The verdict of Europe on the sexes in this Republic—that the men always slave while the women always divert themselves—brings us to the very root of it. It is acknowledged, of course, that the diversion often takes on a serious and strenuous complexion; that our women have the reforming, educating, moralizing enthusiasms in the superlative degree. But theirs, by and large, is the free life, the life of independence and self-expression, and not the life of service. And this, which, new at first, aroused so many anticipations, which lured the literary observers on with the hope that out of it the most unforeseen dramatic developments might spring, is now more than suspected to be, rather, a cause of dramatic poverty. The old, time-worn ties of life, the dim-colored duties, serenely or doggedly accepted, that have made up the common lot of mankind since the beginning, they, after all, are the material, it seems, out of which the power and the emotion of fiction must be spun. It is material that wears, that lasts. Sentiments warped by their surroundings, passions galled by the yoke of labor, out of these come the tragedies and the heroisms that give poignancy to the written page. And if those who know are showing a disposition to place rather the man of America than the woman forward in the scale of literary values it is because the former lives, prosaically, the workaday life of service, hidden within the depths of which there is somewhere a rush of living waters—or there may always be imagined that there is. To be very much one's own mistress, to have very much one's own way, to make one's own pleasures and even one's obligations, instead of taking them as providence sends them—it is, in itself, enviable. But, for the purposes of literature, the foreign psychologists appear to wish to infer that it is to fail a little. It is, in the efflorescence, to run too much to color, and perhaps too little to scent.

Men and Governments.

WHEN the papers reported the other day that a Freshman in one of the big colleges had been sent to jail for five days for stealing signs, no doubt a fair proportion of the college graduates who saw the item reflected on that property in the condition of undergraduate existence which makes it almost impossible for college lads to profit by the experience of their predecessors. Upperclassmen in most colleges know that such pranks as stealing signs are inexpedient, but Freshmen don't. In any four years in almost any college enough practical experience of the conditions of human existence is assimilated to raise the average wisdom of the college to a high point, if only it could be kept in the institution. The trouble is that as soon as one lot of men get to know a little something, out they all go and are succeeded by green hands; so while colleges are constantly pouring wisdom out into the world, the average of undergraduate wisdom climbs slowly. We observe this at a comparatively early age and attribute it very properly to the transitory nature of undergraduate existence. Somewhat later we observe that the same thing holds good in the great world, and that the reason why men in general are not wiser is that those whose experience has taught them something are constantly passing on and out, and are being succeeded by new-comers who know less. There is a

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gradual progress which represents the achievement of each generation after its back-slidings have been deducted. It seems odd that so many questions which have been settled so many times should have to be worked out again in the course of every thirty years, but that is how the world is constituted. Just now we agitate ourselves as much over the question whether it is fair for big nations to take possession of the real estate of small nations, as though that was a new question and had not been debated and conclusions reached and acted upon in every decade since the earth was opened to settlers. True, the sequence of processes is not quite as I have put them, for first the thing is done, then conclusions are reached, and last of all comes the debate. We can form a reasonably accurate notion of what is right for individuals to do by examining the laws and estimating from them the position of public sentiment. But there are no laws that control the behavior of nations, so we have to judge of what they think is right by what they do. It accords with universal custom for civilized people to take for their use the land of savages (as we have taken Indian lands); also any land that rounds out a boundary, or includes a desirable harbor; also any land they can buy a title to; also any land that they want and which other people cannot keep them out of; also any land that is lying around loose, or is in feeble hands and might make trouble if not gathered up and strongly held. We have examples of land-grabbing by governments, not absolutely every day, but every few years; but at every new instance there are thousands of persons, either recently born or whose memories are short who cry out that it is against the rules. There have never been any rules about it except such as may be deduced from practice. What restrains governments from convenient usurpation is not moral sense, but merely prudence, and regard for the prejudices of other strong governments. Prudence restrains governments from taking what they don't want or might not be able to hold, and deference to prejudice makes them wary of grabbing what they might have to fight too hard for. Brief as our stay in this world is we ought to realize and remember these things, and be ready to act on our knowledge when the occasion comes for action.

A college lad does well enough if he knows something by the time he gets out of college, for there is still a chance to use it, but we ought to understand the methods of the greater world in time to put our knowledge to use while we are still in the institution. A government is not like a man. It has not like passions, and even good governments have by no means the same compunctions that most good men have. We Americans, although ourselves engaged in the business of governing, are not as wise about the natural history of governments as we should be. We ought to study them more and learn about their habits, propensities, and methods, so that, under unusual conditions, we may know what to expect and what to favor or oppose. Our own government is liable to behave very much like other governments, and unless we know what sort of conduct governments lean toward, it may at any time surprise us very much. We are apt to think that because it is ours it is like us. It isn't. We are men, and a government is a government, and men and governments being ruled by different needs and motives are apt to be very dissimilar in their actions. Laws protect men, but governments have to take care of themselves. If they can't, right or wrong, down they go. The world, in so far as they are concerned, is still in the main subject to the rule of the strongest.

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THE FIELD OF ART

ON COLORING STATUARY AND ARCHITECTURE

THE question of coloring relief, whether it be the representation of animated form, like the human figure, or conventional shapes, like those of architecture, is really not such a difficult one as it has become through argumentation. It is, I believe, a very simple consideration, if we look at the question as belonging to the domain of the eye. To that judgment all the plastic arts must come; there is no other proof of them. There may be intellectual and moral preferences—there may be also similar reasons and instincts which have created these forms; yet their results must always obey the rather loose but fundamental laws which decide final success in the plastic arts.

Let me recall a slight memory of travel, which will place the question in the practical way that I am trying to suggest. My memory brings back a quiet afternoon, at a little place in Japan called Hase, where I rested after a long look at the gigantic statue of Buddha at Kamakura. I was tempted to go to the temple of Kwannon, which is at the end of the village, and whose platform looks over the seashore and the Kamakura plain. In the temple I was taken to the holy place, exceedingly high and very narrow, which I entered by a very little door; and far above me, to a height of thirty feet, rose the great statue, almost filling this narrow space. Its gilded smile and painted eyes looked kindly down upon me, in a light which was obscurity. But the painting and the gilding, bringing out what the artist wished to be seen, and leaving vague what was unnecessary, or what was additionally beautiful from being indistinct, allowed me to see the meaning—the intention of the holy image—which would have been lost in the upper darkness had this great statue been a monochrome image, such as we make. Therefore the painting and gilding of this statue were not a fanciful bit of æstheticism, but were vital factors of the impression produced. This example explains, I think, the justification of a coloring of form. Nor do I mention it as an exception. In other temples where usually the light was dim and uncertain, but at the same time liable to changes and sudden breaks of sunlight, dropping into the gloom in long columns of extreme brilliancy, the artists had resorted to similar devices. Sometimes the images were much painted and gilded, with garments patterned in color; sometimes only sober tones of dull color, or even pale whites and grays, brought the statues into the proper relation with their surroundings. These surroundings might be very rich in gold and color and metal-work, or they might be very simple, with scarcely more than the well-balanced tones of various woods. In such a case the coloring or tinting of the images separated them from the place they lived in, and prevented their looking like the furniture of their rooms. It was always the same idea; the carrying out of the intention of the image—of enforcing its idea. Sometimes the realism was carried very far; for all artists are not equally reticent and well balanced, and there must always have been such a thing as pleasing one's congregation. So in South America and in Spain, the statues of saints are clothed in satins and in jewelry, while in northern Europe, and even in France, churches have been all covered with whitewash inside.

In all of the better instances that I remember in Japan there was no intention, apparently, of matching the original represented. Lips were not painted red, as are the lips of the ladies who keep up their youth perforce. Teeth were not made bright white enamelled bits of bone, but were gilded just enough to glitter and look as part of the living organism.

All of this of course is the recognition of life as but the object of representation and the means of embodying an idea; so that there is no notion of realism in these finishings in the sense of a competition with nature, but only an idea of keeping the work *in the key of the place where it is*, and preventing the suggestion of death and arrest of vital meaning. Were a white marble statue placed in any rich and colored surroundings, the first impression would certainly be that of petri-

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faction. Only the genius of the artist would be able to triumph over the physical impression. And so, in the twilight of the Greek temple, the Greek who was reasonable, and highly sensitive to artistic necessities, and also respectful of ideas, painted and gilded his statues, and filled their eyes with precious stones, and made their flesh of ivory and their clothes of gold, and painted the walls and the carvings, and did apparently the reverse of what we ourselves do. But he had what we have not any longer: the respect of the idea for which the work existed. He was vain of his success, as are artists, but it does not seem that he wished a success in contradiction to the meaning which he had intended to represent. Of course his colored statuary must have melted more into the surroundings and shown less of the particular cleverness of touch and modelling than it would have shown if left uncolored, and exhibited in the light of the Salon in Paris. But may it not be the reason of his superiority, which is generally acknowledged, that he was willing to subordinate his cleverness to his idea?

The examples of Japan I bring up because I have seen them with my own eyes, and have meditated upon their value; and because Japan is one of the few countries which have retained *tradition*, and is on that account of most certain value to us, whose traditions have been broken many times over. Throughout the East, from the earliest imaginable times, the practice of coloring form has persisted to the present day, as it did with us until the sixteenth century, or thereabouts, when certain conditions, to which I shall refer later, persuaded the artistic taste, and then the public taste, to look upon the past habit as barbaric.

If we suppose that the savage represents an early development, and is not a degenerate, then the line is unbroken, and we have the entire human consensus to the coloring of form as a perfectly natural development. The weight of proof should then be upon those of us who oppose such use of color, though they may be amply justified in special cases. The South Sea Islander who cuts the form of his images, finds it advantageous to blacken or redden some of his cuttings, and to make inlays of mother-of-pearl, to indicate more strongly the pattern of what he wishes to emphasize; as, long ago, the Egyptian and the Greek inserted metal or precious stones in the eyes of their images. They had not been educated to see the eye, for instance, as a white ball. We have so far accepted such conventions as the white ball of the eye, the rendering of a landscape in black and white ink, the representation of colored flesh by little cross-lines of black and white (as in engraving), or by the black and white of the photograph, that we do not sufficiently appreciate the facts of our perception of nature. The fact is that we *see colored*, and from these colored appearances we abstract what we desire to select. Even the most colored representation possible is but a faint indication of the infinitely colored appearance of the world. We tend naturally to make abstractions readily, of all appearances and with a certain pleasure at having disentangled the part of nature that we wish to insist upon, as we do when we make an outline drawing. Of course, the mind being the main cause of our doing and appreciating things, we can see what we wish, and be pleased at the abstraction that we look at; as we determine to see a face in some rock. We fill this abstraction or selection with our intention, and the eye—especially the eye most sensitive to color—will delight in the black-and-white representation of all the coloring of nature. The slight India-ink sketch of a Chinese or Japanese master can convey the suggestion of blue or gray sky, and waving green trees, and the colored haze of mountains; so also do the etchings of Rembrandt. But that is æsthetic abstraction, against which I make no protest. All that I wish to note is the naturalness of using color.

To return now to the lesson of our first example, we can see that color can be used, and should be used to insist—what the French would call *appuyer*—upon the meaning.

At all good moments, with good artists, be they savage or civilized, the question of helping, directing, controlling the sight has been the main object: to make the form more precious or more delicate, to attract attention here, and to dismiss it there. The colored image in the dark *cella* of the Greek temple was thereby made visible, and obscurity, instead of being a hinderance, added a still further charm. For there is nothing more seductive to the mind than the gradual discovery of meaning. In the same way, the blinding light of out-of-doors which crushes out form and flattens it into spaces of mere light and dark, was and is mitigated by the toning and coloring of forms unreadable in too great openness.

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Again, the forms midway between light and dark, in reflected light and in recesses, take up their meaning better when insisted upon.

It would seem evident that unity of effect —I do not mean monotony of effect—being the end in view, the question of coloring any particular form, architectural or not, is settled by the advantage of so doing or otherwise, as relating to the intention pursued. Of course we are limited by the materials; gilding and mosaic may not agree with surfaces of paint, because of calling attention to the relative weakness of the latter. So colored marbles and metal and glass may not be at our command, and paint may have to be used as the only practical material. If exact definiteness of the actual spaces and heights and sizes be aimed at, then color is in our way, as it affects these points. The mysteriousness of great colored buildings like St. Mark's we know; and we can see why a very exact mind satisfied with itself, like the usual French one, might find it impossible to lose its sense of definiteness and limitation, and desire, on the contrary, to see every detail equally visible, every height equally to be gauged, every space to be measurable, This would be the same feeling that would object to that mysterious and subtle modification of exact plumbs and horizontals and even ground plans which characterizes so much of Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic architecture.

To many minds also, mysteriousness obtained through color or form must seem barbaric, as being limitless and ungaugeable—not showing one's exact knowledge of formulas. Hence the definiteness and scholarly subservience of the late Renaissance. Hence also the tendencies of more modern Renaissance, which may be called commercial. Hence, also, no real unity of color shown in most of our modern attempts. They have been mostly school exercises, archæological theses, or adjuncts of prettiness.

The use of color is a remodelling and redistributing of the form, which of course implies a disturbing of the relations first established—a keeping of the whole question in solution until the end. For color modifies sizes, as we know, as also it does the relations of spaces, so that things advance or recede or assert their horizontality or perpendicularity by their color. They appear also more or less hard or soft, fixed or dubious, more decidedly fit to support, or not at all so. Such considerations, and an acquaintance with the use of them, seem indicated even in such light work as the Pompeiian coloring of ornamental forms and architectural decorations.

So, at all times, blues have been used in mass, to lift the vault or the ceiling, if to do so was a need or a desire; blues in small quantity have been used contrariwise, to assert and define. Red has been used to affirm solidity; green to suggest a doubtful surface or one at a receding angle. Effect of colors, one on another, has been used to give what is called a bloom—a caressing of the surface. Hence the entire gilding. I have seen the holy of holies in Japan, which was only visible by the light of a taper or a torch, where the small space spread out and disappeared in the reflections of gold, and only a few spots of color affirmed a few points so as to give assurance of near structure, or mark a centre to the glow that surrounded us, and made of this extremely small hidden closet a space of indefinite size, without relation to the prosaic facts outside.

Often, when this view of color is brought before us, we are confused by the fact that many examples of modern restorations are unpleasant. But that is not a proof either way. A chord of sound or an arrangement of notes can be played false, either through a deficiency of the instrument or through the failure of the person attempting to produce the necessary harmony. It is not sufficient to say that a thing is red, and therefore the right red; or a blue, and therefore the right note of blue has been struck. Nor can the question of taste and good sense, and fitness of surroundings, ever be put aside in a work of art, which is never an abstraction—indeed, is the thing farthest removed from an abstract idea.

The little Greek anecdote of the great sculptor's preference for those of his statues which had been painted by an equally great painter, is but the moral of this perfectly evident teaching. Nay, more than that; in the art of painting, it is clear that a bad painting does not disprove the art of painting; nor does the fact that easel pictures are sometimes painted on walls show that one must not paint on a wall—that there is no such thing as mural painting—that Titian, Michelangelo, Raphael, and many others do not count, and ought not to have frescoed or painted wall or vault, because of the horrors of modern French artists in distinguished

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places. Bad taste can prevail anywhere, and its limits are constantly fluctuating. If we see how absurd so-called realism may be in certain painting, why should not a similar exaggeration be wrong in the coloring of statues or architecture? It is simply that, in many cases of both painting on flat surfaces and painting on modelled surfaces, the color (meaning thereby light and dark, as well as red and green) has been wrongly applied, that is, badly used.

Let me suppose an imaginary case of restoration. Some archæologist knows that the statues of Bacchus were colored red. Now a very remarkable statue of Bacchus has been lately disinterred from the ruins of some famous temple. Suppose we color the nude statue red. Nothing easier than to get some red paint—perhaps the painter who is painting the walls of the museum may have some red already mixed. We paint our statue, and get an even, uncompromising red, just like our wall, for which the red had been carefully chosen to make that wall look as flat as a wall can be made to look. And now we are surprised at the result being, to say the least, rather disagreeable.

Now when that statue was made by the great Greek artist, in the glorious times, this is what I suppose he did; it is what an artist to-day would do. He went to one of his great acquaintances—the great painter—the Titian or the Delacroix of the day, and said: "Dear master, I have a great favor to ask of you. I am about finishing my Bacchus, which has cost me many years of study, and which I hope may be the canon of a new school. It is time to place it in the temple. You know it is traditional to paint Bacchus redder than the other gods, and I am very anxious that this coloring should be if anything superior to my own work of modelling. Would you be willing to devote some of your very valuable time to helping me out, that we may partake equally in the glory of having placed an adequate image of the divinity in our native city?"

If we suppose this to have been the way that the Greek colored his statue, then the anecdote of the great Greek sculptor who preferred those of his statues that had been colored by the great Greek painter becomes the natural expression of the care taken for finished work; and we can understand why our own attempts have to be made with an equal logic.

I might go still farther, but I think that what I have said is sufficient to point out the essentially practical view, that the proof of each thing is in its success, and not in abstract theories concerning it. Men, not principles, are the important point. We cannot expect that an artist, with habits of painting not allied to architectonics, will succeed in coloring surfaces intimately connected with balances of shapes and of lines. When he fails he proves nothing but that his manner is bad. As I said before, it would be hasty to infer from an easel picture of the average kind that painting is not an art suited to the walls of buildings.

JOHN LA FARGE.

The reader should, perhaps, be advised that the objections once made to the painting of Greek sculpture and architectural forms, both within and without their buildings, have been tacitly withdrawn. Whereas there were twenty years ago but two or three books which in a protesting and timid manner called attention to the evidences of this painting, there are now many very important archæological publications and innumerable papers in periodicals which with abundant illustration have shown how universal was the practice of painting buildings within and without, and sculpture both architectural and free. Roman buildings of the Empire, both in Rome and in the far-away corners of the great domain, were painted as freely as those of the Greeks of Pericles's time; moreover, Roman statues of known late epoch, which have been found in fine preservation, show abundant traces of painting applied to the marble.

The puzzle is when and why the practice was abandoned.

The mistake which modern writers continually make is in assuming that this painting was done with the idea of bringing the sculpture thereby somewhat nearer to the nature which it was supposed to represent. It is this error which Mr. La Farge's paper, written in 1898, explains and corrects. R. S.

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